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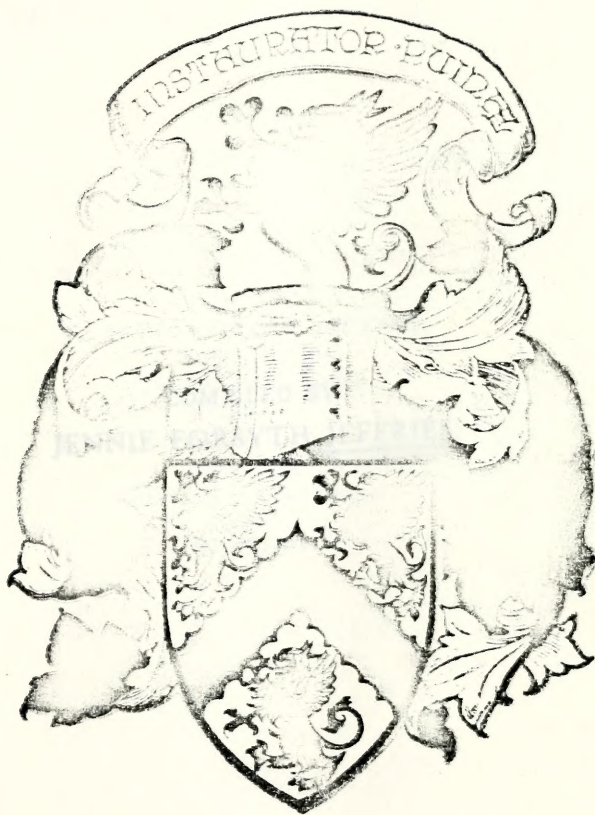
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HISTORY OF THE FORSYTH FAMILY



OF FORSYTH OF CAMBERTON

A
HISTORY OF THE FORSYTH
FAMILY

COMPILED BY
JENNIE FORSYTH JEFFRIES

INDIANAPOLIS
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TO PAUL WILLIAM JEFFRIES
a founder of the
FORSYTH ASSOCIATION
OF INDIANA
this book is
DEDICATED
in Loving Remembrance
by his
MOTHER

18110BC

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PREFACE

Few of the present generation of Forsyths know that their family has an authentic record running back over many centuries and that its members have played important parts in the evolution of Europe and America. In fact, information concerning even the simplest facts of one's ancestry is often lacking. When to ignorance of such facts indifference is added, the situation is lamentable indeed. But holding to the belief that every person and every family should leave behind for posterity's sake some personal record, we have undertaken the publication of this book. Incomplete as it is, and modest in its claims, it may serve as a forerunner of later and fuller works.

The family of Forsyths for which this volume has been more especially written are the descendants of David and Margaret McGibbon Forsyth. The story of David and Margaret will be found in Part Two.

The facts relating to the remote past of this family and herein recorded have been gathered not merely as a work of love and loyalty, but from a sense of necessity. In a few more years the only remaining links between our present and those early days would have been completely broken. Much valuable data only to be obtained from elderly members of the family would have been lost forever. In the preparation of material relating to this distant period the writer has endeavored to insert those details which coming generations will want to know. The information published concerning various members of the present-day family has been collected from various sources, and while it may not all be of universal interest still it has a proper place in a family history.

The compiler is indebted to the late C. H. E. Carmichael, antiquarian editor of Taswell Langmead's Constitutional History of England, who made the researches for nearly all the records of the quaint early history of the family contained in Part One of this volume. His historical manuscripts are among the most complete of this ancient period.

Mr. Carmichael's notes contain history that before was in ancient manuscripts and old publications, now very rare.

Grateful acknowledgment of valuable assistance is also extended to Frederic Gregory Forsyth, Vicomte de Fronsac of Canada. Further assistance has been obtained from the manuscript of James Bennett Forsyth, late of the Boston Belting Company, Boston, Massachusetts. Historical references are Martin's *Histoire de France*, Volume II, a standard work which received the Gobert prize from the French Academy; LaGrandè's *Encyclopedia of France*; Hollingshead's *Chronicles of the Kings of Scotland*; *Exchequer Rolls of Scotland*; Froissart's *Chronicles of the Middle Ages*; *Larousse Encyclopedia French*; *French Chronicles*; *Chronicles of Charlemagne*; *Chronicles of the Kings, Ducs and Princes of the Odinic Franks*, published in Holland in the Seventeenth Century; *Antiquaires de la Dordogne*; *Legends Historiques des Troveres*.

The Denys lineage is from the manuscript by Louis Denys of Château Aytres, France. The Denys of Honfleur, Normandy, and of Tours (Touraine), France, by their alliance with the Forsyths of Dykes preserved with French exactitude the genealogy of their relatives, the Forsyths. Information of various other branches of the family has been furnished by John Forsyth of Sitka, Alaska; Captain James Forsyth, Cheltenham, England; Commodore Forsyth of the British Navy, and Rufus Forsyth of Chester, New Hampshire; also Ira Forsyth of Omaha, Texas; C. J. Forsyth of Mena, Arkansas; Thomas Forsyth of Frankfort, Indiana, and others. Katherine Forsyth Pritchard rendered valuable assistance in the collection of data of the family of David Forsyth and Margaret McGibbon.

The compiler of these records regrets the inability to make this volume a more complete history of the Forsyth family. There are many members in Scotland, America and other lands who are not mentioned.

For the accuracy of all early records herein published the compiler assumes no authority further than from sources mentioned.

INTRODUCTION

The ancients had a saying, "Yesterday belongs to our ancestors; today belongs to us." Quite true enough; but in order to appreciate the present properly and to recognize fully our duty thereto, we must know the past. Knowledge of our fathers who were virtuous and brave helps to create fortitude and respect within ourselves, and such knowledge if handed down will inspire future generations to worthy living. It, then, is a present duty to record the deeds of those who have bequeathed the priceless heritage of a good name. It rests with us to impress upon the members of the rising generation the real worth of descent from noble blood and to help them realize what it should mean to be of a family noted in all ages past for its integrity, patriotism and high morality.

In Part One of this work will be found the line of Forsyths who occupied the ancestral castles of France and Scotland, *viz.*: Forsyth de Fronsac, Dykes, Nydie and Sterling. From this source have descended the Forsyths scattered now over France, England, Ireland, America, Australia and possibly other lands. It has been a persistent family.

In Scotland and Ireland, the Forsyths conformed for many years to the clan organization. These clans, however, were gradually dissolved after 1628. In the records of these countries are mentioned many groups who were descended from those obtaining from the king hereditary fiefs, manors or baronies. Prominent among them are the Forsyths of Failzerton in County Ayr; the Forsyths of Dykes in Lanark, the Forsyths of Nydie in County Fife; the Forsyths of Tailzerton in County Sterling, and the Forsyths of Mardyke in County Cork, Ireland.

Coming from some of the foregoing groups are the first generations of the Forsyths in America, as represented by such pioneers as David, James, Alexander, Matthew, William, and no doubt others. Matthew of 1699 and his brothers and their descendants nearly all came to Canada or the United

States, and being the chiefs of Dykes they had the tradition and history of the family in hand.

The contents of this book will deal mainly with the history of David and his descendants. In the records much is lacking. From some families but little tangible historical material is available; consequently the compiler of this work has been compelled to lay aside the pen at many places. History can include only that which is known. The aim has been not to write a biography but to gather the varied experiences and interesting incidents of a past and nearly past generation with others of a later date and by combining them all in a simple narrative to give to future Forsyths a picture of their forebears and the times in which they lived.

An effort has been made to follow the behest of James Whitcomb Riley when he insists on

Plain facts, plain words of the good old-fashioned ways,
Don't tech 'em up like the poet does
'Til they're all too fine for use.
Tell them a tale of the timber lands
Of the old-time pioneers;
Tell them of the old log house—about
The loft and the puncheon floor—
The old fire-place with the crane swinging out,
And the latchstring through the door.

The Forsyth family coat-of-arms as used by the Forsyths of Failzerton, is reproduced on the Frontispiece page of this book. This coat-of-arms is authoritative and authentic. It is recorded in the Lyon court at Edinburgh, Scotland. The reproduction is from a copy made by the herald artist of that court, and is correct as the stamp shows. Forsyth arms as borne by Roland and First Forsyth de Fronsac and the early arms of the race was the griffin of green copper with red beak and claws on a polished steel shield. The crest or decoration on the helmet is a demi-griffin. The motto in Latin reads: *Instaurator Ruinae*, "Restorer of the Ruins".

The seal of Fronsac with that of Forsyth of Dykes and Nydie is in the Lyon office in Edinburgh, Scotland.

The flags of the Forsyth family were as follows:

I. The green with the white silver shield, bearing the green griffin with red talons and beak. This was the flag

used by the old race of Forsyth, King of Friesland, whose clan settled in Scotland in an early day.

II. The yellow flag with black, two-headed, imperial eagle, which they bore under Charlemagne to show their official rank as palladins of the empire.

III. The red flag with the gold rose, and red label of three lozenge points to show the order of the nobility of the empire.

IV. The flag raised over Castle Forsyth de Fronsac was the reverse black cross flag of Scotland, which was yellow with a black cross, the Forsyth flag being black with a yellow cross and charged with a red label of three lozenge points.


V. The green flag with the white silver shield with three green griffins having red claws and beaks between the red engrailed chevron. This was the flag of the Forsyths of Dykes, Nydie, Failzerton and Tailzerton; in fact, the modern clan since the days of Robert Forsyth, Governor of the royal castle of Stirling and first baron of Dykes of 1355.

The tartan colors of the family were black, yellow, red and green. The colors represented in the uniform plaids were often shown in the arms. To the Scotsman the tartan speaks of the "mist on the hills," of "swift rushing streams," and "heather clad mountains," and of "lonely moor stretches."


Triumphant be the thistle still unfurled,
Dear symbol wild, on freedom's hill it grows
Where Fingal stemmed the tyrants of the world,
And Roman eagles found unconquered foes.

Naturally one would expect the heather to be the Scotch national flower, and perhaps it might have been had not a chance incident conferred the distinction on the thistle. History states that James III of Scotland is responsible for this choice. Tradition traces the preference for the thistle to the time when the Norsemen ravaged all the shores of Northern Europe. On one occasion in the dead of night an invading Norse force approached unperceived the camp of the Scots who had gathered to oppose them. While the Norsemen paused to ascertain the undefended points of the camp they proposed to assault, one of their spies stepped on a thistle. The sudden pain brought forth a violent oath. This aroused the Scots, and they hastened to attack the invaders. The

Scots gained a complete victory and later adopted as an emblem the plant which had been the means of their delivery. It has been stated that the thistle's thorny vigor well expressed the Scotch character in the days of so much fighting, but today the hardiness and bright bloom of the heather indicates better the racial individuality.

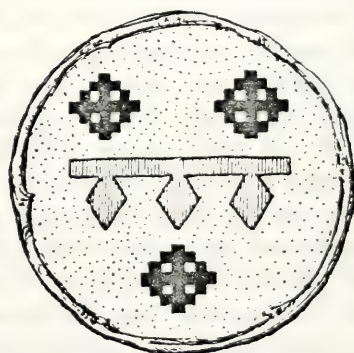


Part One





With the motto, Loyal À La Morte, omitted, and that of Instaurator Ruinae in its place, the above arms are those of the Forsyth clan of Scotland.



Copy of the seal of Forsyth de Fronsac brought into Scotland by Osbert, son of Guirand de Forsyth Chevalier de Fronsac before 1250. It is gold ground with three black crosslets and a red lambel of three lozenge points.

CHAPTER I

EARLY ORIGIN OF THE NAME FORSYTH

SCOTLAND

Scotland is lovely in all weather,
And because my love is true,
I will wear her eagle feather
And her bonnie bonnet blue.

And my heart will sing her praises
Till the evening shadows close
O'er my rest beneath the daisies
With the thistle and the rose.

William Winter.

FROM whom did I come; whither am I going; are the two questions that come to us all. Among the greatest nations descending from the Aryan or white race, whose original home is supposed to have been the great central plateau of Asia, from which it wandered south and north and west, were the Gothic and Teutonic tribes. From these came the Franks, the Norsemen and others, among them the Scots. The name of Scot is said to derive from the saint called Saint Skint, but the name Scot means man of the North or Northman, while Gothic comes from the word Gat or Got, meaning a man of war. The Scots, like their brethren of the North Aryan race, were tall with hazel, gray and blue eyes, brown and yellow hair, and very fair complexioned, and were of the purest Gothic Aryan blood, and belonged to the Scandinavian division of Teutonic stock. Among these people the most important event looming out of the dim prehistoric past was the arrival of Odin.* According to Snorro Sturleson, the Swedish

* Snorro Sturleson writes that Odin was an heroic prince in the Black Sea region with a great people straitened for room. The following ancient account of Odin, which was transcribed by Snorro from the Ynglinga Saga, may be found in Tourville's *French History of the Formation Particulariste*, Chapter II, page 16:

"The land of the east of the River Don was anciently called Asaland, that is to say the land of the gods of the Aryans and the capital city. In this city was a prince named Odin, and he had made great service to the gods. Twelve of the greatest chiefs or lords had charge of the ecclesiastical and magisterial powers and to them all

historian, Odin was the chief of a Scythian tribe of warriors, which immigrating from the East fought its way toward the North passing through Germany into Scandinavia, where, through superior intelligence, skill and bravery, he brought the natives into subjection and established a kingdom. According to some speculators he reigned about 70 B. C., but this is pure conjecture, as there are no historical facts concerning him. In all likelihood there was such a man, probably a great and wise ruler, who of necessity in such an age was also a great warrior and statesman, that organized his people and gave them laws and permanently established them. After his death tradition following its usual course built about his memory a mass of attributes that in the course of years became divine, and finally caused him to be worshipped as a god. To him was attributed the invention of Runic writing, poetry, etc.; a knowledge of astronomy and the arts, sciences and magic. He became the personification of all that was heroic, wise and good, according to the ideals of his people, the predominant ideal figure of his race, its god. This was the usual course of mythology and tradition among all races in their infancy before the dawn of letters in Greece and Rome and in the East, as well as in the North, common to every race, emerging into history and civilization.

others rendered homage and obedience. Odin surpassed all the other lords or princes of Asgard by his distant travels, and the act of war. He had submitted to his laws many countries and kingdoms. He returned ever victorious and enriched by war tributes until his companions believed that victory belonged to him wherever he combatted, so when others of his place went on military expeditions they demanded that he bless their enterprises by the laying on of hands, or if found in any peril by land or sea they invoked the name of Odin, seriously expecting to be aided as though Odin were with them.

"Starting from the point where the sun rises in summer northeast, to where it sets in winter southwest, was a long chain of high mountains which separates the kingdom of Sweden from the other kingdoms of the south. Not far from these mountains is the country of the Turks—Turkestan. This is where Odin had a vast domain. About this time the Roman generals were overrunning the earth and enslaving all peoples in this region, so that several of their chiefs abandoned their land. As Odin was able in divination and all sorts of knowledge he foresaw that his posterity would rule in the north. So leaving the government with his two brothers, Ve and Vila, at Asgard, he with the rest of the lords and a chosen band of warriors directed his course to the west, then turned to the south across what is Hanover and Westphalia. There Odin subdued several kingdoms, and as he had several sons he established them over these kingdoms while he proceeded further north to the border of the sea to what is called Odense in the island of Fionie (whence the name of Fionnlock). On the way he had encountered the King of Sweden, who gave him a great domain of agricultural land. Odin recognized the land as good and as the Swedish king knew he was no match for Odin he concluded a treaty by which Odin took possession of the country, and erected a magnificent temple to the eternal gods. Odin promulgated the ancient laws of the race and in Sweden engaged to defend their property and their rights and to maintain the religion of the gods and the laws."

The name Forsyth is first found in the Mythology of Odin. Balder, called "The Beautiful" and good, was the son of Odin and his wife, Frigge. He was worshiped as a beautiful, youthful warrior, whose wisdom and valor were as eminent as his beauty and goodness. To Balder and his wife Nannie, was born a son, Forsite, the just. He was known as the honorable and honored one. He is said to have been king of that part of Northern Europe known as Friesland, where his palace, Glyner, was celebrated for its magnificence and from the fact that no suppliant was turned away without a hearing and without receiving justice. His reign was noted for peace and concord.

From earliest times it was the custom of nations, clans and families to adopt a symbol which, when borne upon standard or shield, furnished an easy method of distinguishing different units or individuals from one another in the confusion of battle. On this custom was based in medieval times the science of heraldry. This science was born of necessity, for as long as men fought with faces bared there was no need specially to distinguish one from the other, other than his fancy dictated in distinguishing marks, but when complete armor was adopted and men could no longer see their friends' and antagonists' faces they were forced to adopt distinguishing marks by which they were known in battle and in peace without trouble. These marks or symbols were usually worn on helmets, shield and banner. On the helmet it was called a crest; on the shield it was called a charge; on the banner it was the symbol of the family, or clan or nation. Each family, clan or individual had its own symbol by which it was known, and in ancient times a badge or symbol was a sacred thing, and for a tribe or family to adopt that of another would have been an act of dishonor.

To prevent repetition and confusion among the wearers of coats-of-arms, as the marks or symbols were called, there grew up in feudal times special schools and colleges, as these were called, whose business was to know and keep record and order among the innumerable markings of the nobility. The lions of England and Scotland, the lilies of France, and the eagles of Germany are derived from these markings, and every knight and noble family had their own special bearings or symbols, coats-of-arms and crests by which they were

known. Afterward these symbols were made use of for other purposes than those spoken of, being used in endless variations for decorative purposes, woven in cloth, sculptured in stone, carved in wood, in stained glass, on signs, in metals, ivory, enamel, etc., in churches, halls, names, equipages and numerous articles of daily use wherever the case called for a particular distinction as a decorative motive, public or private.

In the beginning, arms or symbols were assumed simply as a distinguishing mark. Later when they became more complex and their use reduced to order, they were given for some deed or as an honor especially conferred. A coat-of-arms is hereditary and, strictly speaking, belongs to the head of a family or with certain manifestations to his immediate kin, but the crest or badge can be borne by any of the blood of the family.

The symbol of Odin was the raven. It was also the symbol of the wild, marauding Norsemen of ancient times. From this symbol comes, it is said, the black eagle used in the arms of Germany, Austria and Russia.

The symbol of Forsite, Forsate, Forsath, Forsyth,* as it is variously spelled, the son of Balder, was the griffin, a fabulous creature, winged, with the head of an eagle and the body of a lion. It denotes vigilance and strength.

The race whose badge was the griffin controlled both places which were later called Friesland and Denmark. A Saxon people later occupied Friesland who were no relation to the Danish heroes.

In the annals of Scotland it is retold that one of the royal races that came from Scandinavia into Scotland bore the griffin as its symbol. In an old history of Scotland in the Boston public library, one of the conquering Gothic clans from Scandinavia settling in Scotland in the second century was known from the standard of their chiefs bearing the device of the griffin, the men of the griffin race.

In the early history of the Forsyths in Scotland, they were known as the race of the Griffin because they bore the griffin as the symbol of their race. According to the ancient law of heraldry the griffin which adorns the frontispiece was exclusively the badge or symbol of Forsite or Forsyth, who first

* The name Forsyth should never be spelled with an e. In all ancient records this letter was not used.

adopted it, and his descendants. The designation by this badge or symbol from generation to generation during a time when a symbol was held by one family, is a better proof than anything else of descent when there were no surnames. Later the corruption of heraldry allowed others to assume the use of the griffin, but this was contrary to ancient usage. During the reign of Henry III a law was promulgated prohibiting families from adopting a symbol previously used by another. By this law no one could assume a badge or arms without the king's permission. This law restored the ancient law of heraldry.

The idea of the griffin goes back to classic times, and was well known to the Greeks and Romans. The crest of the Forsyths is a demi-griffin rampant. The demi part of animals alone was worn on crests, as it is impossible to wear the entire animal on a crest. On the shield the entire griffin was displayed. The arms of the family is three griffins rampant verde on a field argent, a chevron engrailed gules.

CHAPTER II

FIRST FORSYTH OF THE CASTLE OF FRONSAC

From the race that bore the griffin as their emblem, came Ethod, brother of Eugenius, King of the Scots. His son was Ertus, who married Rocha, daughter of Roderic, Lord and Prince of Denmark. Roderic had a son Fergus who assisted Alaric, King of the Goths, at the taking of Rome in 410 A. D., afterward crowned King of the Scots as Fergus II. A younger son Roderic was brought up in Denmark and educated at the Royal Danish Court. He married a daughter of a Frankish noble of Austrasia. He bore on his shield the griffin, and his crest was a demi-griffin. His grandson was Arnulf, born near Nancy about 580. He married a daughter of the duke of the Franks of Austrasia. After her death he became bishop of Metz in 614. One of his sons was Ansighis, who married Begga, daughter of Pepin de Landin, mayor of the palace. His estate or lordship was known as Heristal. His son was Pepin de Heristal, father of Charles de Heristal*** (Charles Martel), who was one of the greatest administrators and warriors of his age, 732 to 771. His power based on the sword alone extended from the Rhine to the Loire. He married Chrutude, and founded the great dynasties of the Carolings. Two sons, Pepin and Carloman, received equally the kingdom.

Charles Martel married second Sonahilda, the daughter of the Duke of Bavaria.* One son, Roderic, was born in 726.† He was called Grippo and surnamed the Griffin because he carried the figure of the griffin on his shield. When he grew to manhood, as a warrior he bore the demi-griffin crest, while his two half-brothers bore the crest of the kings and princes of the Franks, whose estates they inherited.

** When Martel died, Grippo received only a small part

*** From ancient MS. published in the Netherlands in the XVII century entitled "Origin of the Kings of the Franes and Princes of the Empire."

* Martin's *Historie de France*.

† French Chronicles.

** Martin's *Historie de France*.

of the estate because the church did not consider his mother's marriage an ecclesiastic one, even though it was within the customs of the Franks. To this Grippo objected, and he claimed an equal share as a prince of the royal blood. His half-brothers had him imprisoned in a castle in the Ardennes to prevent a realization of his claim. Fortunately he escaped and went to Friesland, now North Holland, where he was warmly welcomed because the people there still held in high esteem his ancestor, Forsite. It was there Grippo sought allies to regain his rights and the Frieslanders were the first to give him aid. Idile, a Danish chieftain, and also a duke of the Bavarians, resented what he considered an insult to his relative the mother of Grippo, and he was determined to avenge it. During the contention there was some fighting, after which an agreement was made in which the half-brothers of Grippo gave him the government of twelve counties de Mansond, with the rank of Lordship de Mansond. However, he was surrounded by spies, and fearing he would be imprisoned he went in 751 to Aquitaine. Three years later he attempted to join an army of the Lombards which had arisen against the Franks.

In the meantime Carloman had entered a monastery and handed over his ducal rights to his brother, Pepin, who became the sole duke of the Franks. Pepin recruited his army from great warriors of the North to fight the Saxons and Lombards. Among these warriors was Fionnlock (Fion of the Lake), whose name is preserved in Fionne, an island off the coast of Denmark. Fionnlock was a royal Scottish chieftain who had gone to France to aid Martel. He was a relative of King Achaisus of Scotland, and one of the Scottish Auxiliaries among the Franks at this time. He was with the army that Pepin sent under two generals to intercept the army of the Lombards that Grippo had joined. He also bore the demi-griffin crest of his race.

The encounter between the two armies took place at Maurienne. Fionnlock was a friend of Grippo, and in the conflict he saw the latter's griffin symbol and tried to rescue Grippo from his enemies, but numbers were against him and Grippo was killed. These two men were bound by other ties. Fionnlock's young daughter had married Grippo, whose death now left the widow with two little children in poverty and distress.

When Pepin died in 768 he left two sons, Charles and Carloman. Carloman survived his father but three years, and following his death Charles became sole king of the Franks. The reign of Charlemagne, the great Frankish lord who in fact and legend filled all the world, now begins. One of his first acts was to appoint councils to inquire into the condition of his people—nobles, clergy, merchants and peasants. By this means the news came to him of Grippo's princely family. He learned of the courage and honor of Fionnlock, and of his daughter, Grippo's widow, and of her two promising sons.* His heart was touched and he took them under his care, adopting them as his nephews. They were often called his sons, but it would have prejudiced his own sons' claims to divisions of the empire had he adopted them as sons. It was a stroke of policy since it excluded their claims on the empire which might have been derived from descent from their father, Prince Roderic (Grippo).

The elder, Roland, or Ronald, became the greatest of the emperor's paladins, and duke of the marshes of Brittany. He bore the demi-griffin crest. History scarcely noticed him until his later renown in the annals of chivalry, when he was called the flower of ancient chivalry, and his exploits were painted by the poets.

The second son, whose name was Forsyth, was born in 753. He was named from the Gothic prince Forsite, from whom he was descended. Forsyth became a count of the empire, and he and Roland bore the griffin inherited from their father, Grippo, and as paladins and counts of the empire they also bore the double eagle symbols of imperial office. Roland married a niece of Charlemagne, while Forsyth married in 810 a daughter of the Duke of Aquitania.

When Charlemagne was fighting the Saxons near Paderburn about 780, Roland and Forsyth were with him, and rendered valuable service. In 786** Charlemagne built a castle on the hill of Fronsac, twenty miles northeast of Bordeaux. He called it Forsyth in honor of his adopted nephew and of their common ancestor, the ancient King Forsite. He made it the capital of the district and appointed Forsyth as its defender, and gave him the herald lordship of the castle, the first Vicomte de Fronsac. His

* *Chronicles of Charlemagne.*

** *Froissart's Chronicles, Johns edition.*

descendants in turn became the lords of the castle, the imperial Vicomtes of Fronsac, whose possessions in the eldest male line continued down to the eleventh century. The castle was one of the most powerful of Western France. The Emperor and the Franks had conquered the Saxons, and the castle was built as a restraining influence against them. Fronsac was an ancient district in Aquitaine. It bordered on the river Dordogne. Its history reaches back to the Roman period.

Hagaman Forsyth de Fronsac, a great grandson of the first Forsyth of the castle, was chief of staff of the Emperor Charles the Simple, and his last legal adviser. He defeated all the enemies of the empire when Charles was betrayed by them, but later in 924, when they succeeded in defeating Charles, Hagaman was deprived of his rank, after which he retired to Forsyth castle, and by his influence Aquitaine refused to recognize the change of dynasty.

Grimwald Forsyth, the great grandson of Hagaman, was the last of the Forsyth name to hold the castle. He married Marie de Montenac about 1010, and they had four daughters and one son.

Before the eleventh century the Forsyths of Fronsac and the Taillefer families, who were counts of Angoulene, had intermarried, and in 1030 Guillanone de Taillefer married the eldest daughter of Grimwald Forsyth and claimed one-third of the Fronsac estates as his wife's dowry. Party feuds followed between the daughters as claimants of the castle and estates to get possession. One of them occupied the castle against the wishes of the king, who was the arbitrator of their disputes. The young son of Grimwald was deprived of his right of succession and the castle passed into the female line. It was during the contention for possession between the claimants that the castle in the eleventh century was partly destroyed. It was rebuilt for some lord in the female line. In the fifteenth century when the English were at war with the French under command of the Earl of Derby, they invaded Aquitaine, and in their course captured the castle. Shortly afterward it was completely demolished. Some time later a new castle was built by one of the Richelieus under the name Château Fronsac.

The second daughter of Grimwald Forsyth married Comte

de Albert, the third Seig Caumont and the fourth Prince de Rohan. The descendants of these families held the castle and the Fronsac title for several centuries, and it was from these came after 1472 the following succession: Odet de Aydie, Vicomte de Fronsac of the princely house of Fix. Vicomte de Lantrac recognized by the King in 1472 as Vicomte de Fronsac, Jehan de Rohan, Seig. de Gie Marshall of France and Vicomte de Fronsac in 1491. He was succeeded by his cousin, Jacques de Albret Marshall of the princely house of Navarre. The king made him Comte de Fronsac in 1551. His cousin, Antoine de Lustract, was Marquis de Fronsac in 1555. During this time the family of de Caumont Duc La Force were bearing the title of Comte de Fronsac, having inherited either from Rohan or Albret.

It next passed to Royal Bourbons in the person of Francis de Orleans Longueville, Comte de St. Pol, a descendant from a branch of the Valois family. He was a relative of King Henry of Navarre, who in 1608 raised the title to a ducal peerage, Duc de Fronsac. Armand Jean de Plessis Duc de Richelieu revived a claim to it after the death in 1631 of Orleans St. Pol without direct heirs, and as Cardinal and prime minister of France attained a new patent in 1634. He claimed the duchy through his grandmother, a Rochelrouart, a descendant of Forsyth. At Richelieus' death the title passed to Louis de Bourbon, Prince de Conde.

In 1646 his sister, the Princess de Conde, the next heir, became Duchess de Fronsac, and at her death the title passed to her cousin, Duc de Richelieu, with whose descendants it remained until the Revolution when the Château Fronsac castle was finally destroyed by the revolutionists. While the castle and title were held in the female line there were times when different families in the succession were claiming the name Fronsac at the same time, but under different titles. From this it is supposed that each branch of the family, the Vicomte, Comte, Marquis and Duchy, had a legal right to bear his title at the same time. The title of Vicomte de Fronsac of the Forsyths is imperial* from Charlemagne, while that of Comte de Fronsac is from a grant from the royal house of Capet; Marquis was a grant from the house of Valois, and the Duchy was from the royal house of Bourbon.

* Titles made under the French empire are considered worthless. However, Vicomte de Fronsac being an imperial title, that is a title before the French empire existed, is sound.

CHAPTER III

THE ANCESTRAL RACE IN SCOTLAND

In the seventh generation from Grimwald Forsyth and descending from his disinherited son, came Osbert de Forsyth. At that time he was the only descendant in the male line in the family, as other members had perished in the civil war of France. Osbert's relatives in the female line, who had held the castle and the Fronsac estates for several generations, had divided the estates so that Osbert inherited but little. This led him to leave France and go to Scotland, the land of his forefathers. He first went into England. It was at the time when Eleanor of Provence went to England to marry Henry III. Osbert, by accompanying the princess, had the opportunity to visit England. It was the custom to make up a convoy of ships on such occasions. Eleanor was attended on this journey by all the chivalry of the south of France. There was a stately train of nobles, ladies and minstrels. Eleanor was treated with peculiar honors while on her way by Thibaut, the poet, King of Navarre, who feasted her and her company for five days and guarded them in person with his knights and nobles to the French frontier. She then embarked with all her company, sailing from Bordeaux. They landed at Dover. After a short stay in England, Osbert crossed over to Armondale in Scotland. There were other nobles coming over at the same time, who went into Scotland as he did. He bore the shield with the emblems of Fronsac and Angoulene beneath the demi-griffin crest of the Forsyths.

While the above story of the time when Osbert went into Scotland has been transmitted in the family and published in several reports and genealogies, still it hardly fits in with the following extract from Volume 38, page 31, of the archives department, De la Gironde: that "Guirand Forsyth chevalier de Fronsac, rendered his fief alien in the parish of St. Martin de Fronsac in 1246. This he did so as to accompany his only son, Osbert, to Scotland." Osbert is found established

in Armondale, Peebles county, Scotland, between 1246 and 1250, but his father's name is not again mentioned.

Osbert bore the family name and emblems into Scotland. His place in Armondale was destroyed in the Bruce war, and the family after the battle of Bannockburn had a manor in Salkilh County, Stirling, called Polmaise Merischall.

The journey of Osbert deserves special emphasis, since it was the turning point for life or extinction for the Forsyths. Had he not gained new impetus for life by deciding to leave the land torn by constant warfare where so many of his own blood had been killed, it might have been extinction. The Forsyths in every nation who have inherited the name are descended from Osbert. He had a son whose name was Wilhelm, who is recognized in the Chronicles of Scottish history as a feudal lord of County Peebles, who signed the Ragman Roll of Scotland in 1296. This was an agreement to submit to the arbitrators of King Edward the claims of the thirteen competitors for the crown of Scotland, so that civil war between them might be avoided.

Wilhelm's son, Robert I, moved into Stirlingshire while Robert Bruce was fighting for his crown against King Edward. Robert named his son, Osbert II, who with his father became partners of Bruce. They took a prominent part in the battle of Bannockburn, and after Bruce's victory in this struggle he became king of Scotland. In gratitude to Osbert for the valuable service rendered in this most notable battle of all Scottish history, Bruce gave him a feudal grant of land in County Stirling.

Bannockburn is a town of Stirlingshire, Scotland, about three miles southeast of Stirling Castle. Since this battle was the most important one in the history of Scotland, and one in which Osbert Forsyth was a trusted and valiant leader, the account of the battle is given below.

The English king, Edward II, appeared on June 24, 1314, with an army which in point of numbers and equipment surpassed every force that had as yet been led against Scotland, and the largest that a king of England ever led. It was said he had one hundred thousand men and forty thousand horsemen. Bruce was well aware of the immense superiority of the enemy, there being two Englishmen to every Scotsman.

Bruce had chosen his ground of battle with admirable skill in the royal park between the Bannockburn stream and the Castle of Stirling. To break the ranks of the English horse he constructed covered pits, and put over the ground steel spikes. It was only in front of the Scottish position that the banks of the stream offered an easy passage to horses, so that the English had no choice but to attack the Scots at that point. Before the battle began, as the sun rose, the Scots went down on their knees to pray, and when King Edward saw this he said: "See, they are kneeling to ask pardon." "Yes," was the answer, "they are asking pardon, but from God, and not from us. You will conquer or die."

At the beginning the English archers bent their bows and sent their arrows as thick as snow flakes. The boggy ground and steel spikes prevented the horsemen from riding quickly. The Scots stood firm, thrusting with their spears at the horses which, maddened with pain, hurled their riders to the ground and dashed hither and thither flinging the ranks into confusion. While the battle raged, from a hill near at hand, what looked like another Scottish army was seen to descend. It was only the servants who attended on Bruce. The English, thinking they were another army, lost heart and were thrown into a panic rout.

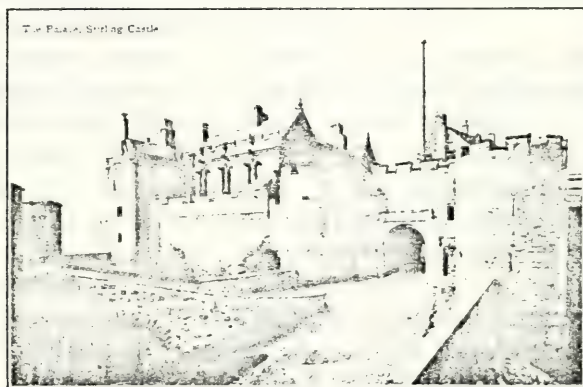
Alike from the point of view of glory and interest this battle holds first place among the triumphant actions of the Scottish people. It made Scotland a free country. The stone upon which the Scottish standard was planted is still pointed out.

Osbert Forsyth II's son, Robert de Forsyth II, was one of the greatest military leaders of Scotland. He became the governor of Stirling Castle about 1360. This was the highest military command in Stirling Province.

Stirling Castle is a noble architectural pile, and it is placed on a great lofty crag fronting the vast mountains and the gloomy sky of the north. It plays an important part in Scottish history. In 1304 it was taken by Edward I of England after a siege of three months, but it was retaken by Bruce ten years later after the battle of Bannockburn. James II, 1430, and James V were born in the castle, and here in 1452 James II stabbed the Earl of Douglass. The battle of Ban-

nockburn, where Bruce defeated Edward II, was fought two miles southeast of Stirling Castle.

This same Robert Forsyth became feudal Baron of Dykes, the first lord of Castle Dykes, which was in Lanark County, Scotland. This castle was supposed to have been built about 1350 by Robert, who gained a victory over the English at the Dykes. The lines below written by Frederic Gregory Forsyth of Canada, the present Vicomte de Fronsac, show how Robert Forsyth won Dykes. They relate an incident in Scottish history.



Stirling Castle

When the English invaded Scotland and were going to destroy the walls of Dykes, the king called for some one to stop the raid until he had time to mass his forces. Robert Forsyth volunteered to do this. How he did it with less than four hundred men has been described in the poem:

From the hills we see them coming
In their stout array;
Insolent the English
Think the land their prey;
They have broken down the Dykes
In this their strong foray.
Who will be the one so valiant
As their course to stay?
Out spake one who falters ne'er
In council or in war—
He who bore a demi-griffin
On his crest afar.

Through the Dykes he'd chase the English
With his clansmen true,
And with sword, Forsyth advancing
Pierced the arrow through.
When the King of Scotland saw
The chieftain straight and tall,
Who had stood with all his clan
A wall where stood the wall,
Hailed Forsyth to be the lord,
The baron of the Dykes.

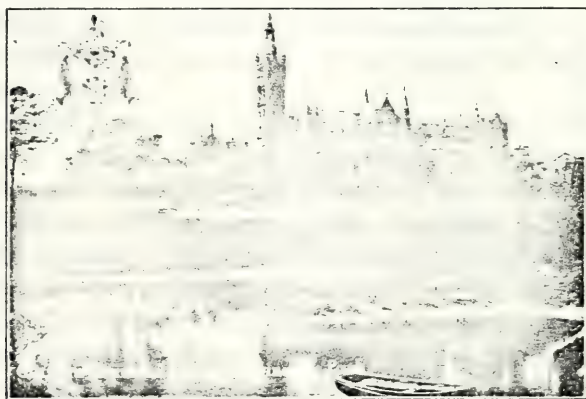
The motto *Instaurator Ruinae* (Restorer of the Ruins) was approved or granted to the Forsyths of Scotland for their services at the battle of Dykes.

Robert Forsyth of Dumbarton, Scotland, secretary of the Forsyth Association, says Dykes Castle adjoined Halhill, near Strathavon. Halhill was a manor belonging to the Forsyths of Dykes in County Lanark. The Forsyths disbanded from Dykes in the early part of the seventeenth century, after occupying it for two and three-quarter centuries. In 1628 the castle was in ruins. A part of the foundation remained until 1828 when it was entirely removed.

For successive generations Stirling Castle was governed by the Forsyths. John, the son of Robert II, not only held the crown office at Stirling in 1379, but was also Baron of Dykes, and William, his son, held the same office in 1399.

In 1426 the son of William, who was Robert III, witnessed a charter of Robert Keith, Earl Marshal of Scotland. He married a daughter of Leslie of Roths. The five sons of Robert are especially remembered for their establishing Glasgow University. The elder, John, was Baron of Dykes and bore the shield of Fronsac. There is no record that he held any professorship in the University, but his sons did. He married the daughter of Sir James Douglass. Thomas, the second son of Robert III, Canon of Glasgow, used the Leslie seal of his mother (three buckles on a bend). He was an incorporator and founder of Glasgow University in 1473, and received from it a Master of Arts degree. In 1496 he became dean of the faculty as a recognition of his work and service. His son in turn became an instructor in the University. One of the younger brothers of Thomas signed the charter of the College in 1483, and was one of its instructors. Matthew, the fourth, was an elector to choose regents for the College in

1497, while Robert, the younger, was an officer. David I and Alexander Forsyth of Aberdeen, sons of the above John, were chosen to elect regents for the University in 1508. David was Lord of Dykes and in 1492 his coat-of-arms appears in Sir James Balfour's Heraldic Manuscript as Forsyth, Baron of Nydie. Nydie was a castle in Fife that was held by the Forsyths. It is not known who built it or what became of it. The last of this family to hold the castle was Sir Alexander Forsyth in 1604. In the history of Stirling he is mentioned. By his title he was doubtless a baronet. The descendants of those who obtained the barony of Nydie were called the Forsyths of Nydie.



Glasgow University

David II, son of the above named David, succeeded his father as Baron of Nydie and Lord of Dykes, and his son, John, succeeded to the titles in 1540. His arms as Forsyth of Nydie are in the Heraldic Manuscript of Sir David Lindsay, the principal herald of Scotland in 1542. However, John transferred his estates of Gilcairnstorm, County Aberdeen, to Lord Gordon of Pittwig, to enter one of the military companies of France in 1560. When he entered the army the title of Comte Forsyth de Fronsac was assumed by him. He had a brother, James Forsyth, who signed a feudal charter before the lords commissioners at Edinburgh in 1560, as Lord of the Monastery of Dumblane. John's son, David III, born in France, succeeded to Dykes in 1571. By act of Scottish Parliament he was appointed a commissioner of revenue for

Glasgow. The arms of Nydie were confirmed to his posterity through the families of Dykes and Failzerton by the Heralds College of Scotland. He had five children, as follows:

I. Margaret married Captain Jean Denys of Honfleur, and St. Vincent de Tours, France.

II. James, who was commissioner for Glasgow in 1608.

III. William, his successor as Baron of Dykes, who also became commissioner of the Scotch parliament in 1621.

IV. Matthew was an Advocate.

V. Robert of Failzerton was in the French army. He was a claimant to the title of Forsyth de Fronsac. The arms of Nydie were confirmed to the Forsyths of Failzerton by Sir George McKenzie, King of Arms of Scotland.

William, son of David III, had three sons:

I. William, his successor, whose daughter, Barbara, married Baron Rello.

II. John, who was a Lord Commissioner of Scotland in 1652, and a member of the commission to meet the English Parliament to hear the plan of uniting the crown of Scotland and England. To this step the Forsyths of Dykes were strongly opposed. John was in favor of adopting the French language as the national speech, as a barrier against English settlement in the lowlands of Scotland. He regarded that as a growing menace to the integrity of the Scottish nation as well as to the independence of the Scottish kingdom. His son, James, inherited the lands of Failzerton and Kilsyth from his mother, who was a daughter of Sir William Livingston. James was a famous preacher, a minister for the church in Airth in 1661 and at Stirling in 1665. His sermons were published in London in 1666. He was registered at Lyon Court as successor of Dykes and Nydie. He married Marion Elphinson, a daughter of the noted Bruce family, and the nearest line derived from the royal family of Bruce. Having no children, he adopted his relative, James Bruce, who succeeded as James Forsyth of Failzerton, alias Bruce of Gavell. This James was a member of the council of Stirling with the Duke of Hamilton.

The second son of John and brother of James, the minister, was Walter Forsyth, a regent of the University of Glasgow and titular Baron of Dykes. His will is yet in the documents of Scotland. He married his cousin, Margaret,

daughter of Captain James Forsyth, who was a son of Robert of Failzerton. James became a captain in land and naval enterprises. In May, 1654, he was a prisoner of war among the English and escaped from the vault below the Parliament House where he had been confined. He married his cousin, Marguerite, daughter of Nicholas Denys, Vicomte de Fronsac, and royal governor of Acadia, Gaspesie and New Foundland.

The family of Denys acquired great renown in France in connection with early American explorations. As early as 1506 Captain Jean Denys published a chart of that gulf of North America, afterward known as the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He was also commissioned in 1524 by King Francis I to find lands in the new world for France. His grandson, Jean, married Margaret, the daughter of David Forsyth III, Lord of Dykes and heir to the Fronsac title in France. Their son, Nicholas, was born at St. Vincent de Tours, in 1598. In recognition of the services of his ancestors in discovering lands for France in America he received from the King in 1632 the northern half of Acadia, a territory of about thirty-two thousand square miles, and he was made its governor. One authority says he was a Huguenot, another that he was very liberal in his religious views, but he had trouble with the Catholics. LeBorgne planned an ambush against him, captured him when alone, and carried him a prisoner to Port Royal (Annapolis). While in prison he obtained aid from the Protestant English with which party he was forced to form an alliance for his own safety, and they released him by armed intervention. In the meantime he had opened the country to colonists, built ships, encouraged trade with New England and established his capital at Pierre. His enemies next proceeded to petition the king for his removal from the governorship. They succeeded in getting Giraudiere appointed, and Denys retired into his own territory. The new governor with the aid of the king's ships and troops made war on him and seized the ships by which he traded with New England, but he finally repelled his enemies and in 1659 was made governor viceroy of Gaspesie Acadia and New Foundland. In 1667 his claims to the title of Vicomte de Fronsac were recognized and ordered to be registered by King Louis XIV. His history was published in Paris in 1672 in two volumes. He is mentioned by Charlevoix, historian of

Canada, as the best instructed of the new governors of New France, and the most enterprising, most liberal and best educated person in the country.

The children of the above Walter Forsyth, whose wife, Margaret, was granddaughter of Nicholas Denys, inherited from their mother's family the shipping and private armed vessels which were their part in the Forsyth and Denys enterprises on the seas, the same extending even to the French and British Americas and Indies. The Forsyths were in alliance with the Normans of France, favoring the Stuart cause in Scotland, and opposed to English control. Their privateers were safely harbored along the west coast of Ireland with Irish and French vessels in secret and contraband trade in defiance of English law. Their place was in the vicinity of Carrickfergus near the castle of the O'Neals, where the sea protected their ships which sailed under the flag of France.

CHAPTER IV

FORSYTHS IN CANADA AND NEW ENGLAND

It was at this time (1719) that James McGregor, who was a friend of the Forsyths, led a colony of Scots already in Ulster to America. They settled at what is now Londonderry, New Hampshire. These colonists, most of whom had sailed from Belfast and Carrickfergus, were refused land in the New England colonies because they were not English, it being the rule then that no Scot be permitted to settle in an English colony. However, they were allowed to settle on land to the north between the French and Indians on one side, and the English colonists on the other, presumably with the thought that they might be exterminated by the Indians. But McGregor, through the Forsyth and Denys families, made a secret agreement with the French that if the colony of Scots remained neutral in the war of reprisals going on between the French and English colonies, the Scots would not be disturbed. This agreement was carried out, and the French and Indian raids to the time of the fall of Quebec in 1759 passed safely through the Scotch settlement.*

Among these Forsyths was James of Failzerton, Vicomte de Fronsac and titular Baron of Dykes. He was a son of Margaret, Vicomtess de Fronsac, and Walter Forsyth. James married Margaret, daughter of Major Hugh Montgomerie. James was a captain on the seas under the flag of the king of France during William of Orange's Irish campaign, and a defender of the cause of the Stuarts against William of Orange. His son, Matthew, was born in 1699 in Scotland. He went first to Ireland, where he married Esther, daughter of Robert Graham, whose wife was Janet Hume of the Hume family of Scotland.

Matthew succeeded his father, James, on the seas. He came first to Canada in 1732 as successor to the title of Vicomte de Fronsac, and the estates of the Denys in Canada being the next heir of the last descendant of Nicholas Denys,

* Parker's *History of Londonderry*; Cockran's *History of Antrim*.

governor of Acadia. Nicholas Denys having been enrolled in the nobility of New France, the family became the hereditary governors of the district. Matthew Forsyth was the last royal governor of Gaspesie (1732 to 1738) and the last titular Baron of Dykes. The fief of Fronsac comprised the territory between the Miramichi and the Restigonche Rivers to a depth of forty-five miles with all the islands of the coast to a distance of nine miles toward the sea. Richard Denys, a son of Nicholas, had built a château on the banks of the Miramichi, and Matthew Forsyth occupied it. The coat-of-arms of the Denys and Forsyth families blended in a shield was his official seal as governor. It was carved in wood over the door of the château. Matthew was very much annoyed by pirates from Cape Cod, who sailed in armed vessels along the shore. With his own ship, *La Monette*, he made war on them, sinking, burning and destroying their vessels. This attracted the English who sent two war-ships against him, and in 1738 after an heroic resistance he was driven by the English from Gaspesie, and the Fronsac territory. The latter destroyed his Monette fort and burned his manor house. His ship was saved by being hauled up into shallow water where a large war vessel could not go. He waited until the winter storms had driven away the English ships, then sailed for the west coast of Ireland, where he had left his family.

After the death of James McGregor, letters from a surviving member of his family reached the province of Ulster, where Matthew Forsyth had been since leaving Canada. These letters told of the success of the Scot colony in New Hampshire, and suggested his locating nearer his lands in Canada. This he decided to do, and accordingly he sailed across the ocean and into the harbor at Boston under an Irish register and English flag. In 1742 he settled in Chester, New Hampshire. He brought over considerable wealth and family silver with armorials thereon which had been confirmed to the family by the herald of Scotland. He bought 2,000 acres of land and later owned a woolen mill and the grist-mill. He never returned to his land in Canada since the buildings had been destroyed. He was most prominent in the history of Chester. His name is very frequently mentioned in town and provincial records. He was lay preacher and deacon of the church, and although his attitude and that of some of

his sons leaned toward a resistance of parliamentary tyranny in America, he was a firm believer that a royal form of government is best conducive to the interests of a people. In 1774 he was a deputy for Chester at Exeter to choose a delegate to the first Continental Congress. When hostilities began between the English and the colonists he assisted in raising and arming the Chester company. Later, however, when he discovered that the majority was planning a democratic republic he withdrew into private life. He was a lover of music, and well acquainted with European languages and literature. He died in 1790 in his ninety-second year. Two of the small cannon of his fort in Canada are in front of the hospital at Bathhurst, and a punch bowl of ancient date dug up at the ruins of his manor house is in the historical collection at Chatham, New Brunswick.

In the gulf of the St. Lawrence there is an island called Miscou. The name of its harbor, Anse Le Griffin, is derived from the first ship of Matthew Forsyth, *Le Griffin*, which anchored off Miscou Island.

Of Matthew Forsyth's children, Matthew, the eldest son, was born in Ireland. He was a loyalist and became a physician in the royal navy. His privateer, the *LaMonette*, which he inherited from his father, sailed under the flag of France. At the breaking out of the French Revolution his life as a royalist was in danger. He put his effects into gold, packed his baggage aboard the *La Monette*, and started to escape from the frenzied peasants who sought his life. His ship was intercepted as he was leaving the harbor, but he replied to demands to stop by defiantly raising the royal flag. With his ship covered by the spray from the cannon shot of the harbor batteries past which he sailed, he turned to the sea and disappeared. Doctor Matthew Forsyth went down against his foe in 1798, leaving his title and one million francs in gold and his shipping to his nephew, Thomas, whom he had adopted. He never married.

David and Jonathan, the second and third sons of Matthew, were born in Ireland. They were in the first New Hampshire regiment in the war of the Revolution, and both died from wounds received while in the service.

William, Matthew's fifth child was born in Ireland in 1740. He was a United Empire Loyalist in the war of 1776-83. In

Atherton's history of Montreal, Vol. II, he is spoken of as commanding an independent patrol of Scot settlers on the border of Canada and in New Hampshire. His wife was a daughter of James Wilson, a Scot from near Carrickfergus, who lived to be one hundred and eighteen years of age. William was a deputy to a council of the noblesse in Canada held in Montreal for the purpose of forming a confederation with the followers of Prince Charles Stuart, who came to America to get away from English rule. Charles wished to establish in Canada an independent monarchy in alliance with France and under the Stuart dynasty. This alarmed the English, and their ministry wrote the governor to administer the oath in Canada since this would end the hopes of the Pretender Prince Charles. If any one refused he must leave the colony. William Forsyth refused to take the oath, and left Canada. He later settled in Deering, New Hampshire, and was one of the founders of the Deering public library. He died in 1808. His children were as follows: first, Matthew, who settled in what is now Manchester, New Hampshire; second, James, a physician and graduate of Dartmouth College, a son of whom, Doctor F. F. Forsyth, was one of the founders of the Weymouth, Massachusetts, Historical Society; third, David, Captain of the Deering Rifles; fourth, Thomas, who was born in Deering in 1776. He was adopted by his uncle, Doctor Matthew Forsyth, who took him to France and educated him as his adopted heir. He was placed in a military school at the age of eleven years.

When Doctor Matthew on his ship, *La Monte*, was escaping from the French Revolutionists in 1792, his nephew was with him. The lad was landed by his uncle at a German port. Being a young man of seventeen years, he became so filled with the spirit of adventure that he joined the Brigade de Navarre in the campaign of the royalists and French princes against the first French Republic. In Revigney's *Nobilities of Europe for 1910* there is a mention that his name was presented at the Austrian Court at the death of his uncle in 1798. His claim at this time to the title of De Fronsac was recognized by the Emperor, Francis II. He also held the title of Baron of Miscou. He returned to Canada in 1800, sailing in one of the vessels inherited from his uncle. He settled first at St. Johns, New Brunswick. Later, he went to Savannah,

Georgia, where he married a daughter of Captain John Pray, late of the colonial navy of Georgia. He was one of the wardens of the Ancient Landmark Lodge of Free Masons at Portland, Maine. It was he who projected the scheme of a railway from Montreal to Portland. This was as early as 1830, but it was not completed until 1854, five years after his death. Thomas always considered himself a Scot and a Canadian, and was always a British subject and a member of the noblesse in Canada. He was a musician and linguist. His son, Hamilton Forsyth, born in 1812, was a captain in the commonwealth of Texas. He died at Galveston in 1839.

Thomas had a daughter, Sarah Ann, born in 1815, who had marked literary ability. She married William Pitt Preble, LL. D., judge of the Supreme Court of Maine, and first president of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, also United States minister to the Netherlands.



Frederic Forsyth, Vicomte de Fronsac

The fifth child of Thomas was Frederic, 1819-1891, born at St. Johns, New Brunswick. In 1849 he succeeded his father to the title of Vicomte de Fronsac, and the barony of Miscou, also the merchant marine interest. In 1849 he was an officer in command of an armed expedition of pioneers overland across the plains to California. During the following year he was at Realajeo in Nicaragua, where he became connected with a British transport company. He returned to Montreal in 1854, where in 1860 he commanded the guard of honor chosen to meet the Prince of Wales when he landed at Portland. His name is in the silver book of the Grand Trunk Railway Company as one of those selected to accompany the Prince at the ceremonies of the opening of the Victoria bridge at Montreal. In 1886 the fiftieth anniversary of the reign of Queen Victoria was celebrated at his home in Portland by



Frederic Gregory Forsyth, Vicomte de Fronsac

British residents. He was always a British subject and a believer in the right of the southern cause in the Civil War. He was a merchant in the West India trade at Portland, but lost his property and died poor in 1891. He married a daughter of Major-General Joseph Scott Jewett of Portland. She was a very gifted woman in the languages and music. Her name appears in the list of ladies who danced with the Prince of Wales at Montreal during the royal civic entertainments of 1860. Their son, Frederic Gregory Forsyth, Vicomte de Fronsac, was born in Montreal. He is the herald marshal of the noblesse in Canada, and the founder of the United Empire Loyalist Association of Canada. He is known as an historian, and has always been a British subject. He succeeded to the title of Vicomte de Fronsac in 1891. He is connected with the College of Arms, Archives Department, at Ottawa, Canada.

His brother, Thomas Scott, Baron of Miscou, was born in the Portland district of St. Johns, New Brunswick, in 1859. He is registrar general of the College of Arms of Canada, also honorary president of the Historical Society of Gaspesie. As younger son he bears the honorary title of Comte de La Gaspesie, as may be seen by the list of titles in the Canadian Almanac of 1920, published in Toronto, which title has been derived by descent from Nicholas Denys, Governor Royal of Acadia. Already belonging to the noblesse, the arms of Denys were capped by a Comtes Crown, and his descendants thus came to be the Comtes de La Gaspesie.

Thomas is the author of a recent publication on financial influences in Canada and will soon edit the Memorial history of the province of Nova Scotia.

George Forsyth (1821-1912) was the sixth child of the above Thomas. He was major in the United States Civil War of 1861-65, and was assistant adjutant-general of camp at Washington in 1865, also chief of staff to General Sheridan, and later revenue officer at Sitka, Alaska. He afterward removed to San Francisco, and was interested in a fruit ranch. He married a daughter of Captain Jewett of Portland.

Robert and Josiah, the youngest sons of Matthew Forsyth, were Lieutenants in the war of 1776. Josiah's descendants still reside on the site of their first house at Chester. They have the old triangular battle sword that Matthew used when he commanded his ship, *La Monette*. Josiah's son, Josiah,

1783, was captain of militia and selectman of Deering, and his son was Matthew, born in Chester (1818-1884). Matthew's son is Rufus Forsyth, in whose possession is the triangular sword. His grandson, William Francis Forsyth, was an A. B. at Dartmouth College, in 1908, and M. D. of Columbia Medical College in 1910. A younger brother, Carl C. Forsyth, 1888, was A. B. of Dartmouth in 1913, and A. M. of Harvard University in 1914, and assistant instructor in natural science.

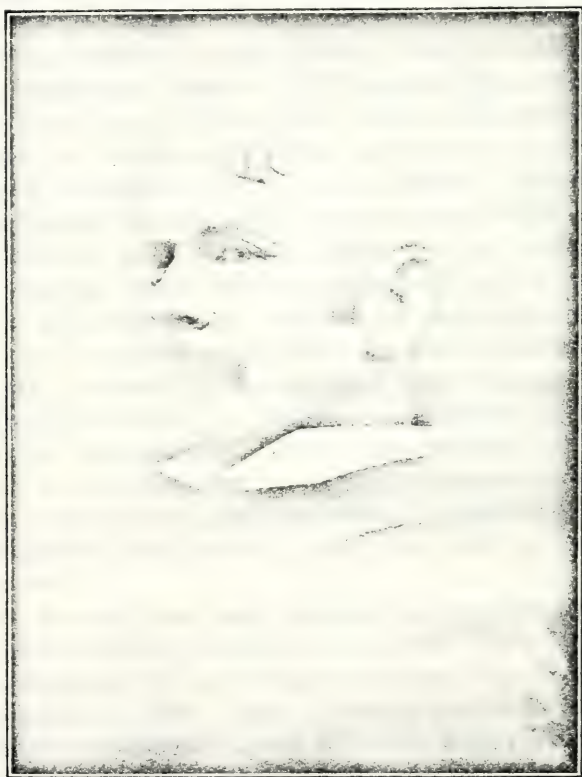
A great grandson of the above Robert Forsyth was James, who was one of the prominent men in New York State. He was judge of the Rensselaer county court, and president of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute and of the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railway, also of the Troy Bridge Company.

His son, Robert, was civil engineer and manager of the Union Steel Company of Chicago. Another son, James, is an attorney-at-law, living at Riverside, Oswego, N. Y.

The second son of Captain James Forsyth and Margaret Montgomerie and brother of Matthew, was James who signed the Londonderry Roll in 1719. There were political troubles, and those who signed the Londonderry Roll were by this obligated to leave Ireland. James being an old man did not leave, but his son Alexander did. Alexander married Rachel O'Neal, a member of the house of O'Neal, Earls and Princes of Tyrone in Ireland. They came to the United States in the latter part of the eighteenth century and settled in Baltimore. His death occurred in 1828. Among his sons were, first, Isaac; second, Alexander; third, Elijah. There were also three daughters. Mary, the eldest, married — Thompson, the second — Ryder, the third — Goldsmith. Elijah, the third son, married the daughter of Bernhard Gell of Baltimore, both of whom died before middle age, the father by accidental drowning while hunting, and the mother of the first epidemic of cholera in the United States. They left a large family which was soon scattered among their relatives.

The eldest son John later went to New York. The second son Bernhard went away from home about the time of the Seminole War. It was thought he was engaged in the war. Elijah came west. The fourth was William, who remained in Baltimore. Joseph lived at Powhattan, Maryland. The sisters, Elizabeth and Louise, were devout Catholics. Elizabeth was for many years a nun.

Elijah, the third son, came west in early life and died in Indianapolis in 1895. He married Olive Hackett, who died in 1910. His eldest son, William, is the present well-known artist of Indianapolis, and honorary member of the Society of Forsyths in Indiana. He was born in Hamilton County, Ohio, near Cincinnati, and came with his parents to Indianapolis when a boy. From his childhood he had an innate love



William Forsyth

for books, and a passionate love for the beauty of the out-of-doors. He began drawing very early in his life, and a chance acquaintance with Ruskin's book on drawing directed him into the paths of art.

He began sketching out-of-doors with enthusiasm, studying alone and against the wishes of his parents. This he continued for several years before there appeared any opening for advanced study. About this time J. W. Leave, a stu-

dent at the Beaux Arts at Paris, and J. Y. Gookins, student at Munich, founded the first Indiana art school. William Forsyth entered this school and began his first training in drawing and painting and modeling in clay. To Mr. Leave, Mr. Forsyth acknowledges a great debt for friendship and encouragement, and for high respect for the profession which he inculcated. Through his own efforts and the patronage of a friend, Mr. Forsyth went abroad in 1885, remaining in Europe seven years. He was a student in the Royal Academy of Art in Munich for five years. Here he studied drawing under Professor Benczm and Nicolas Cyeis, and painting under Van Leoeffz, then reckoned the greatest teacher of painting in Germany. While there he was several times honorably mentioned and awarded a medal. He also exhibited in the Munich International Exposition of 1888.

Returning to the United States, and by preference to Indiana, he has since been continuously active in individual work in painting in oil, water color and etching, and as an instructor. For two years after his return he was associated with Mr. Adams at Muncie and Fort Wayne, Indiana, in teaching; then with Mr. Steele in the second Indiana School of Art at Indianapolis. Since the building of the Herron Art Institute he has been the principal instructor in its school. In this work he has been unusually successful. Many of his pupils among illustrators in the East have a national reputation.

Mr. Forsyth has been awarded numerous distinctions in exhibitions, among them a silver medal for water color, and a bronze medal for oil at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis in 1904. Also a bronze medal at the Argentine Exposition at Buenos Ayres in 1910, and a silver medal for water color and a bronze medal for oil at the Panama Exposition in San Francisco in 1915. At the Fifteenth Annual Exhibition of the Society of Western Artists in 1910 he won the Fine Arts Building Prize of five hundred dollars for the best group of paintings.

He is one of the four Indianapolis artists composing the Hoosier group, the others being Mr. Steele, Mr. Adams and Mr. Stark. This group has played no small part in the development of art in Indiana and the Middle West. Mr. Forsyth, like others of the Hoosier group, prefers the southern

part of the state as a field for his outdoor studies. He is especially fond of the country around Corydon, the old capital of the state, and of old Vernon in Jennings County, and around Hanover on the Ohio River, the White Water Valley, the hills of Morgan County and the region about Indianapolis.

He is a charter member of the Society of Western Artists, and has served as its secretary and vice-president. He is represented in permanent collections at Kansas City, Minnesota Art Association, Indianapolis Art Association, Richmond Art Association, and other cities.

William Forsyth was awarded the Holcomb prize for the best water color in the exhibit of Indiana Artists at the Herron Art Institute in 1920.

He married Alice Atkinson of Atkinson, Indiana, in 1897. She was a pupil in the Indiana Art School when he first met her. Their children are Dorothy, a student in Butler College; Constance and Evelyn. Constance is showing unusual talent in drawing and work in colors.

William Forsyth has one brother, E. J. Forsyth, in Indianapolis; and two sisters, Elizabeth F. and Alice I. Forsyth, who are teachers in the schools of Indianapolis.

Mrs. Louise Jennings at 5444 Catherine Street, Philadelphia, is the daughter of James Forsyth, whose father was Alexander. James had two brothers, Alexander and Samuel. James and Alexander went to northern Pennsylvania while Samuel remained in Havre de Grace, Maryland, the early home of the family. Several sons and daughters of Samuel live there, also children of his sisters.

This family is descended from Alexander Forsyth and Rachel O'Neal.

Mrs. Avoline Forsyth Browne of Shepherdsville, Kentucky, is a granddaughter of Alexander Forsyth, the son of Alexander and Rachel O'Neal.

Alexander Forsyth made a will, which is among the legal documents in Baltimore. By this will his wife Rachel O'Neal was made administratrix, but she did not serve, due to her age. Her son Alexander and her son-in-law Thompson administered on the estate. Alexander's grandson Elijah remembered him as a disabled old man as he went about his home; he also remembered his grandmother, Rachel O'Neal, and that she was a real Irish wit, alert, and quick in thought

and action. She was not in sympathy with the Catholics, but her daughter Mary Thompson was a devout one, being a Mother Superior. She died in a Catholic convent.

The third son of Captain James Forsyth and Margaret Montgomerie was Alexander, who remained in Scotland. He had a son, Andrew, who was a civil engineer and who is said to have planned the celebrated bridge of Dee. Andrew's son was John Forsyth, chief of the medical department of India and physician in ordinary to Queen Victoria. His son was Major Alexander G. Forsyth of the British East India army, and his son was Captain James Forsyth, late of Cheltenham, England, whose son James Alexander Forsyth graduated at the chief military school of Britain just at the beginning of the World War.

A fourth son of Captain James was Thomas, and fifth, David, who married Lady Margaret Montgomerie.

Alexander, son of Walter Forsyth and brother of James, whose son, Matthew, was governor of Gaspesie, was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1689. He came to Boston in 1719. He was an eminent sea merchant and ship owner and selectman of Boston, and for several years was a captain in the colonial regiment. He was one of the commissioners to make a treaty with the Indians for the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1724, and in 1742, as leader of the committee on colony military affairs, he planned the fortifications of Boston Harbor. He was a patron of art and literature. His autograph is in Vol. II, *Memorial History of Boston*. He was a firm loyalist, and being out of sympathy with colonial tendencies, he left Boston with his family about 1765 at the beginning of the trouble between the home government and the colonies, and returned to Scotland.

His son, John, born in Boston, 1731, went with his father to Scotland, and was a captain in the British army during the war of 1776-88. *His* son, John, born in Ayrshire, 1771, was a captain in the Volunteers, and *his* son, William, born in Ayrshire, came to Boston in 1828, and for nearly a quarter of a century was connected with the Boston Belting Company, now the largest belting concern in the world, and the original manufacturers of vulcanized India-rubber goods in the United States. He married a daughter of Hamilton Bennett, of an old English family.

His son, James Bennett Forsyth, was manager of the Boston Belting Company, and one of the foremost inventors of India-rubber appliances in America, having procured over sixty patents for machinery and for improved methods for manufacturing mechanical rubber goods. It is said that on one occasion, while traveling, James Bennett heard during the night from his hotel window a child crying in a tenement house. The next morning, upon inquiring the cause, he learned it was due to aching teeth, and later when asking his own dentist what the poor people did for dental attention he was told they had to look out for themselves. He was of a philanthropic nature, and at his death left a half million dollars to found an institution for the dental care of the poor children of Boston. To this his brothers, John Hamilton and Thomas Alexander, added a million and a half more money. With this sum they erected the Forsyth Dental Infirmary of Boston in memory of James Bennett and a younger brother, George Henry Forsyth. They gave a fund of three million more for its maintenance. It is the only one of its kind in the world. John Hamilton Forsyth died before the building was completed. Thomas Alexander, president of the Boston Belting Company, lives at the Hotel Touraine, Boston.

CHAPTER V

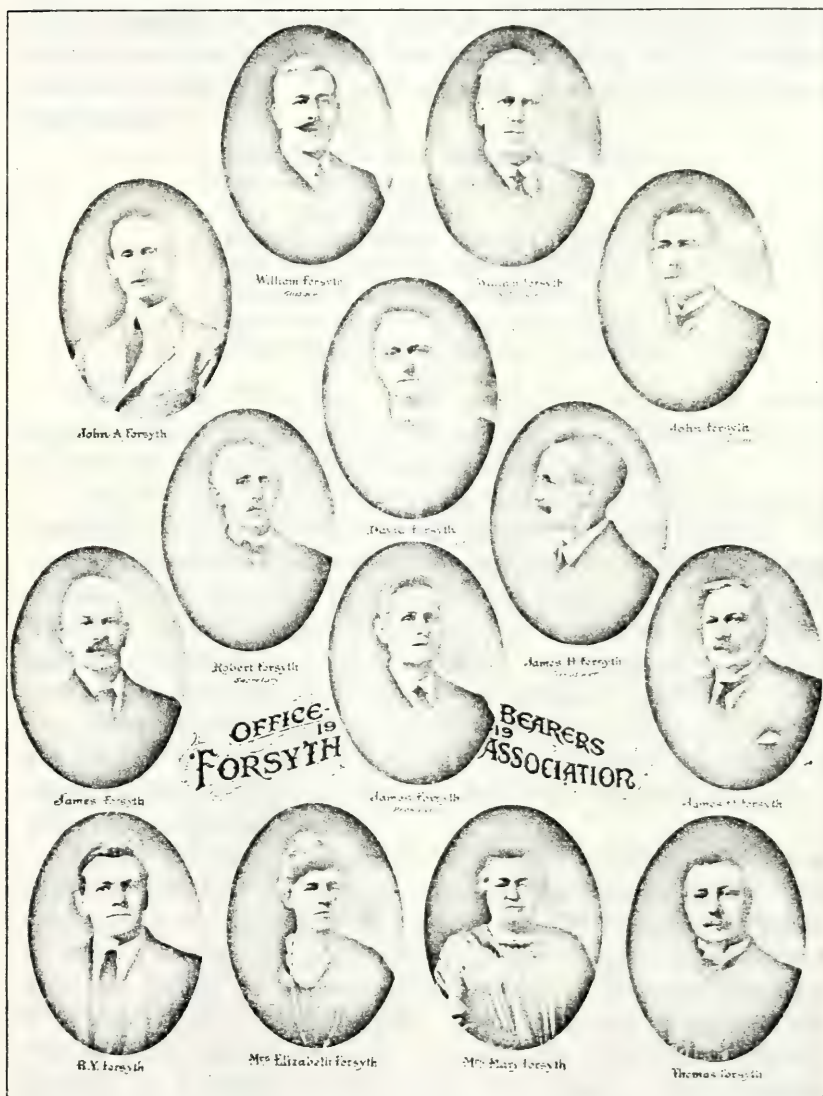
OTHER FORSYTHS IN SCOTLAND AND AMERICA

Robert Forsyth of Dumbarton, Scotland, is the secretary-general and founder of the Forsyth Association in the parent home, Scotland. His grandfather lived to a great age in Stirling. James Mueller Forsyth, D. L., is the president general of the Association. His estate of fifteen thousand acres with manor is at Glengorm, Argylshire, Scotland. The chief of Forsyth clan is Frederic Gregory Forsyth, Vicomte de Fron-sac, of Canada. The Association has in view the formation



Robert Forsyth

of the Forsyth family, members of which are in different countries of the world, into divisions, each to become members of the parent body in Scotland. Already divisions are



forming in Canada, South Africa and Australia. Any Forsyth a descendant of the blood is invited to become a member.

An effort is being made by the officers of the Association

to identify the site of Dykes Castle, the foundation of which stood from 1628, when it was destroyed, to 1828, when the foundation stones were wholly removed.

While on a vacation Robert Forsyth, the secretary, wrote to a member in London, asking some information, and by return post received the following lines along with the information asked for: "I will suggest the following for your tombstone:"

Here lies one who worked with zest,
Nor knew the value of a rest;
E'en when on holiday,
Forsyth association was his play;
Now he is dead he still would trace
Forsyths in top and bottom place;
None will he find where Pluto rules,
Forsyths are poor, but none are fools.

The shrub Forsythia, with small, yellow flowers which appear before the leaves in the spring, was named in honor of William Forsyth, a distinguished Scotch gardner.

Robert Forsyth of Glasgow, Scotland, is a large dry goods merchant, having stores in both Glasgow and Edinburgh. He is also a manufacturer, most of the goods sold in his stores coming from his own manufacturing plant. E. T. Forsyth, who has several times visited him in his store in Glasgow, speaks of him as a man of sterling character and pleasing personality, having had a number of pleasant interviews with him there. Many of the characteristics common to the family are shown in his cordial greeting to his American relatives when visiting his store. He has four sons who are interested with him in his business.

James Forsyth, who came to Virginia about 1680, was probably the first Forsyth to come to the United States. He was among the grantees of land in Amelia County, Virginia, in 1688. Among his children was James, whose son Matthew was the father of Robert (1754-1794), of Fredericksburgh, Virginia. Robert was captain in Lee's Light Horse in the war of 1776, major in 1777. He was the first United States Marshal of Georgia in 1786, and was killed in performance of duty. He was buried with funeral honors by the order of Cincinnatus, of which he was a member. A monument was erected to his memory at Augusta, Georgia. Congress voted a sum of money for the education of his children. He mar-

ried Mrs. Fanny Johnson Houston, a widow and aunt of General Joseph E. Johnston.

Robert's son, John Forsyth (1780-1841), was born in Fredericksburgh, and died in Washington. He was graduated from Princeton in 1799. He was the first attorney-general of Georgia in 1808, and was elected to the United States Congress in 1811, serving until 1818, supporting the Madison administration. He was again elected to Congress in 1823 and served four years, when he became governor of Georgia. In 1834 he was appointed secretary of state under Jackson, where he remained until the retirement of Van Buren in 1841. He supported Jackson against Clay, Calhoun and Webster.

He introduced the culture of nankeen cotton into America.

Georgia erected a monument to his memory in the Congressional burying-ground at Washington.

He was a handsome man with a fine speaking voice. It was said of him that he was a little too fond of fashionable life to achieve the greatness for which he was capable.

He married a daughter of Josiah Meigs, first president of the University of Georgia. His children were as follows:

I. Julia, 1803, who married Alfred Iverson, judge of the Supreme Court of Georgia, United States senator and general in the Confederate army.

II. Mary married Arthur Shaaff of Georgetown, D. C.

III. Clara, 1810, married Captain Murry Mason, a commodore in the Confederate navy. He was a son of General John Mason, of Virginia, whose sister was Mrs. Sidney Smith Lee, mother of Honorable Fitzhugh Lee, who was a nephew of General Robert E. Lee, commander-in-chief of the Southern Confederacy.

IV. John, 1812-1878, born in Augusta, Georgia, was educated abroad and at Princeton, where he graduated in 1832. He was United States minister to Mexico in 1856, and in 1860 was elected mayor of Mobile. In 1861 he was sent as peace commissioner with others from the South to Washington, and during the war served on Bragg's staff. He was author of the "Proclamation of the South to the people of Kentucky." His most efficient service to the South, however, was in his bright hopeful writings during the war and in the days of reconstruction.

He was a polished writer and he wrote fluently. A biographer says: "He was a vigorous partisan, but never an unfair opponent. Courtly and high toned in public, as in private life, he never stooped to little things. He opposed secession, but he warmly supported his state and the South after the decision to secede was reached. He was in all things a man of the people and their true representative and natural leader. He was the leader of Southern thought during his eventful life, and is justly regarded as the most brilliant journalist the South has produced."

His son, Charles Forsyth, was a colonel in the Third Alabama regiment. He was distinguished at the battles of Bull Run, Shiloh, Seven Pines and about Petersburg.

Robert Forsyth, the youngest child of John of 1780, was colonel of artillery and commander of the Confederate fortifications in Mobile Bay.

William Forsyth, brother of the above Robert, settled in Georgia. He is ancestor of Cornelius Forsyth of Rome, Georgia, at one time solicitor general of Georgia.

Another brother was Matthew, who settled in Kentucky, and was an ancestor of Joseph Forsyth, who was called the bravest man in Kentucky. He was marshal of a town in Texas, and when alone and unaided defended the town against an attack of cowboys. He deported them, and was wounded seven times, but killed thirteen of the attacking party. He died in Kentucky in 1915.

Gilbert and Jason Forsyth came to Lynn, Connecticut, in 1750. A branch of this family settled in Albany. William Forsyth came to Philadelphia about 1750. He may have been an ancestor of the Forsyths of Perry County, Ohio. Another William Forsyth came to South Carolina in 1780. He was a landed proprietor. His descendants went to North Carolina. Among them was Colonel Benjamin Forsyth, a celebrated partisan officer on the northern frontier.

FORSYTHS OF DETROIT

William Forsyth, a British officer, came to Quebec, Canada, in 1760. He was a native of Aberdeen, Scotland, and was a member of the first lodge of Masons formed by the British officers of Quebec. His family have the gold medal made to commemorate the capture of Quebec with the name of William

Forsyth on it. He resided afterward for a time in New York City, but eventually settled in Detroit, then a part of Canada. He had considerable silver plate, some pieces of which are yet in his family. He married a Mrs. Kenzie. Their children were as follows:

I. William, whose son was Major-General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A.

II. James, whose son was Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis Carr Forsyth, U. S. A., who was born in Detroit.

III. John, who went to Montreal about 1780. He was one of the founders of the Northwest Fur Company. Either he or his brother was father of Major-General George A. Forsyth, U. S. A., who was born in 1771.

IV. Thomas was Indian agent and justice in the territory of Illinois in 1793, and during the war of 1812 against Canada and Great Britain. His sympathies were with his royalist brothers in arms. Later he was colonel commanding the district near Chicago, and it was here that he and his half-brother, Kenzie, saved the population from the planned massacre by the Indian chief, Black Partridge. He and his half-brother Kenzie also established the beginning of Chicago. He married Miss Maillot of Hagerstown, Maryland, and settled in Peoria, Illinois, in 1806, but later moved to St. Louis, Missouri, where he died in 1832.

When he went to St. Louis in 1816 he acquired eight hundred acres of land, now a part of Forest Park. This property descended to Robert Forsyth and then to William Forsyth, the father of Doctor Robert C. Forsyth, a physician of Kirkwood, Mo., who died in February, 1920. Doctor Forsyth was educated at St. Louis University and at Johns Hopkins University. He was a tireless and conscientious physician, always ready to respond to a call whether the patient was rich or poor, and it is said that he never refused to lend his professional aid to any one for the reason that payment was doubtful. His attention to his patients during the influenza epidemic was the cause of his death.

FORSYTHS OF ONTARIO

A royalist family that played a very prominent part in the early history of that section, was the Forsyths, who were among those who stood for unity of empire in North America

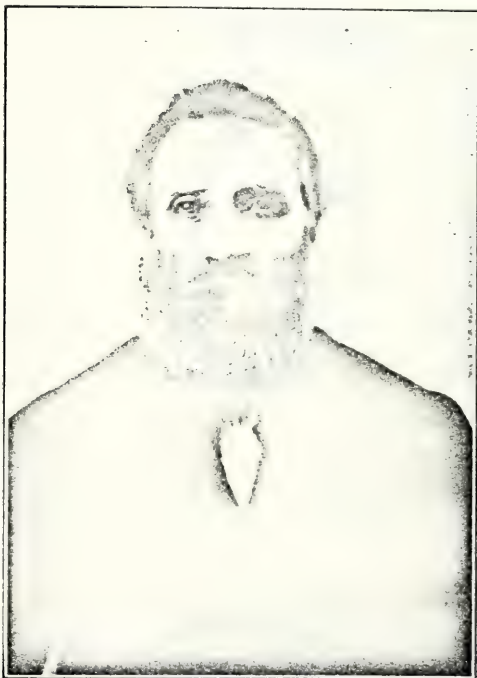
before the treaty of 1783, and whose names were put on the honor list by order of the council, with the idea that their posterity might be distinguished from other settlers. These Forsyths were James Forsyth, Niagara stamp book government provision list, Kingston, 1786. He had a crown patent for lands including Diamond Hill at Niagara in 1798. George Forsyth from Schenectady Province, New York, James Forsyth, non-commissioned officer King's Royal Rangers of New York, provision list, Kingston, 1786; also William Forsyth of the 60th Regiment, and his sons, James, Thomas and Robert. James and Thomas are mentioned as Lieutenants, James in 2nd Regiment in 1838, and Thomas in the 32nd.

From *Some Graves in Lundy's Lane*, by Ernest Green of the Niagara Historical Society, we learn that the "Forsyth house was very historic. It was General Drummond's headquarters after the battle of Lundy's Lane, and that of Sir Allan Napier McNab during the Navy Island campaign of 1838. It was also that of the regular troop for some years. The Earl of Elgin made it Canada's government house and held court and council there. It was there the reciprocity treaty was planned, and Jenny Lind sang." Fire destroyed Forsyth house: "On the tombstones in the burying ground are William Forsyth 1801-1869, and Rebecca his wife; also Jane Forsyth daughter of William and Jane Forsyth. These are the few remaining memorials of a Royalist pioneer family that played a very prominent part in the early history of this section."—(*Green.*)

FORSYTHS OF CARLISLE, ENGLAND

Andrew Forsyth, 1789-1853, was born in the north of Scotland, and came into the Carlisle district when a young man. He was a dyer by trade, employed by Peter Dixon & Sons. He married Sarah Irwin. His son, John Irwin Forsyth (1816), was apprenticed to the dyeing trade at Peter Dixon's. In 1832 he came to the New England states, where he learned the manufacturing of woolen goods, then returned to England, where, in 1841, he married Sarah Freeland Barker. He and his wife were confirmed members of the Church of Latter Day Saints, against the wishes of his father and family. In 1845 they left England for America, crossing the

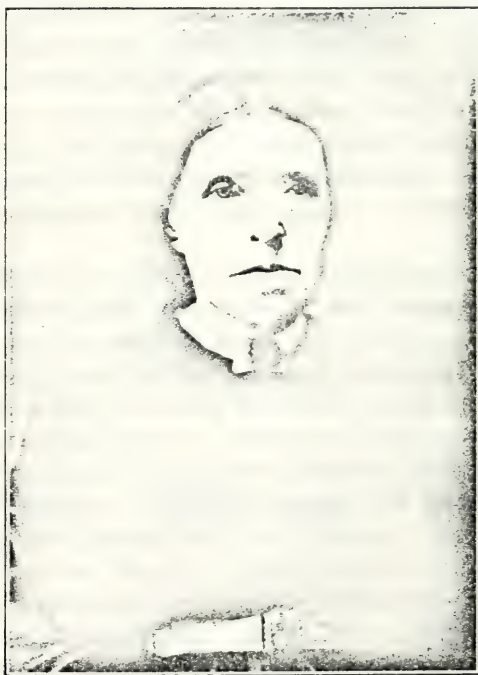
sea in a sailing vessel. One night a great storm arose with thunder and lightning. The rain poured in torrents, the wind blowing until the waves of the sea washed over the ship and dashed down the hatchway to the cabins below. The passengers became frightened and rushed to the upper deck. The captain ordered them below and had the hatches closed to keep the water from flooding the steerage. At this the passengers, many of whom were Irish emigrants, became frantic,



John Irwin Forsyth

throwing themselves upon the floor of the steerage, calling loudly upon the Virgin Mary and all the saints to save them. John Forsyth, who was at all times brave and fearless, said to his wife, "Our prayers have gone before to Him who rules and controls our destiny. He is watching over us. If it is our lot at this time let us go together," and taking his little daughter Jane in his arms while his wife clasped her babe to her breast, they sat on the edge of their bed holding fast to each other while the old ship was struggling with the waves

of the sea rolling mountain high. Suddenly some of the passengers realized that John Forsyth was not on his knees with them. They became angry and tried to pull him down with them. He answered: "We are in the hands of the Lord. What is the use of carrying on as you are doing? If the ship is going down what can we do with the hatches nailed down? We can only trust Him. I believe we will be saved this night, and our prayers will be answered."



Sarah Freeland Barker

After a night of terror the morning came and the ship had outridden the storm. They reached Philadelphia at night, but could not land until the next day. John Forsyth's wife said to him: "Oh, John, I cannot stay another night on this ship. Please ask the captain to let us go with him to the city." She had overheard his orders to one of the sailors to lower one of the boats as he was going ashore. Strange as this may seem her request was granted. The captain's reply was: "Go to your cabin, and when all is quiet come on deck."

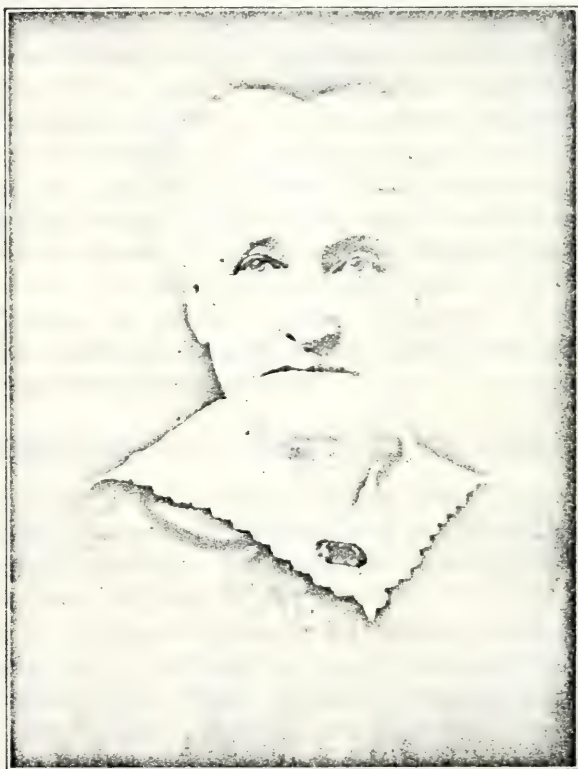
When all the passengers were supposed to be asleep she went with her babe and a little basket on her arm and returned to the deck, and in the stillness of the night she was lowered over the side of the ship into the little boat. Then the children were handed down and word was given the sailors to pull for the shore, and in this way they landed on the shore of America at twelve o'clock at night.

In 1853 John Forsyth with his family moved to Manayunk, Pennsylvania, where he became manager of the James Hilton woolen factory. He set up and operated the largest woolen machinery in the United States at that time. The spinning machine was a double header and at the time the only one in operation in the country. He remained there until the fall of 1857 when all the industries were closed down and thousands of men were thrown out of employment. This was the year of the great panic when soup houses were opened all over the country.

In September he received a letter from Carlisle, England, enclosing a copy of his father's will, and requesting him to return to England as he had been appointed executor of his father's estate. He sailed for England, where he found from the terms of the will he would have to remain several years. This he did not wish to do, so waived all rights to the estate in favor of his brother, and was released as executor, and returned to America. In 1861, he and his family went to Utah, crossing the plains in Milo Andrews' company of ox teams of seventy-five wagons. They located at Ogden. Two years later he was called by Brigham Young to go to Canyon Creek, a few miles from Salt Lake City, to superintend and set up the first woolen machinery in that country. Returning to Ogden, he remained there two years when Young again called him to put up the second set of woolen machinery and manage same.

Later when his wife died he went to Provo to live with his daughter, Jane Forsyth Snyder. She was the little daughter John Forsyth held in his arms during the storm on the sea. She was born in Carlisle, England, in 1842. She married James Snyder in Salt Lake City, and the next day left for Provo, traveling with oxen. Utah at that time was almost as much a pioneer country as was Indiana when the Forsyths first settled there. Jane Forsyth Snyder's first home was the

one-room log cabin of the pioneer and her first tallow candle-light was in 1862. She took the wool as it came from the sheep through all the stages of carding, spinning and weaving until it clothed her family. She remembers that her first shoes in Utah were made by cutting a pattern from an old pair brought from Philadelphia. The black broadcloth from which they were made also came from that city. They were



Jane Forsyth Snyder

then sent fifty miles to Salt Lake City to have the soles put on. Sugar and coffee were each one dollar per pound; tea five dollars, and other groceries in proportion. All these things had to be hauled across the plains with oxen. At this time they would often have from six to ten Indians come in and sit down on the floor while asking for everything in sight. The better judgment of the people was to feed them on these occasions and not fight them.

Mrs. Snyder lives in the home in Provo where she has lived for nearly sixty years. She has been a prominent woman in the religious and political life of Provo. During the last six years she has spent much time in genealogical research for the Forsyth and other families. She says it has given her much pleasure to live to hear of the organization of the Forsyth Association in Scotland, of which she is a member.

This is the only family of Forsyths the writer has found among the Mormons. Mrs. Snyder's children and grandchildren have been brought up in this church and educated in its schools. One of her sons was killed while engineering the running of a tunnel in 1915. The lines below, which he called his motto, were found in his pocket after his death: "I will take time to love my friends to-day. Any flowers I have to give I will give to-day; flowers laid upon a casket bring no fragrance to the dead. If I have any suffering friend I will visit him to-day, lest death lay its quiet hand upon his heart and still forever its power of glad response. I will pass through this world but once, and any good I can do or any kindness I can show I will do now."

FORSYTHS OF PERRY COUNTY, OHIO

William Forsyth came to the United States from County Down, Ireland. He had six brothers and one sister, who came to this country with him. The brothers separated after coming here, and lost all trace of one another.

William lived a part of his life in Pennsylvania, also in Perry County, Ohio. He had one son, John, and two daughters, who were born in Perry County. The daughters were Mary, who married Mr. Coleman, and Elizabeth, who married Mr. Slatzer. John married Miss Goble, and had seven sons and three daughters. William, John, Thomas and Enos are deceased. Isaac and Robert live in Fultonham, Ohio, and Charles is engaged in the raisin business in Selma, California. The daughters are Mary Chalfant, Sarah Beard and Abbie Peters, all of Perry County. Robert married Mary Flowers, and they had three sons and two daughters. The sons are L. B. Forsyth, who is an automobile dealer in Melrose, New Mexico; Edward Adrean, who was with the medical detachment, 40th division A. E. F., of the U. S. army, France. He

was in the front-line trenches at Verdun and across No Man's Land in several other sections of the front. The other son is C. J. Forsyth, ticket and passenger agent of the K. C. L. Ry. located in Mena, Arkansas. He is a man of pleasing personality, and is very much interested in the history of the family



Edward A. Forsyth

to which he belongs. He has never married and says this trait belongs to the Forsyths, as four of his uncles were bachelors.

FORSYTHS OF HOUSTON, MINNESOTA

Christine Forsyth lived in Guldbrandsdalen Vestre Gausdahl, Norway. The impression of the family of his descendants is that in an early day his ancestors went into Norway from Scotland or possibly went to England first and then to

Norway. Hans Forsyth, a son of Christine, was born and reared in Norway, where he served for seven years certain months in each year, as cavalry soldier, covering Finland, Sweden and into Russia. While still a soldier in training, he married Eli Olsen Svensrudstuen. In 1868 he came to America with his wife and six children. Four other children were born in this country. Their children are Nols, Ole, John,



C. J. Forsyth

Herman H. and Anthon Forsyth, sons. The daughters are Mattie Forsyth Meyer, Carrie Forsyth Robinson, Lena Forsyth Ousgard and Emma Forsyth.

Herman H. Forsyth went to Alaska about twenty years ago. He made Dawson his headquarters and became independent. He remained there fourteen years. He now lives at Cluny, Alberta, Canada. Emma Forsyth is a nurse in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Hans Forsyth had three brothers and a sister in this country. Two of them, Christian and Peter, and the sister, Christine Forsyth Wetterhall, lived in Oconomowoc, Wisconsin. The younger brother, Andrew, was in the Civil War. He lived at Grafton, North Dakota. All left families. Other Forsyths in Minneapolis are C. W. Forsyth, 2425 Taylor Street, N. E.; B. F. Forsyth, 520 Metropolitan Life Building; J. M. Forsyth, 2611 Taylor Street, N. E.; Elmer L. Forsyth, 2629 Quincy Street, N. E.; Forsyth and Smith, 2511 Central Avenue.

FORSYTHS OF HARRODSBURG, KENTUCKY

About the year 1789 two brothers, Matthew and John Forsyth, came to Kentucky from North Carolina with General Robert Adair, afterward governor of Kentucky. The brothers had served in the Revolutionary War. Matthew bought a farm four miles south of Harrodsburg, and married Jane McAfee, a sister to General Robert McAfee, afterward lieutenant-governor of Kentucky, and resided on his farm until his death. His children were:

I. Robert, married Miss Cardwell, a niece of Colonel Anthony Crockett of Revolutionary fame.

II. Andrew, married Miss McAfee, a daughter of James McAfee, one of the McAfee brothers who made the first expedition to central Kentucky.

III. James, married Miss Irvine, and Miss Buckhannan.

Matthew had one daughter, Mrs. Buford, who went to Missouri.

Robert Forsyth had three sons and five daughters.

Andrew had five sons, and James one son and two daughters. John Forsyth taught school in 1790 in a schoolhouse near his brother's farm, and was said by General McAfee, who attended his school, to be well qualified.

Robert Forsyth served throughout the War of 1812 under William Henry Harrison. He was at the battle of Plattsburgh, serving in the regiment of Colonel Richard M. Johnson.

The Forsyths who are living near Harrodsburg are descendants of these families.

WILLIAM GRANT FORSYTH, INDIANAPOLIS,
INDIANA

John Forsyth (1792-1898) a linen merchant, married in Belfast, Ireland, Sarah Alexander (1790-1870). They were married in July, 1817, and in 1818 came to America. John Alexander Forsyth, Jr., married Carrie Chapman. Their son, John Chapman Forsyth (1862-1903), married Lillian Harland Winder. One son, William Grant Forsyth (1864) married Sarah Harris in 1895. Their children are Helen, 1898; Marjorie, 1904; and William Harris, 1909.

Helen Forsyth married in 1917 Clarence D. Voltz. One child, Virginia Dorothy Voltz, was born in 1918.

John Chapman Forsyth married second, Elizabeth One son, Paul Forsyth, was born in 1903.

FORSYTHS OF CLINTON COUNTY, INDIANA

It is very probable that William Forsyth, who went to Clinton County, Indiana, from Kentucky, was descended from the brother of David L., whom David left in Virginia. William purchased one hundred acres of land in Clinton County. He was a Baptist minister and had children as follows: Jacob Lewellen, Neimiah, Joseph, William, Nancy, Sarah, Susan. Jacob L. married Susan Bowen and had children: Alonzo, Thomas L., Louis H., Otto, Minnie, Maggie. Neimiah Forsyth married Elizabeth Bowman and had children: Ella, Sydney L., William, George, Edward.

Jacob Lewellen Forsyth was a soldier of the Civil War for three years. He was in Andersonville prison for one year. He was a member of Company B, 17th Regiment, U. S. A. Volunteers, and was in some of the most famous battles of the war,—the battle of Hoover's Gap, Kennesaw Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Green Briar, Lookout Mountain, Shiloh and Chickamauga. He was a member of the famous Wilder Brigade.

Alonzo Forsyth had children: Iwilda, Floyde, Alba.

Thomas Isaac Forsyth married Rosa Follen and had one son, Clarence C., who served in the war with Germany. He was in the 375th Aero Squadron, U. S. A., in England and France fourteen months.

Louis Forsyth has children: Myrtle, Harry, James.

Otto Forsyth has children: Roy, Laura. Roy served two years in the U. S. Navy.

George Forsyth is deceased. His son John Forsyth served in some of the most bloody battles of the late war.

William, 2nd, married and has one son Norman.

In Omaha, Texas, lives Ira P. Forsyth. His great grandfather was Barnett Forsyth, who reared five children, three sons, John, Barnett and James, and two daughters, Gilley and Ann. James, who was the grandfather of Ira, married in North Carolina, and had eight children. They were Benjamin, Sarah, Charley P., Mary, David, Lilly, Martha and James. Charley P. Forsyth, the father of Ira, married Lucy Loving, in Titus County, Texas. They had nine children, Adelaide, Harriett, Lan, Alice, Odessa, Ira P., Jed M. and Charles M.

The above family settled in North Carolina in an early day. James P. Forsyth moved to Lincoln County, Tennessee, in 1819, where he died about 1840. His children emigrated to Texas in 1845, excepting Benjamin, who went to California. Barnett Forsyth, or his father, probably was one of the sons of William of Virginia, brother of David, who came to Kentucky.

General Burstall, a major-general of the Second Division of Canadian troops that were at the front in France, is a nephew of Colonel Joseph Bell Forsyth of Quebec, his mother being a sister of the colonel's. There was no more distinguished commander from Canada than he.

Part Two

CHAPTER I

DAVID AND MARGARET MCGIBBON FORSYTH

The realm of fiction hardly presents a more romantic tale than the true story of the love, elopement and tragic journey of David Forsyth and Margaret McGibbon from Belfast, Ireland, to New York in the eighteenth century. It involves love at first sight; flight from a prearranged marriage for the little fourteen-year-old Margaret, and the terrors of a journey by sea, their frail vessel beset by terrific storms without, while famine and pestilence raged within.

About 1620 the Forsyth family began their migration from Scotland to Ireland,* some of them driven from their homes by the religious intolerance of the times. They were Protestants, good old Covenanters, and preferred exile to conformity to the religious dictates of a Catholic king. One generation after another was forced to die or flee to other lands. The time when David Forsyth's forebears removed to Ulster, Ireland, is not known, nor is the exact date of the birth of David. It is thought to have been between the years 1735 and '40 that he was born near the border-line. In Catholic Ireland again these Forsyths found their religious beliefs a detriment.

David was a Presbyterian of the old school, founded by Knox. On account of his strong Presbyterian convictions he could not prosper among the Catholics, so he and his two brothers decided to emigrate. Matthew went to France, but David and William sailed for America, the only country without a state church; the country where so many had sought and found religious freedom and prosperity. The year of their arrival in America is thought to have been 1770. It could not have been the year previous, as David wrote in his diary of being at his farm in Killiscolvan, Ireland, in 1769. David remained in America for two years and then returned to Ireland with a well-matured plan for bringing a working

* There are in Hillsborough church, County Down, Ireland, the coat-of-arms of the Forsyths with several different crests, showing that several families settled there.

colony back to America and establishing a factory for weaving cloth.

Ireland was at that time ridden with a form of slavery, serfdom. It differed from slavery in that a man was bound to an estate and not to a master. The serf and his labor were the property of an estate. Just how David obtained his colony of serfs is unknown, but he collected about a hundred of them. A few were women, but the majority were men. It is presumed that David must have made some financial remuneration to the Irish landlords as compensation for their loss of labor. Serfs, of course, had no money to pay their passage to America, so David advanced the necessary funds, and they in turn bound themselves to work for him in America for one year when he would consider the debt redeemed. Many men came to America on these terms in the early days. They were known in this country as "redemptioners." David must, indeed, have seemed like a redeemer to these lowly serfs. In one year's time to be free in that great new America! The joy of Moses looking over into the promised land was likely theirs as they prepared for that journey, and like Moses, alas, few lived to see that promised land.

While David was busy with all these preparations and arrangements for the journey he met a beautiful young Irish girl, Margaret McGibbon. Margaret was visiting at the home of an uncle in Belfast, and so away from parental oversight and control. It was a case of love at first sight on the part of both. Although Margaret was only fourteen, she was evidently like the youthful Juliet, a young woman of unusual maturity, great decision of character and bravery. Her father had already arranged a marriage for her. The McGibbons were related to the nobility and her marriage to an Irish lord would reflect credit on the family. Her proud Irish spirit, however, rebelled at this parental disposal of her person. A marriage without love was repellent to her. It was at this critical period that she met David, who irresistibly appealed to the romantic young girl. He is said to have been a man of fine appearance. Moreover, his philanthropy to these serfs, for such it was, though he himself expected to reap a benefit from it, and the very fact that he was bound for a far country to seek his fortune must have made him something of a hero in her eyes. He told her that he would

always treat her as a "lady," and pictured in glowing terms his prospects and their future together in the new world. She knew it would be impossible to obtain her parents' consent to marry the adventurous David, a man with whom they were unacquainted and who was on the eve of sailing for far-away America, so they decided to elope. She was not daunted when they found that they could not be married in Ireland until she was of legal age without her parents' consent. She made a confidant of her maid, and she, like Juliet's nurse, sympathized with the romantic young couple and agreed to aid them by going along as companion to Margaret. It was an unusual situation for a young girl to place herself in, but Margaret's implicit faith in the man she loved, and her determination to win for herself her heart's happiness, swept like a great wave all thought of convention. She succeeded in evading her parents, and was on the boat ready for departure at Belfast when her father and mother, having discovered her plans, appeared on the scene. Her father begged her to return. "I will make you my first heir and you shall have your oldest brother's portion of my property," was the magnificent inducement he offered for her return. But her decision was made. Love, romance and adventure meant vastly more to her brave young soul than all the worldly possessions that could be offered. So they sailed away and the last she saw of her father and mother they were standing by the water's edge, weeping and waving their hands in farewell. As they left the harbor she heard across the water her father's voice, "Maggie, come back, come back."

In the vessel David had chartered he had fitted up a room with all the comforts possible for Margaret and her maid. In this room one can imagine that the two must have known many hours of terror during the fearful weeks which followed. But at the start all was pleasure, hope, excitement and romance. They were scarcely out of sight of land when their frail sailing vessel encountered a fearful wind, which made the sea wild. The vessel jerked at every blow of the billows as if every plank would be wrenched apart. Added to the dangers of their situation they suffered from the worst form of seasickness. The storms were almost continuous and drove the vessel far from its course. To keep his colony of ignorant serfs calm and hopeful required all David's powers,

and that he hold an outward composure he could hardly have felt. As the weeks lengthened, the horrors and uncertainties of the voyage were increased a thousand-fold by a terrible plague which broke out—perhaps cholera or yellow fever. Many of the passengers grew violently ill and each day saw an increasing number of deaths and burials at sea. Few were able to withstand the ravages of the disease as they were already weakened by the previous illnesses, and toward the last by actual starvation. The ship had been provisioned for a nine weeks' voyage and no more. In the entire history of David Forsyth, full of daring adventure as his life was, there is nothing of greater interest than this voyage. Few men are called upon to endure such a test of moral and physical courage. What must have been David's thoughts when he saw all hopes of the achievement of his high plans slipping away! What black hours he must have silently suffered when he buried daily an increasing number of his crew and saw the food supply quickly dwindling away as the weeks lengthened into ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen and were now nearing fourteen! Must he and his betrothed and all his great hopes be lost and buried in the sea, with only the waves left to tell the story of his daring adventure? But the supreme anguish of soul was yet to come. Margaret was stricken with the disease. All but five of his crew had been buried at sea; food was gone, and Margaret's maid, on whom the nursing and care of Margaret had fallen, was also seized with the plague. To keep all encouraged, to hold a vessel to its course with only five men, to nurse the ill and care for Margaret and her maid, required an almost superhuman man. David Forsyth measured up to the test of character set for him. In order to keep Margaret alive he and one of the other survivors gave her their scanty portions of food and water. They soaked pieces of boot-tops in water and chewed them. But when grim death seemed to have them all in his clutch, and it seemed as if final farewell to hope and love was closing round them like an impenetrable cloud, land was sighted.

What land meant to Columbus when his men were about ready to mutiny and throw him overboard, it meant to David, and more, for while Columbus had only his personal safety and future prospects for which to be solicitous, David had in his keeping the lives of souls he had induced to cross these

waters, and the protection and salvation of the one dearest in the world to him—Margaret, who had left father and mother, home and protection for love of him.

As they were entering New York harbor the maid, Betsy, died. She had the horror of a burial at sea, and before her death had implored David to take her body to land for interment. This he did, though he was compelled to pay quite a sum for the privilege, which further exhausted his fund of money. Margaret was still ill when they landed. He took her to an inn and placed her under the care of a good physician. It was several weeks before she recovered. It is not known how many women began this disastrous journey on David's boat, but we do know that Margaret was the only one who survived. David Forsyth's landing in New York was vastly different from what he had planned. The men in whom he had invested money were nearly all dead, and could not repay him, therefore the factory prospect had to be given up. The expenses of burying the maid and Margaret's illness nearly exhausted his store of ready money. He did not waver, despair or even spend a moment in regret. He and Margaret were alive, for which they were profoundly thankful. His first thought was what was best to be done for her when she was well again. With true Scotch foresight he decided in his reduced circumstances to take her to the country.

It is the belief of some of their descendants that David and Margaret were married at the inn in New York before she was able to leave there, but the consensus of opinion is that they were not married for some time, probably two years. It is positively known, however, that David took Margaret to Virginia to the home of James Stroud and his wife. They were an elderly couple, without children, with whom David had become acquainted on his previous trip to America. The general belief is that Margaret remained there for two years before she and David were married. At least this is the story that came through the families of two of her descendants.

In the old country training in the useful arts of house-keeping was not required of ladies, consequently Margaret knew nothing of domestic work. Mrs. Stroud took a great interest in the young girl. She taught her to cook, weave, spin and do all the manifold tasks required of a housekeeper in those early days. Under her tuition Margaret spun the

flax and wove the linen for her future home. She had one of the old linen chests full of everything necessary for house-keeping. Doubtless it was a very busy two years for the young Irish girl. Can the descendants of Margaret McGibbon have any conception of these two years; the terrible journey, begun with such love and Utopian dreams; the subsequent loss of fortune, the descent from romance to terrible reality and finally this round of daily toil so different from what she had known or dreamed of, must have meant to this young girl? It made a woman of her in her days of girlhood, but one wonders if the child did not often predominate; if she did not often weep for her family and friends left behind; if she never longed for the easy life she had foregone.

While Margaret was preparing herself for her housewifely duties, David was facing and solving his problems of readjustment. His money was gone, his men buried at sea, and the factory, planned, was doomed to remain only a vision. David's problem was what he, with practically no resource but his own strength and skill, could do to support himself and Margaret. The Scotch and Irish were more provident in supplying their boys with practical training for life than their girls. Every young man was supposed to learn a trade whereby, if necessary, he could earn a livelihood. In order to receive this business training he must serve an apprenticeship under some master who was an expert at his particular trade. David belonged to the landed gentry, but he had learned the art of weaving, little dreaming he would ever use it in a strange land. David had become in Ireland quite proficient as a weaver of fine cloth. It had been his expectation to establish a factory in Philadelphia for the manufacture of all kinds of cloth. It was here he expected to get started with the free labor of the serfs. But now with his resources gone he was forced to go back to hand weaving. There was very little weaving of silk, fine linen and wool, but there was considerable work to be found in weaving the coarse materials of which the Virginia pioneers made their clothing; and considerable skill was involved in weaving the different patterns of coverlids in vogue in that day. In his diary he speaks of transactions with the people who lived near him in Virginia. After his marriage he settled at Bunker Hill, Vir-

ginia, near Martinsburgh. Here he later acquired land and prospered, the reward of honest labor and Scotch thrift.

The Revolutionary War broke out, but David did not enter the service until during its last years. By that time there were several small children in the home. In order to protect Margaret and the babies as adequately as possible during his absence he took them back to the home of James Stroud, with whom Margaret had spent the first two years of her life in America. In the same yard he built a house for his little family and left them there. In his absence Margaret took up his work of spinning and weaving, and labored diligently that she and her children might live. At last the war closed. The men began returning to their homes in the neighborhood. Finally all had come back or been accounted for save David. The neighbors believed he must have perished. Margaret alone still hoped and believed that he would return.

Much of Margaret's spinning was done late at night after the children were asleep. One night while sitting at her work she heard her faithful dog "Tige," that her husband had placed over her as guardian when he left, give an ugly growl. Many an encounter had Margaret had with Tories who prowled around her house at night, so she sat and listened, hesitating to go to the door. Suddenly the dog's manner changed as though pleased, and she heard, "Margaret, open the door. It is David." She threw open the door and he came in footsore, ragged, starved. Far into the night he told the stories of his hardships and delays, as she ministered with loving zeal to his comfort. The next morning when Mr. and Mrs. Stroud learned of his return, they celebrated with a large dinner in his honor, inviting a number of returned soldiers and all of the widows and children of those neighbors who had been killed in the war.

There is little record of David and Margaret for the decade after the close of the Revolutionary War. It is known that they became prosperous and comfortable in their Virginia home. By 1794 nine children had been born to them. Then, Congress having voted free land in Kentucky to anyone who would survey it and settle there, David decided to move thither. He thought he could thus provide amply for his growing family's needs. Kentucky from the beginning had

never been owned by an Indian tribe, but was frequented by wandering hunting parties who came from the savage tribes living north of the Ohio or south of the Tennessee. The white people knew little of Kentucky. Less than twenty years before, the pioneer, Daniel Boone, had first ventured into those perilous wilds. The great barrier of mountains had deterred emigration westward through Virginia, but David and Margaret, trained to surmount difficulties and nurtured in adventure, saw before them no impossible achievement. They knew there were towering mountains covered with dense forests to mount, swift and deep rivers to cross, Indians to encounter, and prowling wild animals for night companions, but they did not hesitate. Besides the ambition of obtaining riches for the sake of their children, David and Margaret must have been led by the love of adventure itself. One can imagine the pleasurable excitement incident to their departure. The journey was made in a covered emigrant wagon. Every necessity was packed securely in its cavernous depths. The feather beds, quilts and blankets of David's own weaving served for beds by night, and a comfortable seat by day for Margaret and the younger children. Thomas, the oldest boy, took his seat in front and drove, while his father rode by the side of the team on horseback. How proud Thomas must have been to drive, and how excited and happy the children must have been. The changing scenes, the life in the open air, the gypsy sort of existence, even the dangers and difficulties to overcome gave an exhilaration and buoyancy of spirit to old and young. One can imagine that merry crew of children—James, Nancy, Elizabeth, David, Margaret, John and Letitia—singing, laughing and often running at the side or behind the wagon.

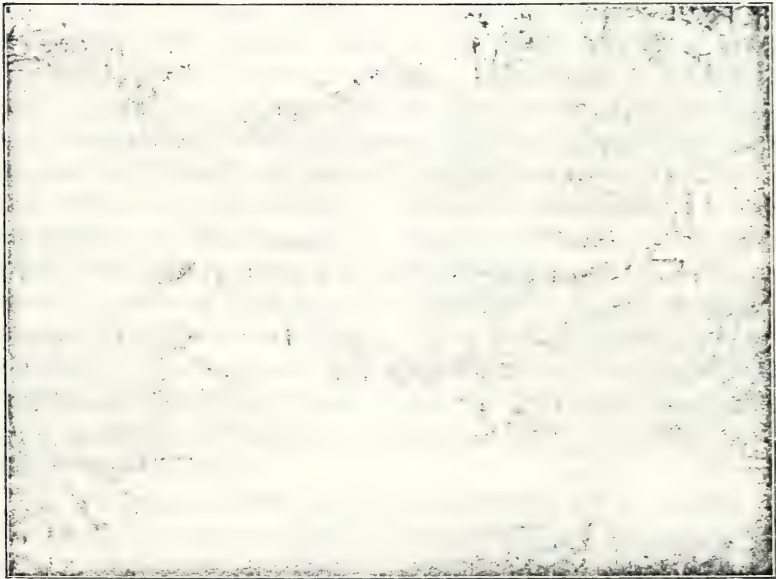
The roads were but little better than a wood path. The lofty trees growing on the edge of the trail with overlapping branches almost excluded the rays of the sun and the sight of the blue sky. The ground was dark and slippery and soft because of the slow evaporation and the rich vegetable mold. Frequently trees would lie directly across the path, or stumps of trees would rear up like lions in the way. Often notches cut in the trees were the only indication that mortal had passed that way before. While paths through the forest were

difficult, the trail over the heavily wooded Alleghenies was impassable save by the stoutest of heart and the most ingenious travelers. In the stories of this wonderful adventure, as told to descendants in after years, the troubles with the wagon were always emphasized. It is known that the emigrant wagon often had to be taken apart, and by means of ropes let down steep places. David devised a better way. To keep the wagon from running on the horses' heels in going down hill, David and Thomas cut down young trees and fastened them to the rear of the wagon. This had to be done repeatedly.

There was one welcome and happy break in their journey of hardships and difficulties. David's brother, William, who had come to America with David years before, lived on the road they were traversing westward. After five days' travel they reached his home, where they visited for several days, giving all of them as well as their horses much needed rest and refreshment. What a joyous occasion this family reunion must have been. David and William had parted young men, now each was married with a large family. William had a family of nine boys and four girls. One wonders what commodious quarters William must have lived in to have accommodated David's eleven added to his household of fifteen. After they left no communication was kept up between the two families, owing to the difficulties of transporting letters. William's descendants are no doubt some of the Forsyths scattered throughout the United States.

After many days again of riding through wild and dangerous trails they arrived at a little clearing where was located a village, now the city of Parkersburg, West Virginia. Here they had their first sight of the broad Ohio, "La Belle Riviere," as the Frenchmen called it. David at once began the construction of a rude flat boat, a raft built of logs. On this went the horses, wagon, household possessions and the family. Then they began the perilous ride down the river. Much of the journey along the Ohio is lonely to-day. Few villages dot its banks. Great frowning hills covered with lofty trees, massive cliffs of outcropping rock look down on the voyager of to-day as he floats on commodious boats down this stately river. But what must have been

the silence and loneliness and unfriendly aspect of the craggy hills with their dense verdure in those days. For many days the family huddled together on their little raft and were carried down by the current. How their hearts must have swelled in enjoyment of the loveliness of the Hudson of the west, but how they must have trembled at the perils and escapes of the way. When they came to the falls of the Ohio they were forced to stop. The new day was dawning. In its gray light they steered their clumsy raft to the shore and



Floyd's Fork

disembarked. It did not take them long to unload all their worldly possessions. Not a foot of land did they own; no cottage awaited them in the wilderness. They started east to find an inviting spot on which to make their future home. On the way they came to Floyd's Fork, a little river winding its way between banks lined with trees. In exultation they exclaimed on its beauty. But they could not live in the lowlands. Farther on they came on a village where lived a few pioneers, drawn together by mutual sympathy and understanding. This small town of Middleton, older than Louis-

ville, has in the many years of its existence grown little. It is still a mere village.

Here David and Margaret remained for a time, but after some years the beauty of Floyd's Fork drew them back near its banks. The records in the Louisville court-house show that David bought, April 23, 1806, three hundred fifty-six acres of land, more or less, of William Christy; and ninety acres of John Wallace, both farms located on Floyd's Fork. In the early part of the year 1808, David died, nearly two years after he had bought the land. These deeds had not yet been made. On page 432 in the deed records at Louisville the Wallace deed bearing date of November 22, 1808, gives to Nancy Daniels, Elizabeth Bridges, John, Letitia, Margaret, Mary, Robert and Maria Forsyth the ninety acres of land. It is recorded also that Margaret took her dower rights in this land as the wife of David Forsyth, deceased. In Minute Book VIII it is related that "Margaret was appointed administratrix of the estate of David Forsyth. This was granted her as his widow, who thereupon took the oath required by law and gave bond in the penalty of two thousand dollars, with James and David Forsyth and Isham Bridges Securities." At the same time James Forsyth was appointed guardian of Robert and Maria Forsyth. In Book I, page 322, James deeds for Robert and Maria as their guardian, their interest in this land.

An interesting sidelight on the settling of an estate in those days is given in Book II, page 323, in the Jefferson county court-house, where it is recorded that Thomas Sturgeon, Benjamin Bridges and Samuel Watson were appointed by the court in January, 1808, to appraise all of the personal property of David Forsyth, deceased. The report was made January 28, 1808, to the county judge, who says:

This day Thomas Sturgeon, Benjamin Bridges and Samuel Watson personally appeared before me and made oath on the holy Evangelist of Almighty God that they had truly and justly to the best of their judgment viewed and appraised all the personal estate of David Forsyth, deceased, to them produced and due return made.

This appraisement, which follows, is interesting as showing money values at that time:

AN INVENTORY OF THE GOODS AS APPRAISED BELONGING TO THE ESTATE OF
DAVID FORSYTH, DECEASED:

2 stacks of hay	5	0	0	1 year old steer	1	0	0
1 rick of rye	7	10	0	1 white jaw heifer	1	0	0
2 do " do	5	2	0	Crop of corn	24	0	0
1 do " wheat	2	14	0	31 geese	3	2	0
10 sheep	4	10	0	1 spotted boar	"	9	0
10 small shoats	1	4	0	1 cupboard	3	1	2
8 hogs	3	12	0	1 lot of pewter	2	8	0
1 sorrel horse	9	6	0	Cupboard furniture	1	18	0
1 do mare	12	0	0	1 set knives and forks	"	9	0
1 stud colt	21	0	0	1 coffee mill	"	1	6
1 cow	3	6	0	1 flax hatchel	"	9	0
1 red cow, white face	2	14	0	1 sheep shears	"	2	0
1 brindle and white cow	3	0	0	1 large kettle	1	10	0
1 do do	3	0	0	1 small do	1	10	0
1 stalled ox, white face	3	0	0	1 old oven	"	16	0
1 pied do	2	14	0	1 iron pot hook			
1 young steer		18	0	trammel	1	10	0
2 pied heifer	1	16	0	1 small oven	"	9	0
1 do do	1	10	0	Shovel and tongs		6	0
1 black and white				1 frying pan	"	4	0
heifer	1	70	0	1 pair sad irons		9	0
1 pair steel-yards	"	9	0	1 do tick		9	0
1 "	"	18	0	2 counterpanes, sheets	3	12	0
1 loom and tackling	3	0	0	1 bed furniture	5	8	0
2 meat tubs and old				1 do do	10	5	0
churns	"	9	0	2 tubs feathers	2	2	0
Crocks and milk pans		9	0	1 counterpane of			
1 lot tubs and pails	"	6	0	feathers	1	16	0
1 iron wedge		4	0	1 spinning-wheel	"	12	0
2 augers, 2 chisels,				12 fat hogs	12	16	0
1 handsaw		6	0	Old wagon, iron	9	0	0
1 man's saddle	1	16	0	2 raw hides	"	18	0
1 side do	2	2	0	1 old keg and tub	"	3	0
5 meal bags	"	9	0	1 grind stone		9	0
2 trays and sieves	"	3	0	Ducks and turkeys	1	0	0
1 ax	"	6	0	1 briar scythe	"	7	0
1 meat ax		6	0	Crop of flax	"	18	0
1 mattock and hoe		12	0	Log chain	"	18	0
1 plough	1	16	0	Flax wheel	1	1	0
1 shovel do	"	9	0	Table linen	"	12	0
1 square table	"	18	0	One note on John			
1 chest of drawers	4	10	0	Fried	3	12	0
1 bureau	4	10	0	" do on Isham			
1 walnut chest	"	18	0	Bridges	4	10	0
1 trunk	1	1	0	" note Benjamin			
1 sugar keg	"	4	0	Bridges	10	10	0
1 new flax wheel	1	1	0	" note on same for			
1 old do do	"	15	0	100 gallons whiskey			

1 quilling wheel	"	4	6
1 spooling wheel and reel	"	3	0
7 chairs	"	15	0
2 candlestick snuffers	"	6	0
2 baskets	"	3	0
2 pairs old cards	"	3	0
1 lot of books	1	4	0
1 shot gun	4	4	0
1 bed furniture	9	0	0

BENJAMIN BRIDGES,
SAMUEL WATSON,
THOMAS STURGEON.

At a county court held for Jefferson county at the court-house in Louisville on Monday, the 12th day of December, 1808, the within inventory and appraisement of the estate of David Forsyth, deceased, was returned, received and ordered to be recorded.

WARDEN POPE, C. J. C.

There are no slaves in this inventory, though we are told that David had owned slaves but had divided them with some of his children.

In those days there was no haste in the consummation of a sale of land, the sale being secured by contract.

The Forsyth and Christy contract stated that a deed would be made when a title could be obtained, and William Christy was not invested with the legal title until October, 1808, nine months after David's death. The land was the shares of George and Hannah Taylor and Martha Christy, numbered 1, 2, 3 and 4 in the division by Robert Breckinridge and Richard Barbour, commissioners, and was a part of the Lewis and Jones survey on Floyde's Fork. David's eldest son, Thomas, died before the deed was made. The interest of his sons James and David being protected by bonds given them in September, 1807, providing for conveyance to them of a part of the land, they did not share in the residue of his estate. David dying intestate, this descended alike to eight of his children.

William Christy, by deeds bearing dates February 20 and 25, 1815, conveyed to the heirs of David Forsyth the land purchased from him by David in April, 1806. In record K, page 269, a deed recites that James Forsyth purchased of John Forsyth and his sisters, Nancy, Elizabeth and Margaret, their interests in this land, showing that James Forsyth acquired five shares of his father's land.

In book Q, page 174, is shown that Mary and Maria Forsyth Featheringill transferred to Robert Forsyth by deed,

November 1, 1818, all their interest in the land belonging to their father. In October, 1824, Robert Forsyth sold to George Bridges for five hundred dollars in gold and silver money his land—the original deed delivered to Bridges, February 15, 1825.

In book I, I, page 290, it relates that in February, 1833, Jennie Forsyth sold to Thomas Cardwell the part allotted to her as her dower in the estate of her husband, James Forsyth, containing eighty-seven acres. Also in book L. L. page 20, is recorded a sale between John H. Sturgeon D. D. and Thomas Cardwell. Sturgeon was attorney or agent for Thomas, John and James Forsyth, heirs of James Forsyth, deceased. In this sale there were eighty-nine acres, this being all their claim or rights in the dower of Margaret Forsyth, their grandmother. The inference from this sale is that Margaret, during the last years of her life—possibly when she went to Indiana—gave to her children her dower right in her husband's estate. Thomas Cardwell bought the greater part of the David Forsyth land.

Margaret lived on in Kentucky, bravely bringing up by herself the younger children. Two children, Robert and Maria, had been born in Kentucky. The settling of an estate was not made easy for a widow in those days. At the sale of property she had to buy back everything she wished to keep, even to blankets and linen of her own weaving, the only exception from the sale being her wearing apparel.

It is thought that Margaret stayed on at the family home as long as she remained in Kentucky. Her son Robert* continued to live with her after his marriage until he came to Indiana. Her home was on that part of the land set aside as her dower. The house stood about one-half mile from her son James' home, her land adjoining his, which is described by a "stone plastered corner" at the corner of her grandson's, Thomas Forsyth, land.

Margaret's son, James, died and was buried in Kentucky. Two other sons went south before David's death. Two daugh-

* It was told by Robert and Nancy Forsyth that Robert was the first child of David and Margaret, who was born in Kentucky. Frank Feathergill believed his mother, Mary Forsyth, who was born in 1794, to have been born in Kentucky. If her birth occurred in Virginia she was a babe in arms when her parents made their perilous journey, and they must have reached Kentucky in the year 1795. If she was born in Kentucky, David and Margaret probably went there in the spring of 1794, when their daughter, Margaret, was about one year old.

ters also died in Kentucky. The other six children one by one left Kentucky and journeyed to Johnson County, Indiana. In 1824, when the first of the children came to Indiana, Margaret, who had been born in 1757, was sixty-seven years old. It was hard for her to make yet another change, to leave the grave of her husband; to undertake another pioneer journey, but at last she yielded to the entreaties of her children, and again left her accustomed surroundings for new fields. In Indiana she lived with her youngest son, Robert, the first one who left Kentucky. Just when she made the trip is unknown, but it is thought to have been in 1827 when her son, David, came. She died in 1837 at the age of eighty years.

In these years in Indiana, Margaret came to live more in the past than the present. It is from her own narrative, as remembered by descendants, that the facts of her and David's lives, so full of romance and vicissitudes, have been gathered. Three months of the last winter of her life she spent with her granddaughter, Emily Tucker Mullikin, who remembered clearly the stories as they fell from her grandmother's lips. From her, too, we have a description of Margaret's appearance. Even in her old age she is said to have been a person of beauty. Her complexion was remarkable. Mrs. Barnett, the mother of H. C. Barnett, of Franklin, also remembered Margaret well. She said her complexion was the marvel of all who knew her—smooth, soft and clear as a girl's. She remembered seeing her at eighty years riding horseback. Margaret's grandson, David, who died in 1915, also spoke of her lovely complexion. He said she was a handsome woman with deep blue eyes. Her figure was small, graceful and delicately formed; erect and full of energy and activity to the last. Her rich dark red hair was only slightly gray. In those last years when she was importuned by the grandchildren to tell them a story, Margaret talked more of her early experiences than she ever had before. Her father was a physician in Ireland. Two brothers and one sister were left behind in Dublin. She had named one of her daughters for her sister, Letitia. David, she said, had left a stepmother and two little half-sisters. Before leaving Ireland he had gone to see them. They were living in property belonging to him. One of the little girls climbed on his knee and said confidently, "Mother told me you have come back to turn us

out of a home." He assured them that they could stay until they were grown. Both Margaret and David had fully expected to return to Ireland some day. She told very vividly the stories of her romantic life; the elopement, the harrowing voyage, the experiences during the Revolutionary War, and the exciting trip westward to Kentucky. David was always a hero to her and she loved to talk of his honor and loyalty. She said that the failure of David's scheme was through no fault of his. He had spent two years in America, had seen its possibilities, and in bringing a colony had thought it would be profitable to the colonists as well as to himself. As to herself, Margaret always declared that she had never regretted coming with David. If he had not been able to give her a life of luxury, as he had dreamed, he had given her love and faithfulness all the days of his life. She had not wanted to leave the home in Kentucky and the spot where he lay buried, but she finally yielded to the entreaties of the children, saying, "I do not know what the future has in store for me, but this one thing I do know, neither time nor space nor any other condition can eradicate from my heart the love I bear for him who lies under the shadow."

When questioned by her grandchildren as to why she and David had never returned to Ireland, she reminded them of the terrible trip over and the consequent dread of crossing the water again, and that although there were estates awaiting both of them in the old country they had never had time nor opportunity to return for them and the visit to their families, because of their domestic cares and the large family of children.

Margaret spent the first three months of 1837 with the granddaughter, Emily Tucker Mullikin. Then she wished to return to the home of her son, Robert. They were preparing to take her in a wagon, their only vehicle for travel, but she insisted that she preferred walking, and the frail little woman of eighty walked by the side of her granddaughter's husband, through woods and fields, a mile and a half to her son's house. A few weeks later, April twenty-seventh, she died. A bobsled drawn by oxen and driven by her son, David, carried her mortal remains to its final resting-place. In the little country cemetery, known as the Featherngill graveyard, five miles south of Franklin, a plain marble slab marks the grave of Margaret Forsyth.

CHAPTER II

EMIGRATION OF THE FORSYTHS TO INDIANA

Only he who knows what it means to hew a home out of the forest; of what is involved in the task of replacing mighty trees with corn; only he who has watched the log house rising in the clearing and has witnessed the devotedness that gathers around the old log schoolhouse, can understand how devoutness, beauty, decency and power belong to the story of those who began the mighty task of changing the forests into the heart of the populous state.

The same spirit that stimulated David and Margaret to brave the perils of the wild ocean and voyage to America, to hazard the surety of the comfortable home in Virginia for the prospect of richer fields in Kentucky, lived anew in the hearts of their children. News of rich alluvial bottoms which never failed to produce returns reached Kentucky. Those who had ventured into the wilds of Indiana returned only for a visit or to gather up their belongings, leaving behind them glowing tales of the wonderful promise of this virgin territory. Inspired by these reports and by the fact that these Indiana lands belonged to the government and could be bought for a dollar an acre, six of the Forsyth children of David and Margaret came to Indiana between the years 1824 and 1832. Robert, the youngest, was the first to come.

The journey from Kentucky to Johnson County was, in those days, a difficult one, beset with perils. The crossing of the Ohio on rafts or row-boats, which would seem to us a dangerous undertaking, was perhaps the simplest part of the journey. Indiana was then an almost trackless forest. The trip had to be made in wagons and on horseback, following, for the most part, the winding trails of the Indians. Through dense forests of deciduous trees, maple, beech, oak, ash, walnut, poplar, all intertwined with swinging, twining, twisting vines and underbrush, they made a slow and sinuous progress. Often obstructions such as fallen trees had to be removed. Sometimes great tracts were submerged and so soft that the wagon would sink to the axle. Then a path had

to be made by cutting down young trees and making what was termed a corduroy road. There were stretches where the thickets must be cleared to obtain a passage. There were, indeed, few forms of exertion which so thoroughly tested the mettle of men as journeying through the wilderness. It took not only skill, readiness and strength of arm, but foresight, patience and above all a sustaining vision.

The wagons which hauled the household belongings and the weaker ones of the family were often big, awkward and lumbering affairs, drawn sometimes by horses, but perhaps oftener by oxen. The schooner wagon, high in the front and rear like the boat from which it took its name, was a commodious affair, and one often used. The journey was necessarily so slow that the provisioning and camping outfit was an added problem. There were no inns and seldom cabins along the way for entertainment, so the travelers must camp under the clouds. Fires must be made for cooking and drying out clothes and bedding, and also for warding off wild beasts, for in those days there were wolves, wildcats and panthers in the forests. Plenty of game simplified the provisioning problem. There was always meat, rabbit, wild turkey, squirrel and sometimes venison. This ride through the wilderness with all their possessions packed underneath the cover of the big, awkward wagon, with its tar bucket hanging behind ready for the occasional oiling; the days of trackless forest; the nights underneath the heavens; the sustaining faith and hope, which animated and directed their footsteps, all must have left a definite impress upon the young and old who made the journey.

CHAPTER III

THE EARLY HOMES

One can imagine that much of the thought during the journey was concentrated on considering the desirability of various pleasing sites as they traveled through the new country. Then when at last a spot was found which seemed to meet all requirements the alacrity with which they camped and began to swing their axes in felling trees for the new home! Out of the heart of the green forest the farm and cabin must be carved. There was no time for painstaking work. Logs of uniform size were hastily cut and notched at the ends so they would lie close together, while the spaces between them were filled with mud. The chimneys were rudely built of sticks, rough stones and clay. The fireplaces were made wide and deep so that logs of great size could be burned in them. These back-logs held the fire which was started and fed by the fore-logs, always of smaller wood.

The saying about the latch-string always being out for one's friends had its origin in these first cabins. It was then a literal truth. Their doors were fastened with a wooden latch to which a string was attached. They drew this in at night, but in daytime it was always left hanging out, a welcome to all visitors. Travelers were received freely into these homes. They were never too full. The beds in these pioneer homes were constructed by placing posts in the floor a few feet from the wall. Poles were fastened to these while the other ends were attached to the opposite wall. Tables and stools were roughly constructed, for it was the rare household that brought furniture into the western wilds.

Cooking utensils were scarce. Every household had a board, scraped and polished till it was as smooth as glass, for the baking of the Johnny-cake, made from cornmeal and set in front of a glowing fire to bake. The bread, which a little later they baked in the Dutch oven, has never been excelled if equaled. The Dutch oven was a squat iron vessel on legs and covered with a close iron lid. This was set over glowing

coals. The cooking was all done at the fireplace, and it was depended on also for heat and in the evenings, light. A primitive lamp was made of a cup filled with grease or refuse oil in which a twisted rag served as a wick. The early blacksmiths also made a shallow iron saucer with a lid covering all but a lip, from which the rag wick protruded. A handle was often attached to this by which it could be suspended, or by a linked-on spike, stuck into the chinks between logs on the wall. A little later came candles made in candle molds, but many clung to the old cup, saucer and twisted rag till the advent of the kerosene lamp. The women of these early days, though deprived of almost every comfort, made real homes of these cabins. They invented ways and means of furnishing and adorning in spite of the fact that from morning to night they must work to raise the food they ate; to spin, weave and make the clothing they wore. In these cabins there was a coziness and comfort about the fireplaces with their blazing logs throwing their light over a shadowy room, that has never been surpassed.

Within one side would be lined with divers garments,
The other spread with skins of varmints;
Dried pumpkins overhead were strung,
Where venison hams in plenty hung,
Two rifles placed above the door,
A dog lay stretched upon the floor,
In short, the domicile was rife
With specimens of Hoosier life.

Our emigrant is soon located,
In Hoosier life initiated—
Erects a cabin in the woods,
Wherein he stores his household goods.
Ensconced in this let those who can
Find out a truly happier man;
The little youngsters rise around him,
So numerous that they quite astound him.

There were so few animals at this time that horses brought from Kentucky would not stay unless confined, and it was pathetic to see how lonely a cow would be. If domestic animals were scarce, the wild ones were plentiful and troublesome. Deer could be fenced out, but squirrels could not and they were most destructive to crops. There are stories of

wives patrolling around the corn-fields while their husbands cultivated them.

The early schoolhouses were built of logs. The seats were formed of logs split in two. There were no backs to the seats. Of course the children who went to these schools were very uncomfortable, but it was a day when no one was thinking of making life easy for the child. The rod was used freely and frequently and few boys escaped it. The belief prevailed that the harder school life was made and the more fear the teacher inspired, the more the children would learn. The teachers were incapable of teaching much even if they imparted all they knew.

The first churches were also of logs with very rude interiors. The seats were long benches. A broad center aisle separated the men from the women. It made a division line which was impassable except to small children. It was in such cabins and in such environs that the Forsyth families lived when they first came to Indiana. The years passed and brought with them many improvements. Corn grew rank in the rich soil. Wheat fields waved before the June breezes. Apple and peach trees planted during the first years were now laden with delicious fruit. Never content to live meagerly, the Forsyths left their little log cabins for more commodious and convenient dwellings. The new house which came with the growing prosperity still had the big fireplace, with the iron cranes on which the teakettle sang, and the pot, filled with savory meat and vegetables, bubbled merrily. The baking was also done in the primitive way at the fireplace.

These homes were rich in all the household treasures of the day. The floors were covered with striped rag carpets, often woven in the home. There were piles of soft, warm, home-woven blankets, and chests filled with home-spun linen. Every housewife had stacks of beautiful quilts, all carefully folded one upon another. They were wonderful pieces of handiwork and often really artistic creations. The women were proud of them with their beautiful designs and exquisite needlework. When a visitor came they were taken down and from nine patch to the star, rose and tulip designs, were inspected and complimented. The stitches, in parallel diagonals that were used for the commoner quilts, were as fine and

beautifully set as were those in the fans, wreaths and feathers that were employed in the more elaborate quilts. Every woman was proud to be able to do fine sewing. Clothes were all made by hand, for the sewing-machine had not been invented. The family hosiery also came from the same industrious fingers. Women could knit in the dark. The babies were nursed and rocked to sleep to the click of the knitting needles. If the women went to a neighbor's to visit they not only knit during the call, but as they walked to and fro. There were few idle moments in the pioneer household. In the summer the drying of fruit and vegetables was an important part of women's industry. Hermetical sealing of fruit was unknown, but rich preserves were made and every available space was occupied in sun-drying.

The furnishing of these homes was still simple. In a corner usually stood a three-cornered cupboard, filled with blue and white china beautifully arranged. The cupboard was usually of cherry, as were the drop-leaf table and the four-poster bedstead. The bed usually stood high from the floor so as to accommodate a trundle-bed beneath it. A bed in those days bespoke ease and comfort and beauty. The feather bed well beaten and fluffy, covered with the clean, white, home-spun linen, surmounted by a bolster and a pair of pillows, and decorated with a quilt of quaint and gay design, was a thing almost too lovely to sleep in. It is a pleasure to remember the little cherry stand-table, with one or two drawers, upon which the brass candlestick was kept. There were no piles of magazines on the table, but the Bible was there, for every home had one. It was biography, poetry and history to them. By the dim light of the candle the father read it, trying to interpret the theology of the times. The women read it while they spun and rocked the cradle. The children were nurtured on its words and wisdom, and it made them what they were—honest, God-fearing men and women. Beside the Bible on the little table the mother's work-basket was nearly always found with its odd pin-cushion, roll of bees wax and coarse thread often in the hank.

The old log schoolhouse was supplanted by a better one and children were a little more comfortable in their new quarters. No thrifty mother ever sent her child to school to learn its letters. She could teach the alphabet in spare moments.

Nor could she tolerate uncombed hair, dirty faces or soiled garments. In stiffly starched aprons and clean suits the children were started off to school. Those were happy faces that looked out from under the straw hats of the boys and the sun-bonnets of the girls. The children of later years who remember these aunts, uncles, great-aunts and uncles or grandparents think of the respect and reverence they inspired. The spirit and wisdom of their forebears looked from their eyes. They were listened to as were oracles. It was for youth to allow the rivers of their broader wisdom to flow undisturbed. In the home they were always considered first. The best of everything was served to them at the table. Children often waited till the second table. All the homage due to age was taught to and required of youth.

These early Forsyths had their part in the building of the State of Indiana, but more especially were their activities centered in Johnson County, where they first settled and where they were a force in its growth from a land of forests and swamps to one of cultivated farms, comfortable homes, schools and churches. They knew they had the ability to win in the development of a great state and they were willing to work for it. By their heroism, bravery, industry, energy and honesty they have given their descendants just cause to be proud of the root from which they came. From records in Johnson County they gave more land upon which were built churches, schoolhouses and graveyards than any family in the county.

The grass grows to-day over the ground where once stood many of the first cabins. Every sign of former life has gone in the general decay of years. The fires in those old kitchens have long since gone out, and the actors in the opening scenes, with all their immediate descendants, have passed on. Strangers now plow their fields and eat the fruit and gather the grain to fill the barns built by these ancestors. In the cemeteries and little graveyards of Johnson County vines in tangled masses are running over the memorial stones erected to mark the final resting-place of many of these Forsyths of the early days.

The Forsyths of Johnson County no longer live in log cabins and wear homespun. The loom of that day has passed away. Instead of driving herds of swine a hundred miles to

market, a truck comes to the door and in a few hours they are in the hands of the packers. The children of these ancestors have good modern homes. They now ride in automobiles over well built roads instead of in the ox-drawn wagons of the pioneers. The early Forsyths were all workers. They helped to lift this new country to a place of comfort. The road was rough, the struggle often hard, but the movement was always upward.

CHAPTER IV

CHURCH RELATIONS

WHERE THE FORSYTHS WENT TO CHURCH

Descended as they were from old Scotch Covenanter stock, religion played so large a part in the lives of the Forsyth family that no history of them would be complete without an account of their church connections, their religious convictions and practises, and the places where they worshiped.

In Kentucky they attended both the Long Run and Flat Rock Churches. Long Run Church was one of the earliest churches in Jefferson County. It is eighteen miles east of Louisville, and derives its name from the little creek on which it is situated. It was on Long Run that Abraham Lincoln, grandfather of the President, entered four hundred acres of land in 1780, and four years later was killed by the Indians. Near the spot the Reverend W. E. Waller gathered the Baptists together in the schoolhouse and organized the Long Run Baptist Church.

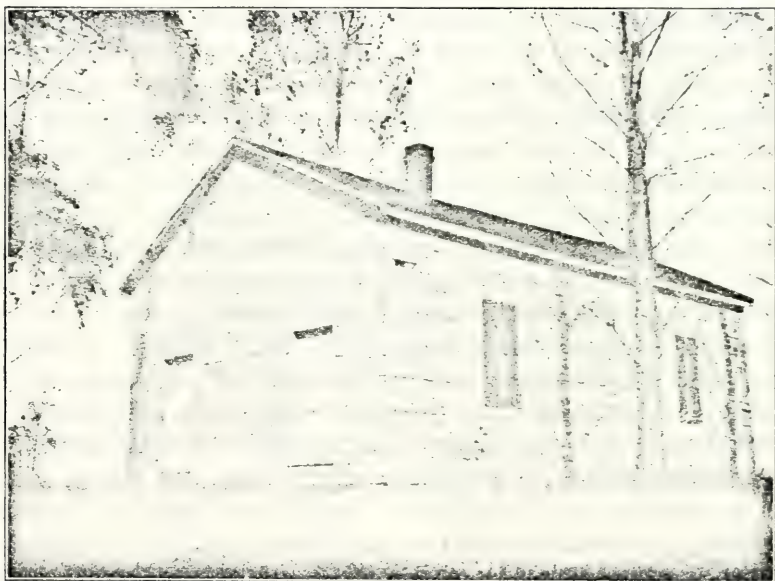
Flat Rock Church was founded in 1805 because of a division in the Long Run Church. In 1804 some neighbors at a log-rolling got into a dispute over the question as to whether a lie was ever justifiable. Prowling Indians were often a menace to the peace and safety of the community, so the following hypothetical question was propounded: "Suppose a man had five children, and the Indians kill four. The father has the other one concealed when the Indians ask him if he has another child. Would the father be justified in saying no?" This was argued back and forth. The contention grew hot and was carried into the church and caused a schism. The lying part, as it was called, moved five miles away and founded the Flat Rock Church at which the Forsyths worshiped. In 1830 this church became divided again. Ben Allen, a Baptist preacher, was its pastor. Alexander Campbell was at this time traveling through Kentucky preaching no creeds and no authority but the Bible. He held a meet-

ing in Flat Rock Church and divided the church. Allen sided with Campbell, taking with him the majority of the church members. The minority withdrew and built a new church two miles away. This, of course, caused a bitter feeling between the two churches. The house in which Ben Allen, the preacher, lived is still standing near the town of Crestwood. The old church is gone. Only a part of the foundation marks the place where it once stood. The large, flat rocks leading to the church remain in the place they were when the feet of pioneers trod them as they reverently made their way into the church. Nearby is the old cemetery with the rude memorial stones, taken no doubt many of them from the stream below, and from which all traces of marking are long since obliterated. These few old stones have power to conjure up the days of long ago and one can see those sturdy pioneers in their Sunday best loitering along the entrance stones, exchanging greetings and enjoying what was the main social gathering of the early days. Those old stones, hallowed by the tread of those brave, fearless, upright souls, in their very rudeness, simplicity, strength and endurance seem a most fitting memorial.

For many years after the Forsyths came to Indiana the only Baptist Church was what was variously called the Primitive, Regular or Hardshell Baptist Church. There are two of these churches in Johnson County that the Forsyths attended. The Old Bethel Church in Nineveh township was organized by Robert and David Forsyth in connection with others. Their first structure was of logs plastered with mud. It was called the mud church. In April, 1842, Samuel and Dennis Dunn sold to David Forsyth, Samuel Sellers and William Barnett, trustees of the church, the land upon which the present Bethel church was built. The consideration in this sale was one dollar. The deed was signed by John Thompson Forsyth and John Gosney as witnesses. It was not long until a brick church was erected on this site. This was the church home of David and Robert Forsyth and some of their descendants.

Twenty-five miles south of Indianapolis on the Three Notch Road is a little frame church built seventy years ago by John Hume Forsyth. It is seldom opened for worship now. There are those living who remember the devotion of

the early Forsyths to this church. Jennie Sturgeon Forsyth would never allow stress of weather to keep her away. On her horse she would ride between showers if possible, but she was always there. Her son, David, and his wife, our Aunt Heningham, were just as devoted. Aunt Heningham always sat on the front seat, for she believed it a part of her church duty to be ready to lead in the singing of her preacher's "first, second and third meter" hymns. There was no instrument of any kind, not even a tuning fork, so the preacher had to do what was termed lining off the hymns. He would first read



Stotts Creek Church

the whole hymn, then repeat the first two lines. These two lines were then sung by the congregation. The alternate reading and singing would continue till the hymn was finished. Having no aid from even a tuning fork, the hymns were sometimes pitched too high and sometimes too low, and the tune was often regulated by the individual singers, but faithful Aunt Heningham, no matter who else would falter and fail, would carry every hymn, high or low, to a successful finish.

The doctrine preached in this church was the gloomy one of predestination, and the preacher's voice in its melancholy

nasal resonance matched the doleful theme. Preacher and congregation believed that one must have been fore-ordained to be saved, and if one was not originally of the elect chosen by the Great Ruler of the Universe, no service to God and humanity, no conduct of life however exemplary, could change the decree and save from damnation. This repelling and uninspiring doctrine was sincerely believed by these earnest pioneers. Their church life was sacred to them. There was no hurry in their worship. They patiently listened even when the preacher continued his sermon long after the dinner hour. They did not believe in Sunday-schools or other church enterprises and were strongly anti-missionary. The main social feature of the church was a yearly meeting of an association of churches. People would travel from long distances to these assemblies. After services the resident members would entertain great numbers at their homes for the night. In the evening there would be preaching in some of the homes attended by neighbors and resident and visiting members, after which the men would be given blankets and pillows and sent to sleep in the barn on the hay. The women and children would occupy the house. In the morning all was bustle and hurry. Cakes, pies and all good viands must be cooked and prepared for the dinner that was carried with them to the church, for there were morning and afternoon services. It is surprising how efficient the women were in caring for such a crowd, but the visitors all helped in the preparations necessary. These "hard shell" Baptists did not believe in a paid ministry. They would have no salaried preachers among them. It is said that Jennie Sturgeon Forsyth differed from the others on this point. She believed the preacher was deserving of some reward for his services, and it was her custom quietly to hand him money after the church service. In her old days Jennie Sturgeon had an amusing but rather pathetic experience with the rigorous ideas of this church. She grew tired living around with her children and decided to marry again, and chose for a husband a man who belonged to the Missionary Baptist Church. The brethren and sisters of the Hardshell Baptists thought this breach of faith must be summarily dealt with, so the elders called on her and told her that she must give up her husband or her membership in the church. She told them she would return to living with

management education. The authors argue that the current state of management education is in a state of crisis and that a new paradigm is needed.

The authors propose a new paradigm for management education that is based on the following principles: (1) a focus on the individual, (2) a focus on the organization, and (3) a focus on the environment. They argue that these principles are essential for the development of a new paradigm for management education.

The authors also discuss the importance of the individual in management education. They argue that the individual is the central focus of management education and that the organization and the environment are secondary. They argue that the individual is the one who is responsible for the success or failure of the organization and that the organization and the environment are merely the context in which the individual operates.

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The authors also discuss the importance of the new paradigm for management education. They argue that the new paradigm is essential for the development of management education and that it is the only way to ensure the success of the individual, the organization, and the environment.

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her children, but the congregation was not yet satisfied; they met and decided they could not fellowship with a woman who did not live with her husband.

Sunday in the homes of the early Forsyths was a day of rest and quiet. They retained all the old-time Scotch reverence for the Sabbath. The thrifty housewife carefully prepared everything necessary for the family's Sunday comfort on Saturday. No unnecessary work was done on Sunday. No tool whatever was permitted to be used on that day. Even if sufficient fuel had not been prepared they managed without. The sound of a chopping ax would have marred the holiness of the day. Quiet there must be. Noise of any kind was not tolerated. In their passion for quiet they were like their Scotch ancestors who would take a canary bird to the cellar on Sunday lest its singing mar the solemnity of the day. The children had to observe the rule of quiet. The boys could go swimming or play ball behind the barn, but they must not shout or make a noise. Whistling also was tabooed on the Sabbath. The only reading allowed was the Bible. Fiction was an abomination to them not only on Sunday but all days. It was denounced as lies and of baneful influence.

To-day while we smile and wonder at some of the religious beliefs and practises of these pioneers, we admire and recognize their earnestness, their absolute fidelity to their convictions and the fact that religion was the real guiding star of their lives.

CHAPTER V

SPEECH OF H. C. BARNETT, MADE AT THE FIRST FORSYTH REUNION, HELD ON THE THIRTIETH DAY OF JUNE, 1913

Members of the Forsyth Family—

"It gives me great pleasure to be permitted to say a few words to you on this the first reunion of one of the great families of Johnson County. It is an occasion not soon to pass from the memory of those present. To the younger members it will be an oasis on their path of life as the years come and go; and to the older ones, whose sun seems nearer the setting, it will revive memories of times and faces long since gone from among us, but now for the moment present and in view.

"Most of you present belong to the third and fourth generations from a common ancestry, but there are two here at this time who are only removed one generation from the pioneers who first settled in Johnson County, in the early years of the last century; and we here and now honor them as the connecting link between you and those hardy men and women who underwent the hardships of those times that tried men's souls. And as they look back to the past and think of those distant scenes they can appreciate the sentiment of these lines of one of the sweet singers of our language, when on such occasion he said—

"I feel like one,
Who treads alone,
Some banquet hall deserted—
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead
And all but he departed."

"Yours was a great family, and well do I remember the faces of most of those first settlers who came to our country. It is true they were old men and women when I was young, but I took note of the fact even then, that I was in the pres-

ence of superior personages, when I was in their company. They were leaders in the communities where they dwelt. Of course, I knew nothing of their lives before they crossed the Ohio for this state, but I do remember Uncles Robert Forsyth and David Forsyth, and Aunt Rachel and Aunt Nancy Forsyth. These were household names when I was a boy, not only in our homes, but in the homes of many neighborhoods farther away. Later on, when I had become a man, I knew very well Uncle Thomas and Uncle Jimmie Forsyth; and I knew something of George Bridges, who was one of this same family. And I want to say on this occasion that none need be ashamed of these. They were farseeing men of affairs; they selected the choicest lands for their homes—lands though not at all times seeming desirable, but lands that were rich in productive elements, yet at times covered with water. It is now remembered that many first settlers, especially those coming from Ohio, passed over this rich wet part of the country and passed on to the high lands of Brown County, where they could nest high and dry, but where it has always been a more severe struggle to make a livelihood.

“The Forsyths were not daunted at the sight of work; they were used to it and welcomed the opportunity. They were practical men, men who built the best dwellings, the best barns, and had the very best fencing and raised the best live stock in the whole county. They gave character to the part of our county wherever they lived or did business, and were an inspiration to others to go higher. They were great men in their day; they were builders of empires, not simply in theory but in fact. Doctor J. P. Forsyth and Thomas Tucker, two sons of these early settlers, the former a son of Robert Forsyth, and the latter a son of his sister, were men patterned after the older stock, as I am told. I did not know Thomas Tucker, but did, as you all did, know Doc Forsyth, as we all called him. You older men and women who knew them best now realize they were much removed from the average farmers and stock men. They were patterns, in many respects, for their neighbors.

“These men were first to take an interest in fairs where the cultivation of the best in animal life and agriculture were encouraged. They exhibited their property and were ambitious to excel. They were in the forefront of almost every

enterprise calculated to better the community. Of course, they all had their faults, as we all have. It has been said they were too 'self-opinionated.' It may be so, but men who accomplish anything must believe in that thing and contend for it. These older men had a high sense of order and precision in their affairs, and I am proud to say that very element of character has come down even to my own family, where not only the mother but the children make me feel the want of these qualifications. And do you know, when I was married, I thought I was marrying a Tucker, but soon found out I had married a Forsyth. It came about in this way: The first Sunday after our wedding I said to my wife we would go visiting that day, whereupon she said, 'No we won't; we will go to church,' so you see that ended the matter. There was no rejoinder, for it sounded like a final order. As I have said, these older men were practical men—men of affairs—and as has been noted, few of their descendants have ever seemed inclined to the professions, but preferred an active business career, where they could see the results of their labors in physical betterment. 'Things done' seems to have been their motto.

"And in closing I want to adjure you all so to live your lives that you may be worthy of the blood that flows through your veins, and that you may not be a discredit to such ancestry."

CHAPTER VI

THOMAS FORSYTH

The district of Natchez in Mississippi was the home for some years of Thomas, the eldest son and child of David and Margaret. Here he went when he left his parents' home in Kentucky some time near the close of the eighteenth century, years before Mississippi became a state. At that time this was a long journey from Kentucky, and the only way to get there was to go down the river in a very primitive boat. Communication between these sections of the United States was slow and very infrequent, consequently his family did not hear from him often. It is interesting to know the story of his short life, and the influence that prompted him to leave Kentucky never to return. His childhood was spent as his mother's aid and companion, while the father was serving in the war of the Revolution. He was a mere lad when they reached Kentucky, but, being the ever-willing helper of his father and mother, he at once set to work to help them in the making of their new home. The reader will recall the boy who helped his father fell the trees which they fastened to their wagon while going down the mountains on their way to Parkersburgh. He was energetic and ambitious, and grew up with the high ideals taught him by his parents. He never married, but his life was not void of romance. He met and loved a girl, but he had a rival in whose favor the girl decided. Thomas did not, nor did others, consider her choice his equal. He told how he went to see her in his honest home-made suit of clothes worn by all young men of the time. His rival, however, would sometimes borrow a suit of clothes to wear when visiting her. This made him appear of finer type to the girl. Thomas was disgusted with her estimate of real values in character, and with the fact that a man of his rival's type could win a girl from him.

It was this very thing that changed his whole life. He could cross mountain ranges and ford rivers, and help take up by the very roots trees that stood in the way, toiling ever

onward to the end in view, but he could not live in the same state with the girl he loved and the man who had won her from him. It was the giving up of a great hope. His dream of future success was gone, but he had a strong body and a stout heart, and the spirit that had led his parents before him. "I will not live here," he said, "but I will go again out into this strange, wide country and find another home." He regretted to leave his parents, the mother whose companion he had been, but he gathered together all of his possessions and left them.

The trip down the river from Louisville was uneventful. There were no little villages on the way where the boat could land, as at the present day, to give interest and variety to the few passengers. The days lengthened into weeks before they reached Natchez. Thomas remained there for a time but later settled near Washington, the territorial capital of Mississippi. He engaged in merchandising. Had he lived he might have accumulated considerable property, but he died when shortly past thirty years of age. He lived with the family of Mr. Clark and died in their home. He was there when his brother, John, joined him about the year 1805.

He died not long after his father. There is no mention of his having shared with the brothers and sisters in the division of his father David's land, the division not having been made for some years after David's death. But there is a record where Isham Bridges was appointed administrator of his estate, with his brothers James and David as securities.

On the highest point of a range of hills about one and a half miles from the old town of Washington, Mississippi, is a little graveyard surrounded by pine trees and native shrubs. In the pioneer days of Mississippi, ground set aside for graveyards and churches was called consecrated ground. This graveyard is spoken of as the oldest consecrated ground in the county and as old as any in the state. The gravestones are moss covered and time has dimmed the inscriptions on them. In this consecrated spot—called the Clark and Rabb graveyard—the body of Thomas Forsyth, the firstborn of David and Margaret, lies buried.

CHAPTER VII

JAMES FORSYTH, HIS CHILDREN AND SOME OF THEIR DESCENDANTS

The sterling qualities of David and Margaret shone out anew in the character of James, their second son and child. He was a lad of about fifteen years when the difficult trip across the forested mountains and down the Ohio River was made. He was old enough to share the responsibilities and the solving of the problems of transportation. The building of the raft on which they made the voyage down the Ohio was doubtless done by the two older boys, supervised by their father. The trip was a life-lesson in ingenuity, preparation for emergencies and self-reliance. James had little schooling in the book sense, but much in the school of life. He had a vast knowledge of outdoors. All skill in woodcraft was granted him by nature because of his early associations. Nevertheless, he had a deep pervading sense of the value of schools and a desire to help establish in this country equal advantages for all. He spent his life on a farm and had a genuine love for the soil and all growing things.

He married in Kentucky, Jennie Sturgeon, daughter of Thomas and Sarah Hume Sturgeon. She was directly descended from the Humes of Wedderburn Castle, Scotland, through George Hume, who was born and reared in the castle. He came to Virginia in 1721 and by not returning forfeited his rights to the castle and large estates that belonged to him by right of birth. The Humes traced their descent from Malcolm II of Scotland. Jennie Sturgeon's great grandfather was a companion of George Washington, when both attended school at Wakefield. They were the actors in a story often told of the taming of a refractory colt that lost its life on a Sunday afternoon with Washington on its back and Hume at its halter.

On March 11, 1805, James Forsyth at Louisville was granted a license to marry Jennie Sturgeon, but the wedding did not take place till six weeks later, April twenty-first. The

reason for this was that in that day a young man contemplating matrimony did not wait until ready to use the license before procuring it, but secured it when in town and then awaited his bride's convenience for the marriage ceremony. The home where James and Jennie Sturgeon lived, where his children were born and where he died, was a part of the four hundred forty-six acres of land purchased in 1806 by his father. Of the old homestead there is nothing left save a

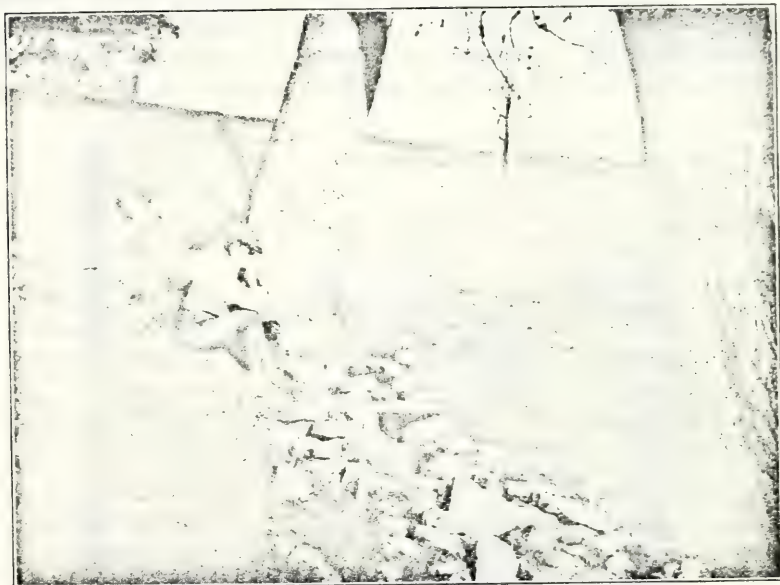


Floyde's Fork

few foundation stones, but from these stones one may look out upon Floyd's Fork, the little stream which had by its beauty of old attracted David and Margaret, as it wound its way between banks lined with trees and shrubs. Along its banks, among its bushes and trees and in its waters the children of James Forsyth played in their tender years. A most interesting story of the naming of the stream connects it with the family of James Forsyth's wife.*

* The stream Floyde's Fork was named in honor of John Floyde, one of the most useful and prominent men in pioneer Kentucky. He was an early companion of Daniel Boone and was a member with him of the first legislative body that met west of the Alleghany Mountains in February, 1783. John Hume, grandfather of Jennie Sturgeon Forsyth, lived at Fort Hughes. One day when he and his sons were out driving some cattle they were captured by a band of Indians. John, the older son,

Near where the house stood, still grows the pioneer household herb, catnip, planted there by Jennie Forsyth, from which she made the tea that soothed her babies' pains and cured their colds. At the foot of the hill below the site of the old house a spring of water bursts forth, a contribution of nature that determined the home site for the pioneers. The stones that walled it round when James lived are still there.



The Old Spring near Floyd's Fork

James Forsyth died in Kentucky before reaching his forty-fourth year. His body rests in Flat Rock Cemetery, near the old home. A heavy piece of limestone covers his grave, placed

escaped and ran his horse fourteen miles to Shelbyville. He notified the governor, who sent Colonel John Floyd with twenty men to rescue Hume and his son. Floyd, supposing the band to be merely a small detachment, rushed into the ambuscade with all his men and was almost annihilated. Fourteen of his men lost their lives. Hume escaped, but his son, John, fell defending his father. A mere boy of sixteen he fought against a large band of Indians until his father escaped; then trying to make his own escape was struck down. Before his father ran young John called to him to run for his life as he could do nothing for him. The last seen of young Hume he was on his knees trying to take aim at the Indians prancing around him with their tomahawks. He had been injured by being thrown from his horse which had become frightened at the Indians. Hume's body lies in a grave with Floyd's men who were killed. The state of Kentucky erected a monument near Eastwood to their memory. In April following the massacre John Floyd and his brother were fired upon from ambush by Indians and were mortally wounded.

there by his wife when she left Kentucky to go to Indiana. It is believed that the dust of his father lies in a grave near by.

James Forsyth was a man of gentle nature and patient spirit. The wife of Robert Forsyth, who knew him well, declared he was one of the best men she had ever known, and that he had the disposition of his father.

When James Forsyth died he left seven children to the care of his wife. She was a woman of courage and was ambitious for her children. Her ability to handle property was superior for a woman of that age, when women were not supposed to be capable of transacting business. The report of the rich land in central Indiana and of the low price for



James Forsyth's Grave

which it could be purchased, was brought to her from every side. Neighbors were leaving, her husband's brothers and sisters and their families had already gone and were successfully clearing away the forests and cultivating Indiana's virgin soil. Her own daughters too had gone and were urging her to come. She became convinced that a brighter future awaited her children in Indiana than in Kentucky, so she sold the home and the slaves owned by the family and prepared to go to Indiana. She was a woman of some means for that day, as is shown by the inventory of the personal estate at the time of her husband's death. In Book V, page 272, in the court-house at Louisville, is found the appraise-

ment as made by Charles G. Nimrod and Henry Dorsey. There were ninety-five items in the inventory, consisting of everything used on a farm and all household furniture down to the meal sieve and the bed clothes on the beds. There was a large Bible described as "Gold Gilt," which sold at the sale for fourteen dollars. There were several slaves. One negro boy of twenty-one was appraised at six hundred dollars, another at five hundred fifty dollars; one girl at seven hundred dollars and another at seven hundred fifty dollars. The whole estate, including the stock and grain, amounted to four thousand eight hundred seventy-three dollars and forty-two and one-half cents.

George Bridges, a son-in-law of Jennie Sturgeon Forsyth, drove his large four-horse schooner wagon to Kentucky and brought the family and their household goods to Johnson County. We do not know if she rode horseback or in the wagon, but after some years, longing to see the old home, she rode horseback the entire distance of two hundred and sixteen miles there and return. Her great nephew, Will Collins, remembered her during this visit telling Indian stories as they all sat around the fireplace. She was a woman of strong personality and kindly nature. Her manner was refined, cultured and gentle. She was a charter member of the little frame church two miles north of Trafalgar on the Three Notch Road. There are those living who recall her faithful attendance at this church. They have never forgotten the picture of her mounted upon her own riding horse on the way to church.

When she and her four sons came to Indiana they purchased the farm one mile north of Trafalgar, now owned by William Bridges. In February, 1856, after a residence of twenty-four years on this farm, she died.

James and Jennie Sturgeon Forsyth's daughter, Matilda, and George Bridges, who were first cousins, were married in Kentucky when she was a mere girl of seventeen. The record of the marriage in Louisville says she was married April 10, 1823, and that the consent thereto of her mother, Jennie Forsyth, was proven by the oath of Robert Forsyth. Those who knew her have spoken of her lovely character. Small, delicate, refined in nature, she unfalteringly came with her husband and daughter, Elizabeth, to Indiana over the silent track

hitherto trod by the stealthy savage. She made the trip in a wagon bearing a few of her household goods and the implements that settlers needed—rifle, ax and plow. On a farm one and a half miles west of Trafalgar she was taken. It was here where her four sons and two younger daughters were born, and where also, in 1848, she died.

The children of George and Matilda Bridges were among those who helped the country experience its new birth. Hitherto Indiana had been known chiefly as a region of forests, dismal swamps and miasmatic streams. The middle ages in Indiana were now fast drawing to an end, and the era of modern progress was beginning. Railroads were being built, a system of free schools had been provided for, and people were beginning to have some idea of the vastness of the natural resources that were waiting to be developed.

The daughter, Elizabeth, married James Porter Forsyth in 1842. She died at the early age of twenty-four years, leaving two small boys. (See James P. Forsyth's family.)

The daughter, Jane, who married Armstrong Alexander, was said to resemble her mother. She was a woman of great kindness of heart, and loyal to her relatives, whom she always called "cousin." She was for many years a staunch member of the Trafalgar Baptist Church. In their earlier life the family lived on a farm north of Trafalgar. Later they moved near Franklin, where for many years Mr. Alexander was engaged as a dealer in live stock and in packing pork. He died in 1899.

Politically the sons of Matilda Forsyth were Democrats. Religiously, with the exception of Thomas, they were members of the Baptist Church in Trafalgar.

When they married, the three younger brothers settled on farms near Trafalgar. John later removed to Mooresville, Indiana, where he died.

George Thomas Bridges was known as a man of his word. He was a faithful attendant at the Trafalgar Christian Church, of which he was for many years an elder. Two characteristics will never be forgotten, viz.: He invariably read at the social meetings the 14th chapter of John, and seldom failed to sleep for awhile during the church services. He bore a striking resemblance in nature to his uncle, Thomas Forsyth, for whom he was named. He was a lover of home,

with a positive aversion to spending money in idle railroad traveling. Since 1852 he had lived in the southwest corner of Franklin township, and his house was reached by a drive through one of the most beautiful bluegrass pastures in Johnson County. This pasture showed the man and his farm. It was kept perfectly, and gave satisfaction to all who saw it. There were no weeds, brush or old tree stumps to be found there. The cattle that grazed upon it were of the finest quality and they were well fed. Whatever Thomas Bridges did was done well, a trait that was prominent in other members of the Forsyth family. He was conservative and somewhat reserved in manner; a good citizen and well deserving of all the success that came to him. He was recognized by all as a kind, honest man who was genuine through and through.

He married Lydia Pefley in 1851. She was born in Pueblo County, Ohio, in 1831. It is related that their acquaintance began when he was a young man helping thresh wheat with a groundhog separator, and she a young girl assisting in the preparation of the dinner. These young people became charter members of the Trafalgar Christian Church when it was organized in Thomas Lynam's house.

It was a lifelong habit of Thomas Bridges to get his Bible each morning and read a chapter before beginning his day's work. His son, James Riley, lives in an attractive country place near Trafalgar. He inherited his father's neatness in his home and on his farm. He and his family are among the best citizens of that community. They are dependable in the Christian Church, being willing at any time to contribute their time and money to its support. James is a Democrat in politics.

A great grandson of Thomas Bridges is Paul Francis Ritter, a son of Nellie Branigin Ritter. He was born in Indianapolis and educated in the public schools there, graduating from the Emmerick Manual Training High School. While a student there he made a record for industry and energy by completing the course in three and a half years, with two credits above the requirements. When the United States entered the war with Germany he enlisted with the Lilly Base Hospital. The unit was in training at Fort Harrison for three months. In December they went to France, sailing on the transport George Washington. They were nearing their

port when a terrific storm came up and they had to put back to sea to keep from being dashed to pieces on the rocks. The first thing they did after reaching their destination was to locate a little church in which their first service was described as very impressive. A hotel which had been a famous watering place, they transformed into a hospital. Paul Ritter was the youngest member of the company.

James Bridges was exceedingly genial and agreeable. He loved children, and was universally liked by them. It was fitting that he was chosen superintendent of the Johnson County Orphans' Home at Hopewell, where he and his wife had the care of fifty children. Their earlier life was spent on a farm near Trafalgar. He was a lover of good horses, sometimes to the neglect of his farm.

He was prepossessing in appearance, with a personality that won many friends. His only child, George W., lives in California, where he went in 1904, five years after his marriage.

Ivan Vanburen Bridges was a very hospitable host and splendid provider. There was no place in the neighborhood where the young people loved so much to go, and his wife was equally cordial. He and his brother, John, were each very kindhearted and generous. Unfortunately John's health was impaired for a number of years. When a young man he was left at home to guard the place from fire during an unusually dry season while all the other men at the farm were attending a political rally. A fire originated, perhaps from a railroad train, and young John in his heroic efforts became overheated. He never entirely overcame the effects. His family located in Kansas after his death. George lived in Chanute, Kansas, where he was in the railroad business. Some years ago he went to Montana, and with his family purchased a large tract of land. His brother, James, died in Kansas. Louella also died there, leaving two children.

Rebecca Bridges is the counterpart of her brother, Thomas. She was as a girl noted for her beauty. On a visit to Louisville, Kentucky, she met her first husband, a man many years her senior. Their children were all born in Louisville. After the death of her husband in 1881, she returned to Johnson County, Indiana, with her children. She has been a faithful member of the Baptist Church for many years. She lives

with her son, Henry Edward Lochry, who is one of the successful farmers of Johnson County. He is a progressive agriculturist, and one who believes in farming in a scientific way. He represented his county in the legislature in 1912.

He is a member of the Modern Woodmen of America and the order of Freemasonry, in which he has attained to the degree of Knight Templar. He is also a member of Murat Temple, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, at Indianapolis. Mr. Lochry has been admired by a large circle of friends for his integrity, honesty and as a citizen of genuine worth to the community in which he lives.

Harry R. Lochry was inducted into U. S. service at Lafayette, Indiana, September, 1917, going from there to Camp Taylor at Louisville, Kentucky. He was assigned to the 25th Co., 7th Pt. Tr. Bn., 159th Depot Brigade. October, 1917, he was transferred from Camp Taylor to Co. D, 151st Inf., at Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, Mississippi. He remained in this organization until the 6th of February, 1918, when he was transferred to the Quartermaster Corps Detachment of the same camp, and assigned to the Fuel and Forage Department. In April was advanced to the rank of first-class private and placed in charge of the receiving and unloading of the forage received for the camp. On July 19, 1918, he was made sergeant in the Quartermaster Corps and was to have been made sergeant, first class, in September, but was transferred back to Camp Taylor to the Central Officers' Training School, September, 1918. He was in the sixth week of training, and would have graduated in another six weeks, when the armistice was signed. The men in these training schools were given the option of going into civil life immediately or going on and finishing their course and taking a commission in the United States Reserve Corps. He elected to take a discharge and was discharged November, 1918. He graduated from Purdue University in 1913.

Ralph L. Lochry enlisted into the Medical Reserve Corps September, 1917, receiving a commission as First Lieutenant. He went into training at Fort Benjamin Harrison at Indianapolis, Indiana, with the Base Hospital made up of Indianapolis men and known as the Lilly Base Hospital. The hospital left Indianapolis for France the last of November, 1917, sailing on the steamer George Washington, and arriving in

France a day or two before Christmas. The hospital name was changed to Base Hospital No. 32 just before it left Indianapolis. On April 10, 1918, he was transferred to a French evacuation hospital and sent up near the front where the wounded were given their first hospital attention. Here he experienced all the thrills that go with being under shell fire and being bombed from aircraft, their hospital being attacked at one time, making it necessary to vacate it. The first of July he was transferred to Base Hospital No. 116, where he remained until October 1st, when he was assigned to Red Cross Military Hospital No. 4, Mossley Hill, Liverpool, England. He was at this place when the armistice was signed.

He graduated from Indiana University in 1912 and from the Indiana Medical College in 1914.

When Fanny Lochry married Fred Small she went to the state of Washington to live. She died there, leaving one daughter, Frances, who came to her uncle's home near Franklin. She spent four years in Purdue University, graduating in June, 1919.

The children of Matilda Forsyth and George Bridges lost heavily when the First National Bank of Franklin failed in 1877.

Margaret Forsyth was married in Kentucky in 1824 at the age of fourteen years. She ran away from school the day of her wedding. Returning, she passed near her home where her mother was standing in the doorway, but the little girl had nothing to say to her, for she well knew her mother would not approve of her early marriage.

Margaret went at once to a little Kentucky cabin, where she began the duties of a pioneer homemaker. She came to Indiana a few years later, at the time when other Forsyths from Kentucky were coming. Soon she learned the art of taking the wool as it came from the sheep through all its stages of hand picking, coloring and weaving until it clothed her family. The habits of industry formed in her early life never left her, for she continued to knit, mold candles and bake in the old-fashioned way.

She was small in stature, and very quick in her movements. She was a woman of quiet character, with a dislike of ostentation. She had a natural pride in her appearance.

Her clothing was always of good material, neat and well-mended. Not a thing about her showed carelessness. Her black lace cap with a frill pleated at the side was always dainty and neatly tied under her chin with a black ribbon. All married women at the time of her marriage and years later wore caps. This was the insignia of her wedded state, and the young people called all who wore the cap old married people, no matter how young they might be.

Margaret was also careful in the management of her home. She never wasted anything. She had the ability to tell with comparative accuracy the amount of food required for each meal. She did not crumble bread nor throw away the crust. Sugar was not left in the coffee cup to be washed away.

Several orphan children were cared for in her home. She never lost her early ideals to essentials of character. For many years she gave to the Church of the Disciples her loyal support. She died in her home on the Bridges hill in Fayette County, Illinois, in January, 1885.

The name of her youngest child, George, will always be associated with the church, he having determined at the age of twenty to devote his life to the ministry. He held pastorates in Vandalia, Brownstown, Windsor, Versailles, Stanford and other towns in Illinois, and it was said of him that he built more churches and schoolhouses than any one in his county. It is related that at one time he persuaded men to go with him twenty miles for lumber, hauling it in a wagon, in order to build a church. He solicited all the funds, paid all the bills, and when the church was completed he preached for the congregation several years without pay. The last church built was on his own farm near Brownsville, for which he gave both the ground and his time.

George Bridges stood for the right always, and was uncompromisingly loyal to the principles in which he had faith. Few men of his modest type represented so much in the life of the community. He worked unceasingly against the traffic in intoxicants, being convinced that it was wrong to sell a thing so destructive to the morals of those who indulged in its use. His work he did quietly and without display. He was loyal to his friends, devoted to his family, and generous to all who needed his help.

Margaret Bridges' eldest daughter, Margaret Sarah, married Doctor Cobb in Johnson County in 1849. She died in Nineveh and was buried near her great-grandmother, Margaret Forsyth.

Homer D. Bridges, son of Reverend George Bridges, enlisted for service in the U. S. Army in August, 1917, at Fort Sheridan, in Battery A, 149th Field Artillery, with the 42nd or Rainbow Division. Two months later he sailed from Hoboken, New Jersey, for France. He was trained under the supervision of the French until February twenty-second, when he went into the trenches and fought on different fronts until he was gassed in October, 1918, on the Argonne front. He was sent to the hospital and in January, 1919, sent back to the United States and discharged. He was corporal from September, 1917, until his discharge.

Everett and Bland Richardson, great grandsons of Margaret and William Bridges, were drafted into the army, but, due to the war closing, were not sent overseas.

Alvin Darnell, grandson of Reverend George Bridges, enlisted at Camp Pike in February, 1918, and was transferred to Company 335, F. A., 87th Division, as third-class musician, and promoted to band corporal. He sailed for Liverpool in August, and was promoted to band sergeant in France. In December and January he was stationed at St. Loubes, a small town twelve miles from Bordeaux.

A brother, Ross Darnell, was drafted in September before the close of the war. He was in the 11th Casual Company of Engineers.

Cecil Bridges, the youngest son of George Bridges, was in the last draft of the United States, and was in Camp Custer, Michigan, when the armistice was signed.

Edward Thornton Gerding was field traffic officer for the navy, stationed at Philadelphia during the war, and was also employed at Camp Jackson, South Carolina, over the boys and their camp.

Paul R. Gerding was a Lieutenant, 3rd Company, 6th Development Battalion, 156th Depot Brigade, and was in an officers' training camp at Little Rock, Arkansas.

The above officers and soldiers of the war are grandsons and great-grandsons of William and Margaret Bridges.

Mary, the fourth child of James and Jennie Sturgeon Forsyth, married in 1827 at the home of her birth on Floyde's Fork, Jacob E. Core (1801-58), a young man of twenty-six years. He had been born in Pennsylvania. Later his family moved to Ohio and then into Kentucky. His father was a native of Germany. Jacob Core was a miller and wheelwright, owning and operating a mill on Floyde's Fork.



Mary Forsyth Core, Jacob Core, Matilda Core Hamilton

In October, 1830, Mary and Jacob Core, with their young son, William, journeyed to Johnson County, Indiana. They bought land in Union township from the government. Their new farm was a virgin forest, not a tree having been felled from it. Their log house, with its puncheon floor, its fireplace and its "latchstring through the door" required but little time for building, and Mary Forsyth Core was soon cooking in the kettle "hanging on the pot-hook and swinging

from the crane," and baking Johnny-cake in front of the roaring fire.

All around the cabin was a wilderness. A more dismal and gloomy outlook for a winter could hardly be imagined. Well-beaten paths through the forest told of Indians and the wild animal life there. All through the winter, as the weather would permit, Mary's husband was felling trees and burning the timber that he might be able when summer came to cultivate the rich virgin soil that lay beneath. Many beautiful trees grew upon the farm and some of the finest were spared. For many years a fine old poplar stood guard at the gateway. This tree was reverently spared by the settlers' ax because of its shape and beauty. The trunk was tall and studded with branches large and small, a perfect tree nobly spared by the many storms that swept the state. Across a range of hills it could be seen from the home of Mary's brother, Thomas, more than a mile distant.

The wild life in the forests in those days would bring terror to the faint-hearted. Bears and wildcats were numerous, as were packs of wolves. The panther, or catamount, was perhaps the most dangerous, but was less frequently seen. Every family kept dogs for the protection they gave. Wolves were so bold that they would come right up to the house and often give battle to the dogs. There were often nights when Jacob Core was compelled to be away from home. Sometimes he would go to help others clear land and return late at night. No wild animal caused him any feeling of fear, for on his shoulder he carried a musket for protection. (This old musket is in the possession of his grandson, Winfield Core.)

On these occasions Mary would barricade the door so that no beast could break in. In the thick forest the sun would hardly touch a cabin even at midday, and as night approached, the wolves, growing hungry, would come and get under the house, which of course had no foundation, and fight with the dogs. In their frenzy the dogs would often raise the puncheons in her floor while trying to get away from the wolves. Many an evening while waiting for the return of her husband, with only her babies and a small colored boy*

* This boy belonged to Mary Core in Kentucky, and when she left there he refused to stay behind. She brought him with her and kept him for two years. At the end of that time she took him back as he had grown homesick for the old home.

for companions. Mary has sat with fear and trembling listening to the howling of the wolves and the barking of the dogs.

Many years of bravery, patience, perseverance and sacrifice passed and the forests had given way to fields of rich golden grain, the ox team to well-kept horses, and the humble cabin to a comfortable home. This cabin after ninety years still stands where Jacob Core built it. When the new house was built the cabin was weather-boarded on the outside. The new house was near the site of the old cabin, near what was called the Martinsville road. It stood back among a group of trees, approached by a path through trees and shrubs, a white frame house in a setting of green. A rural home like this must have been pictured in the mind of James Whitcomb Riley when he wrote of the "simple old frame house and its sweet old apple tree."

Mary had a wonderful poultry yard that was the delight of the children who visited her. Here they made the acquaintance of the vain peacock strutting around among the other barnyard fowls, often with his head turned that he might look at his own beautiful plumage. Many a brush for fighting the house fly was made from his long, bright-colored feathers. The children also heard here—

The clacking of guineas and the clucking of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence.

Hunting guinea eggs was a sport they all enjoyed, for it is a half wild fowl and delights to hide its nest in out-of-the-way places among logs and stumps. They never forgot to observe the tradition that no hand must go into a guinea's nest lest the mother hen refuse to lay her eggs there again, and that the eggs must always be rolled out of the nest with a stick. Near the house was a well, the typical old-fashioned one with a windlass and an "old oaken bucket that hung in the well."

There were eleven children in this family and the management of the sturdy growing flock often taxed the strength of Mary Core. Her husband died in June, 1858, and she was left to assume the cares of her family alone. Hers was not an easy life. An accident to her oldest son, William, made him an invalid for many years. This saddened her life and added to her cares and anxieties.

In appearance Mary Core was a small, delicate, dark-

haired woman with a mild plaintive face. She was quiet and unassuming in manner, and her patient but courageous spirit looked out from her eyes. She knew what it was to give her life for others; to live entirely for those she loved. She was a member of the Stotts Creek Baptist Church.

Two of her children were born in Kentucky. Henry Guthrie died there. William came with his parents to Indiana. When a young man he met with an accident which caused an invalidism for the rest of his life, and only on a very few occasions was he ever away from his home again.

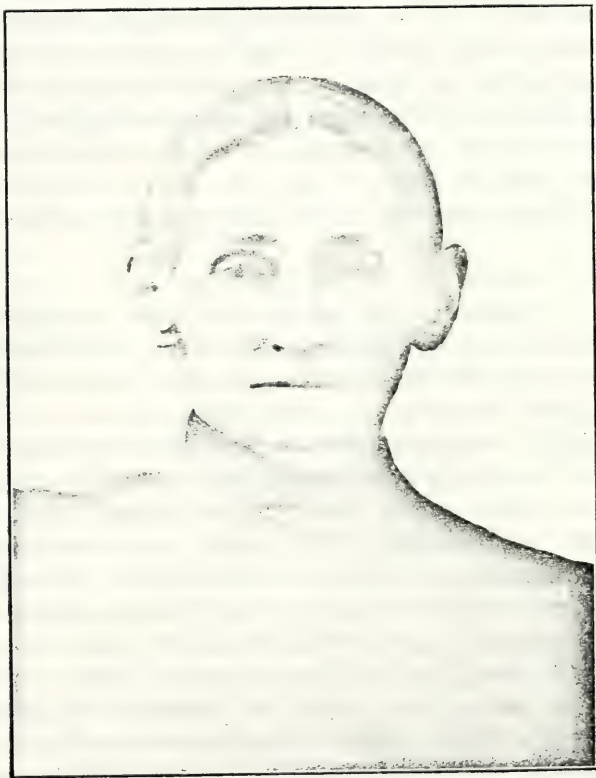
About one mile away from the Core homestead in Union township is an old historic Presbyterian Church that has outlived its membership. It was one of the first built in the township, and was in advance of its time. It is called Shiloh. In its flourishing days its influence molded for good the entire community. It was here that Mary Jane Core when a young girl went to church. In those days Johnson County children were compelled by dire necessity to practice economy in the care of their clothing, and Mary Jane, together with her brothers and other children in the neighborhood, would walk within a short distance of the church carrying their shoes, and on their return would again remove them, thus adding to the length of their service.

Mary Jane was an attractive young girl, keen, cheerful, energetic, and full of the joy of living. She was a friend of all the young people of her acquaintance, and when responsibilities later changed their lives and hers they did not forget nor lose interest in one who had been the source of so much joy in their earlier years.

During these years Mary Jane had her portion in the privations and drudgery of a pioneer farm. She was eighteen years of age in 1851 when she married James Porter Forsyth and assumed the place of a mother in the true sense of the word to his two small boys. She worked and planned for them just as she did for her own, and was always interested in whatever concerned them. She very early became a member of the Union Christian Church, but her religion consisted in doing well the duties lying nearest her.

She had the ability to accomplish things. Time with her was valuable and not to be wasted. Daylight meant achievement, and long before the sun rose she was ready for the

day's activities. She always found time to do what she wished, and no one ever heard her complain that her duties were too many or burdensome. She was alert and active, both in body and mind, and managed to accomplish a great deal without those around her realizing how much she was doing. However, she was never so busy but that she could give a warm welcome to all who came into her home.



Mary Jane Core Forsyth

One of her grandsons, now grown into manhood, says the "dearest memories of his life are of week-end visits to her home, which was a fairyland of pioneer lore." In the long, low log house there was an air of home-life, of peace, and of simple comfort such as only a great mother can bring. The memory of her generous slices of snowy bread and golden butter, and of her sitting in her low hickory rocking chair,

knitting before a huge log fire which blazed and crackled in the old-fashioned fireplace, bring to mind the kind of a home that Riley has pictured in his "Out to Old Aunt Mary's." Mary Jane weighed less than one hundred pounds, and her friends sometimes said of her that she did not have time to gain flesh.

She was not inclined to visit nor did she ever travel, her life being wholly devoted to her home and its interests, but when she went to church or elsewhere, she was there on time. This ability to avoid being late in a home where there was so much to be accomplished was largely due to her orderly, methodical management and her habit of never putting aside things that could be done in advance of the time needed. Every garment for her family was brought out and carefully inspected during the evening before she expected to go to church.

Jane Forsyth was clean of speech. So careful was she that she would not use the word liar in conversation. It had a tinge of coarseness, and Jane Forsyth was never coarse.

In a little log schoolhouse, with a greased paper window for light, and seats of rough puncheons without backs, James and John Core received their pioneer education. This house stood near the village of Bud. When out of school their boyhood days were spent helping their father clear his land, making rails and doing other work necessary for the cultivation of the soil. James lived all his life in Johnson County. When he married in 1857 he went to housekeeping in Nineveh township. He was one of the industrious farmers of Johnson County. After he had spent the best part of his life accumulating the property he hoped would care for him in his last years, he signed notes as surety, and lost it all.

His married life was a very happy one. The genial, sympathetic spirit that pervaded the family life even when misfortune came to them showed their loyalty and devotion toward one another. They were members of the Franklin Presbyterian Church. Caroline Parkhurst Core died in 1914.

John Core was a successful farmer and stock dealer, and had accumulated considerable property. In 1872, he, like his brother, signed his partner's note for a large sum of money. It was the old story of the security debt. In a few days he had lost it all, and his home went in the crash. He possessed

a dauntless courage and perseverance and overcame many difficulties. After his mother's death he bought the old home farm, where he went to live. It was here in 1879 that his wife died. After fifteen years' residence he sold the home and moved near Franklin, where his second daughter, Mary, died. Later he went to Indianapolis. He was a member of the Central Avenue Methodist Church. The last five years of his life he was confined to the house, where he was cared for by his daughters, Mellie and Olive.

Mellie was for the greater part of her life in very delicate health. She was her father's housekeeper. With a sweetness of spirit her life was lived gently and quietly in her home. She was a member of the College Avenue Baptist Church.

Olive received her education in the public schools of Franklin and Butler College. She was for a number of years an efficient bookkeeper for the Woolworth store in Indianapolis. In August, 1918, she went to Newcastle, Indiana, as manager of the Woolworth store in that city.

Winfield Scott Core is a farmer living near Whiteland, Indiana. His son, Carl Bynum, is an alumnus of Franklin College. He did post-graduate work in the University of Iowa, and was principal of the high school at Odebolt, Iowa, for three years. In 1917 he became superintendent of the schools of Germania, Iowa, but resigned the following April and entered as a private from Indiana in the United States Army. After two months' training in Camps Taylor and Sheridan, he was sent to France with the 37th Division, Military Police, and was there transferred to the 5th Army Corps, which consisted of the 26th, 29th and 82d Divisions. He was stationed at Nogent, only a few miles from the German lines, for several weeks, and saw active service as an M. P. for fifty-four days in the Argonne drive. In March, 1919, he was sent to Brussels in the M. P. service. After his return to the United States he was sent to Newton, Iowa, where he is employed as teacher of science in the schools there. Fraternally, he is a Mason.

Randolph Core has always been interested in agriculture. After taking a course in the Indianapolis Business College he became assistant manager of Schlosser Brothers stock farm near Plymouth, Indiana. Later he was a teacher in the agricultural school at Mooseheart, Illinois; also had

charge of the Purdue stock experiment station for some time. He is now (1920) located on the Hoosier registered stock farm near Franklin.

Helen Marguerite Core attended Franklin College and the Central Normal College at Danville, Indiana. She is a teacher in the Whiteland schools. Ruth Naomi Core has made a remarkable record in school. She finished the grades in seven years, and high school in three years. She entered Franklin College at the age of sixteen.

William Fyfield Core received his education in the Franklin schools and Butler College. When war was declared with Spain in 1898, he enlisted with the 158th Indiana Volunteer Infantry as sergeant in A Company, and served throughout the war. In 1900 he went to Michigan, where he was engaged in mercantile business. Later he moved to Salt Lake City, where he is manager of a real estate business. He has traveled extensively in the United States, having visited thirty-seven states in ten years and crossed the continent twelve times. During this time he established stores in different cities for the Woolworth Company.

His wife is of Quaker parentage, born in Knightstown, Indiana, and was educated there. She later took up primary Sunday-school work, in which she spent five years in special training for teaching.

The same spirit of patriotism shown by the father when his country needed his service, was also manifested by the son, William Dewey, who was two weeks old when his father entered the Spanish-American War. He had just finished the Salt Lake City high school, and was ready to enter the university when he enlisted, at the age of nineteen, in the late war. He was sergeant of the 146th Utah Artillery and was trained in Camp Kearney, Linda Vista, California. During the summer of 1918 he was sent to France, where he attended the officers' training school at Samur. The war closing, he did not see active service.

Harry C. Core, son of George Core, was a corporal in Company A, 4th Machine Gun Battalion, 2nd Division, American Expeditionary Forces. He was sent to France and went into the trenches in April, 1918. He saw service with a machine gun company until June, when he was taken sick and sent to the hospital.

Cecil Selch, a grandson of Jacob and Eliza Layman Core, entered the U. S. A. in September, 1917, and was sent to Camp Taylor for training. He was assigned to the 151st Regiment, Company M, 38th Division, and was sent to France and was with division 18th Infantry when he went to the front. He was in the battle of Soissons continuously for five days and in the St. Mihiel offensive and the Meuse-Argonne

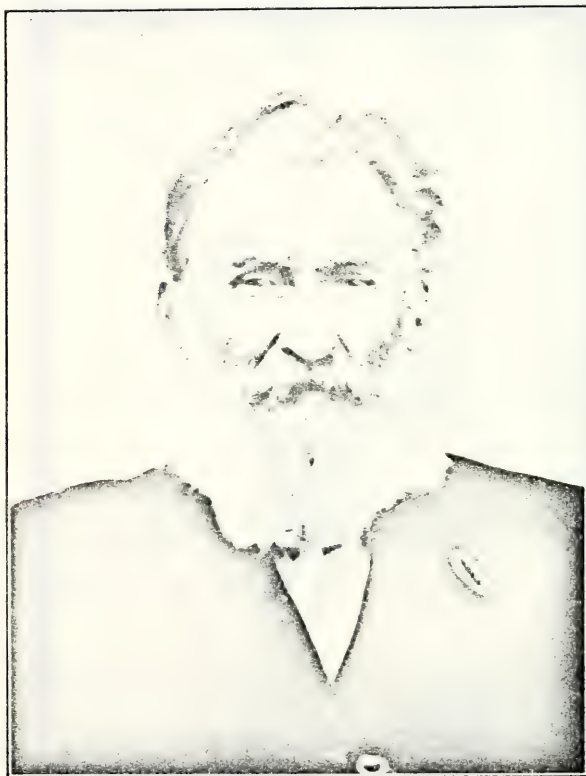


Margaret Core Utterback

for two weeks, and after being relieved for rest returned to the Meuse-Argonne November 8th and was there when the war ended. November 12th he started with his company in the march to Germany, a distance of three hundred miles. He crossed the Moselle River into Germany December 1st, and the Rhine the 13th, the division being the first American troops to go into Germany. Cecil was awarded the Croix de Guerre with citation after accompanying an assaulting party

under violent machine gun fire in the Soissons offensive the latter part of July, 1918. He was called one of the bravest men in the company.

David Jacob Core grew to manhood while in the old Core homestead. He was married in 1865, and his children were all born in Johnson County. The family moved to Morgan County in 1882, and from there to Daviess County in 1888.



David Core

Here he bought a farm that was a virgin forest, and on it he spent the last twenty-six years of his life. He cleared the land of trees and stumps, made the rails that fenced it, built the farm buildings and drained the land. He made it productive and in return it supported him in ease and comfort in his old age.

Robert Jacob, his eldest son, began teaching school before he was seventeen years of age. He was ready for the sopho-

more year in Indiana University when he began his work as teacher. He taught continuously for twelve years with the exception of one year which he spent in the university. More than half of this time he was principal of schools in Johnson, Morgan and Daviess Counties. In 1904 he removed with his family to Outlook, Washington. He purchased an irrigated ranch in the Yakima Valley, where they now reside.



Robert Jacob Core

His daughter, Ruby, finished her education in Outlook, where she later married and has since lived on a ranch near Outlook. Susie Core received her college training in the State University of Washington, and in the State Normal School at Ellenburg. She holds a teacher's state certificate for the state of Washington. Since 1912 she has served as principal in the schools of the state. In September, 1918, she received an appointment from the government to teach at Balboa in

the Panama Canal zone. She spent the Christmas vacation cruising down the coast of South America and up the Chagres River far into the tropical jungles. She visited a native village where a white woman had never been seen. She is an accomplished musician, and is fond of horseback riding and swimming.



Susie Core

Leslie Core graduated from the Outlook high school with the highest honors in his class. He represented the school in the state oratorical contest that won the championship over the twelve high schools of the entire Yakima Valley. He entered the United States Army at Camp Fremont near San Francisco in September, 1918, and was assigned to Company G, 12th Infantry. His regiment was sent to Camp Mills near New York. They had their overseas equipment issued to them, had their packs made up and were ready to board

the troop ship when the armistice was signed, and orders came not to embark. After his discharge Leslie purchased a ranch near Outlook.

Lew S. Core, second son of David Core, did high school work at Martinsville and Danville, Indiana. He held a license to teach when sixteen years old, and taught for twenty-three



Lew Core, Ruth Core

years, working on a farm during the summer, clearing the land and draining it. In 1910 he was nominated for auditor of Daviess County, Indiana, on the Democratic ticket and was elected by a large majority. The county is normally Republican. He held the office for six years, after which he returned to his farm near Oden.

His daughter, Cleo, is well educated. She attended the State Normal at Terre Haute, and held a license to teach when fifteen years of age. From that time she was continu-

ously in school as teacher and student in the State Normal and Business College at Terre Haute until 1912. She then entered the county auditor's office as her father's deputy, where she remained four years. The next two years she spent first in school at Valparaiso and Chicago and later as teacher in Tyrone, Pennsylvania, and in a business college in Plainfield, New Jersey. She was married in July, 1918.



Cleo Core

Her husband Roderick Wright, is an aviator employed by the government to do experimental work at the Hampton, Virginia, field during the war. He is secretary of the Graham Aviation Corporation in Evansville, Indiana, and has had a wide experience as an aviator.

Ruth, the youngest child of Lew Core, is a student in the state university at Bloomington, Indiana.

Among the Forsyths whom we delight to honor, and whose memory we desire to preserve, is James, the fifth child of James and Jennie Sturgeon Forsyth. There are many who remember him and his pleasing personality. He was a young man of nineteen years when he came to Indiana. On February 16, 1837, he married Ellen Ragsdale. She was a sister of Mary Ragsdale, whom his brother, Thomas, married. They



Jefferson A. Core

were daughters of Frederick* and Sarah Hunter Ragsdale. Although James had no children of his own, he was very fond of children, and they were delighted with him, for he always took an interest in their sports. He was devoted to his

* Frederick Ragsdale was the son of Godfrey Ragsdale, who served prominently in the war of the Revolution. He left William and Mary's college to enter the army. He came with his parents to the United States from Scotland. They landed on the coast of Virginia in the spring of 1774. After the war Godfrey came to Kentucky, and married Elizabeth Mitchell of Covington. His body rests under the corner of Long Run Church in Jefferson County, Kentucky.

nephews and nieces to whom he was always companionable, and by them he was much loved. His cheery temperament inspired the love of the young, and his wholesome interest in whatever concerned them kept his heart youthful, and made him quite as many friends among the young as those of more mature years.



James Forsyth

Viola Eaton, a niece of his wife, came into his home at the age of six years and remained there until her marriage. During these years she was his petted favorite and his almost hourly companion. There was not a place on his farm that this child did not go with him. He loved her as his own daughter, and took pride in her education. To her he was all that was fine, noble and good. Below is a tribute to him written by her the last year of her life, which shows the esteem in which she held him:

Down the lineal line of David Forsyth, the first came James, a grandson of David. He was a Kentuckian, a loyal and blue-blooded son of the soil. A man of fine ideals and sterling qualities. Honesty and honor were his watchword, clean in thought and speech, kind of heart, sympathetic almost to a fault. As no children were given to him and his wife, it is the unspeakable pleasure of one who knew him as a father to record some traits in his splendid character. It is quite common for the heart to grow old. We are sometimes made sorry for one who has allowed time to rob him of the delightful things that life offers—the sweet spirit, the happy laugh and jolly nature that draws children and young people to him. Uncle James was loved and revered by the young people of his church, in the neighborhood and among my young friends. He was ideal in spirit, young in heart, firm in purpose, all culminating in a Christian character of which any one might be proud. He never grew angry, never impatient, never scolded, seldom reproved, but usually found some way to win me to do what he wanted through my love for him. He was my comrade through many happy years.

Those who were children when they visited him will not forget the spring from which the water was taken that was used in his home. This spring was reached by a picturesque path through forest trees and over a winding stream fed by the spring. This was a circular basin, small but deep, and filled around with stones. The bottom was covered with gravel which sparkled beneath the water when the sunbeams touched it. All will remember how cheerily he called to them to come and go with him to the spring. How quickly he walked, laughing and talking all the time to the children at his heels. A long-handled gourd dipper was always at the spring, and no water ever tasted so good from any other drinking cup. The water was ever clear, cold and unfailing. Wells might dry up, but never Uncle James' spring.

The serenity and sweetness of his daily life are a beautiful memory and a lasting inspiration to all those who came under his influence. It is one of the best rewards of a life such as he lived, that it leavens all other lives that come in close touch with it and lifts their thoughts to higher levels. His character was marked with simplicity of manners and sympathy with fine ideals. With a gentleness and dignity that were seldom ever ruffled he combined a winning speech and manner that made every one whom he met a friend.

His house, which stood back of a grove of forest trees, was the embodiment of the ideal Kentucky home. In it there was genuine hospitality.

The following was taken from a notice in the Franklin press at the time of his death: "Mr. Forsyth was one of Johnson County's oldest and best citizens. It was by the industry and integrity of such men as he that our country with all its resources of wealth and intelligence has emerged from the wilderness that it was when Mr. Forsyth first came to it. He was successful in acquiring wealth and was liberal in his contributions to worthy causes. He was a firm friend of Franklin College, and was for several years a member of the college board. He contributed liberally to the support of the institution, and the college owes him a debt of gratitude. His portrait hangs on its chapel walls."

For several years he was president of the First National Bank at Franklin. In 1877 owing to a misuse of the funds by the cashier the bank failed. This had a far-reaching effect upon the people of Johnson County. James lost heavily but had in part recovered from the loss at the time of his death.

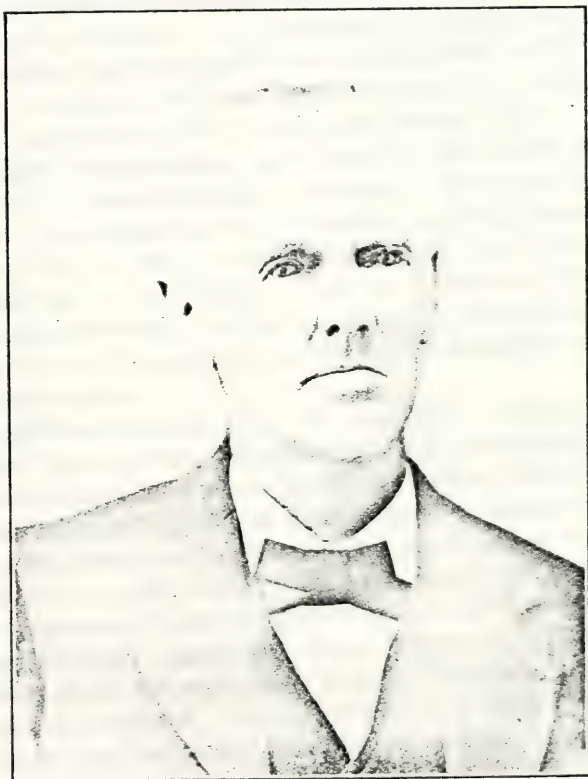
He was always a thrifty man, and the habit of wasting anything that was useful he never acquired. In no other instance did he show his Scotch characteristics more than in his careful management. His thrift was temperamental rather than acquired.

He had a greater humor than his brother, Thomas, but was like him in that whatever he had in his home or on his farm must be the best he could obtain. He never purchased a poor article of anything. This trait seemed to belong to all the early Forsyths. James Forsyth loaned money to young and old, and he never made it hard for the borrower. Through this help many a man was enabled to buy and pay for his home.

He was a member of the First Mt. Pleasant Baptist Church located four miles southwest of Franklin. He was baptized into its fellowship in 1843 by John Reese, a noted and able minister of the church at that time. He was early ordained as a deacon and for more than forty years was one of the strongest supporters of the church. He shared in its struggles and early development, serving it as trustee, elder and as leader in its singing and other services. He was at all times a liberal contributor to all its needs helping it to become one of the strong forces for good in the community. In view of

the church in its great solitude has been laid to its everlasting rest all that could die of such a character.

The honors that came to him were unsought and were but the spontaneous recognition of his exceptional worth as a gifted, upright, high-minded gentleman, unspoiled by prosperity, democratic in his tastes, sweet-natured, faithful. To those who knew him well his own character and all that he achieved are his best memorials.



Thomas Forsyth

Thomas Forsyth, the second son and sixth child of James Forsyth and Jennie Sturgeon Forsyth, was born near Floyde's Fork, Jefferson County, Kentucky, January 23, 1816. His father died when he was five years old. His three sisters, according to the custom of that day, married early, and left him to take a daughter's as well as a son's place in the home. Thus when a child he was trained not only in outdoor farm work

but in all the known arts of domestic science. While Blake, the poet and artist, had not yet written the inspirational sentiment, "Who sweeps a room make that and the action fine," there is no doubt that his sweeping, cooking and dairying were finely done. In later years when he was left alone with a family of small children this accomplishment served him in good stead. His children remember all his housekeeping, including even the baking, as superior in neatness and quality.

When he was sixteen his mother sold the home in Kentucky and moved to Indiana. In Kentucky the family owned slaves. Thomas often told of a black man he had sold for five hundred dollars. With part of this money he bought in Indiana three hundred and fifty acres of rich government land. The Forsyths from the beginning have always been lovers and tillers of the soil. Thomas was no exception. He was an adorer of nature. The springing turf beneath his feet, the great trees overhead and all the manifold aspects of the great mother's face filled him with delight. This intense love of the outdoor world, together with his joy in his work made him not only content to be a farmer all his days, but brought him success in his chosen line.

In 1837 he married Mary R. Ragsdale, daughter of Frederick and Sarah Hunter Ragsdale. One year later he and his bride moved to a farm he owned three miles west of Trafalgar. He lived in this homestead until two years before his death. He was of a home loving nature and never cared to travel far from his own four walls. He was never in but the three states—Indiana, Kentucky and Illinois. In the latter state at different times he visited his sister, Margaret Forsyth Bridges. He returned to his childhood home in Kentucky once after a forty years' absence. The house that had sheltered him when a boy had been torn away, leaving only the foundation stones. He recalled exactly the location of the old spring from which as a boy he had carried many hundreds of buckets of water. He stood on the site of the old house, with his brother James, who did not believe he could recall its location, and looking down the hill near where a fine oak tree stood (grown since he had left) said, "There's where it used to be when I was a boy." Hallowed with memories and associations that touched the heart, what scenes this trip must have recalled.

His first visit to Indianapolis was made in the early sixties when he and others were subpoenaed to attend a trial taken there by a change of venue. This was a great event and much talked of in the neighborhood. It was the general feeling that it would be a hardship for these men to be compelled to leave their homes for several days and make this trip of twenty-five miles. The impression this visit had on some of those who had never seen the city was similar to that of Judge Keaton of Nineveh, Indiana, who, after walking for the first time through Washington street of Indianapolis, said: "It is impossible for all of the people going up and down that street to have business." Thomas Forsyth was not only contented to stay at home but he was so interested in his work that he was unwilling to hand it over to hirelings. He was like the Hillock farmer in Scotland, who said to some tourists, "You can travel aroun' the world just as you please, while I maun work on because I cannot afford to stop;" when in reality he was worth fifty thousand dollars and could have bought out the tourists.

Thomas Forsyth bought three hundred and fifty acres of his farm from the government. The land lying north of the road in Union township he bought from Judge Robert Moore, father of the late J. J. Moore, paying him five dollars per acre. The same Scotch energy and vision that changed the River Clyde from a sluggish stream to the greatest of commercial highways changed his farm from its primitive condition to the perfect state of cultivation. Everything was trim and in order; crops clean and free from weeds; every hill of corn planted in a straight line; fences in perfect repair. Thomas Forsyth was quick in his movements, and though a small man did a prodigious amount of work. He fenced his entire farm himself, even to cutting down the trees and splitting the rails. When one looked at the farm in its perfection and reflected upon the amount of time, labor, strength and thought expended to turn it from its primitive state, one was reminded of the story of the American sailing down the River Clyde and comparing it disparagingly to the Hudson, Mississippi, and Ohio Rivers. The Scotch sailor listened to the eulogy till he was tired, then said: "Ye hae grand rivers nadout, and I wadna misdoot a word ye hae said, but ye maun

min' that God made the rivers ye speak o' but we made the Clyde." So with Thomas Forsyth's farm one was inclined to think that God made the soil but Thomas made the farm.

A fine taste that could at once detect the good from the bad was innate in him. Only the best satisfied him. Whatever he chose must be of the best; whatever he did must be done in the best way known. The cattle he bought for his farm must be choice and the pasture on which they grazed must be the finest that cultivation could produce. He had a strong aversion to white cattle, and would not have one on his farm. Only his children knew that he did not consider them a fine breed.

Nothing was ever allowed to be wasted on his farm, even the crumbs from his table must be fed to the chickens or thrown to the birds. Time also was precious and was not to be wasted. His children must read or work at something useful. He himself never idled away a moment, and this industry and thrift, coupled with perseverance and energy, were at the root of his success. He was a most methodical man, and his regular habits were never more manifest than when he was away from home. Four o'clock in the afternoon was the correct time to start for home whether he was away on business or on a visit. The whole day had been one of as much regularity as if spent at his usual tasks.

He was very considerate of all animals. How carefully he drove his carriage horses. They were never tired. Surely, if horses think, they must often have thought their lives had fallen in pleasant places. He was their friend and they knew it. After he no longer drove a carriage and most of his children were gone, a man wanted to buy one of the horses. After being assured that the horse would have good care he let him go. Two years later this horse was found standing at the gate as if begging to get inside. With tears in his eyes Thomas hastily opened the gate and gave the old horse a hearty welcome.

There is no part of his farm so filled with happy memories as the old sugar camp. It was a great winter picnic-ground for his children who were ever alert in the early spring for the first sap to come, and were usually the first to discover it and excitedly to break the news, "The sugar water is running." Then their father would take the sap buckets which had been stored and begin cleaning them. He superintended

all the preparations in his calm manner. The farm sled was brought out, and strong planks laid over it to haul the buckets and collect the sap from the trees. The ride over the hills, falling off occasionally on the soft ground, was the delight of the children. The hills, the clear sky of the early spring, the crisp air, the sunshine and roaring camp-fire, the pure sap dripping in the clean buckets, all made a scene of irresistible allurements and exhilaration. Their father tapped the trees himself, drove in the clean spikes and placed the clean buckets underneath to catch the sap.

An earlier method of catching the water was the hewn trough. These were made from blocks of wood about two and a half feet in length, cut from the body of a tree. They were split in the center and hewn out leaving a trough of two or three gallons' capacity. These troughs were turned on their faces at the close of the season, and left for the next year's use.

After the kettles were filled and the fire kindled it was never allowed to go out until the water had been boiled into syrup, even if the work had to be continued into the night. Thomas Forsyth was always busy cutting wood and watching the syrup so that it would be the proper thickness. His maple syrup was famed for its thickness and excellent flavor. The writer still thinks that his syrup was the best she ever tasted. Making maple sugar was another joyous moment of the day's work. Every child was ready with his spoon and saucer for the sugaring off time.

A happy summer-time memory is of his watermelon patch. Every season it was there. Each morning during the season he went into that patch and gathered in all the ripe melons putting them in the milk-house by the well to get cool. Those carried in the day before were brought out and cut, and every child made happy by the luscious fruit. During the many winter days when they were all shut indoors he would often get a large jar of hickory nuts gathered from his own trees, many of which are still standing. Out by the old kitchen fireplace he would sit and crack the nuts until every one near had feasted upon their rich kernels.

Every spot of the old home is hallowed with the sense of contentment and peace which he inspired. The writer can not recall ever seeing him angry. His quiet, forceful manner in-

spired his children with respect, and obedience was the result without necessity of punishment. He was an extremely just man, believing in fair play and practising it in every relation of life. He taught by example and precept a love of truth and contempt of a lie. He was a living example to his children of uprightness and honor. One experience exemplifying his fair treatment of his children is indelibly written upon the memory of the writer.

Every farmer owned a maul made from a knot of hard wood. It was used to drive a wedge into timber as a help in splitting it into wood and rails. It was a laborious process to make by hand the handle for this maul. Great care had to be taken to select the right wood, then it must be scraped and polished until it was as bright and smooth as glass. Thomas had made a new one and put it away for future use. The writer chanced upon the maul and its glistening handle attracted her. Taking a knife she cut and slashed the glossy surface until weary of the pastime. She forgot all about her whittling until she heard her father call each of her younger brothers and ask if they had whittled his maul handle. Each in turn replied in the negative. The writer was sure she would be called next and have to confess that the guilt was hers. But the father evidently did not suspect his daughter and she was never questioned. The remarkable part of this incident is that he accepted the reply of his sons as the truth and final, and made no further inquiry into the disfigurement of his maul. A mutual trust between father and son was the result of such treatment. Upon the bosom of the stream whose deep waters run still are reflected all the beauties of the world about. At varying times and seasons upon its surface lie the blue sky, the sun, moon and stars, the waving trees, the nodding flowers and overhanging willows. So with the memory of the life of this deep tranquil man. His children looking into that depth and peace see reflected all the lovely joys of childhood, all the aspirations and ideals that have made them what they are.

His children's memories of the home cluster around him the more because he was through the formative years of their lives both father and mother to them. On November 14, 1864, only a few months before the close of the Civil War his wife died of typhoid fever. He was a reticent man and never

talked of his sorrow to others, but without a murmur he faced the new responsibility of keeping a home for his children. The same invincible courage that carried his ancestors in triumph over difficulties, characterized his attitude in this sorrowful crisis. For seven years he lived alone with them and if he suffered trials, perplexity and grief he kept it to himself. It was the privilege of but one to get very close to his inner life, and that was his son-in-law, William H. Jeffries. The latter's genial, frank, sunny nature penetrated that screen of reticence. They enjoyed and understood each other. "He was closer to me than any man living," Thomas declared when the light of that great soul went out.

Thomas Forsyth was a man who accepted the inevitable without complaint or resentment. He was of a dignified, self-reliant nature. His name was synonymous with prudence, honor and integrity. There was no affectation or imitation in his manners, but true simplicity. He was a quiet man, averse to every kind of parade. Fine ideals ruled his life. He had a deep and abiding interest in the church and her teachings. His faith in the great truths of Christianity was the influence that molded his life. He enjoyed entertaining the minister in his home, and held the preaching profession in high esteem. He loved a good sermon and was an interested attendant at the church services.

In 1872 he married Malinda Garrison. Her two daughters, Ella and May, became much attached to him, and especially was there sympathy and love between him and May. His second wife died leaving him again alone. He lived on at the old homestead where he was happiest. His children had married and gone into homes of their own, but he remained until two years before his death when ill health compelled him to go to his son, James Harvey, where he died in May, 1900.

It is possible to condense into a few sentences the events of any life, but the things that count for most can not be enumerated in brief biographies. Thomas Forsyth was always the kindly, cultivated gentleman. His successes were uniformly the outcome of quiet self-mastery and unassuming faithfulness. He believed with Emerson that "The reward of a thing well done is to have done it."

The wisest man could ask no more of fate
Than to be simple, modest, manly, true,
Safe from the many, honored by the few,
Nothing to court in church, or world or state,
But inwardly in secret to be great.

While the parents of John Thomas Forsyth had only the meager village school education of their day, they believed in a broad and liberal one. They did much for themselves by reading and study; and, by example and conversation, led their children to an ideal of culture, and to feel in that day of hard work and small regard for intellectual pursuits, that obtaining an education was a laudable and practical ambition.

When John Thomas, the eldest son of the family, was seventeen, he was sent to Bethany College, Virginia. It was on the advice of J. C. Miller, for many years a minister in the Disciples Church, that Bethany was selected. Miller was at that time just entering his life work, and he saw in young Forsyth a man of promise. Alexander Campbell was president of Bethany College in 1855 when John Thomas entered the school. While here he became a member of the Christian or Disciples Church. This school period was an epochal time in his life. The Forsyths, with but few exceptions, had been Democrats. In Kentucky they had owned slaves and were not opposed to the institution. At college those questions of abolition and state's rights that eventually led to the Civil War, were being warmly discussed. These debates led him to see slavery in a new light, and he returned to his home convinced that it was wrong, and for the rest of his life he was a Republican.

After two years at Bethany he returned home and married Lucy H. Keaton of Nineveh, Indiana. His early married life was spent on the farm where his brother, James Harvey, afterward lived. This farm was the first Johnson County home for the poor. The house, a brick one of two rooms and painted white, stood some distance northeast of the present home of the late J. H. Forsyth. The approach to the house was through a grove of forest trees. In the winter John Thomas taught in the district schools. The college youth was not satisfied, however, with this rural life, so after some years he moved to Franklin, where he established a small commercial school. Ill health forced him to return to the country. He went into a pioneer cabin on a farm where his younger brother now lives. Through every part of the rude cabin he

could get the pure air he so much needed. When he grew better he returned to Franklin, but later purchased a dry goods store in Nineveh, where he lived for several years. From there he went to Indianapolis and at once became connected with the Baldwin music store. After some years he went into business for himself. In May, 1878, he met with an accident causing injuries that resulted in his death eighteen months later.

Such facts tell but meagerly the life of John Thomas Forsyth. He was a man that quietly and unassumingly went his way, but he had qualities that earned the highest esteem of all with whom he was associated. He was deeply appreciative of the really beautiful things of life, and of the influences that refine and build characters. Although he lived at a time of bitter religious debate on questions of church doctrine, he cared little for the discussions. He was firm in his own convictions and content to cherish his faith within his own soul, without display or argument. He was a man of fine appearance physically. He had a most kindly nature, but was reserved in manner. He could not share the deep thoughts and inner feelings of his nature with even his nearest friends. He held the respect and confidence of all those who knew him. His great ruling passion was for music. To his son, Clarence, who inherited his father's musical tastes, he gave every encouragement and help in cultivating this heaven-given talent. He was a man well worthy the pride his son had in his memory.

Clarence Forsyth, the only son of John Thomas, was born near Trafalgar in Johnson County and spent his early boyhood there and in Franklin and Nineveh, removing to Indianapolis with his parents about the year 1875. He received his early education at Butler College and began the training for his chosen profession in the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, later spending some years of study in Stuttgart, Berlin and Paris. In the fall of 1889 he founded the Indianapolis School of Music, the first of its kind in Indianapolis.

He was also the founder of the Portfolio club, composed of leading artists, musicians, writers and poets of Indiana. Among its charter members were James Whitcomb Riley, Meridith Nicholson, Booth Tarkington, T. C. Steele, William Forsyth and Dr. W. B. Fletcher.

He was especially well known as a composer of children's music, also of new music for old favorite songs. He felt himself intensely an American and a Hoosier and it was a cherished plan of some day to write a song to the gentle hills and lovely streams of Indiana, but no one had said for him in verse just what he wanted to express. Mr. Riley's work made a strong appeal to him and he wrote music for several of his well-known poems, among them "There, Little Girl, Don't Cry."

The vital quality of folk music always touched his enthusiasm and he took great pleasure in arranging a number of the old singing games published under the title of "Old Songs for Young America." In a set of piano study books he made extensive use of the folk music of different nations.

His compositions included piano pieces, songs and music for organ and stringed instruments. Many of his best compositions were unpublished.

Clarence Forsyth did not permit his own occupation to absorb all his interests. He was uncommonly well informed and alert to all public movements.

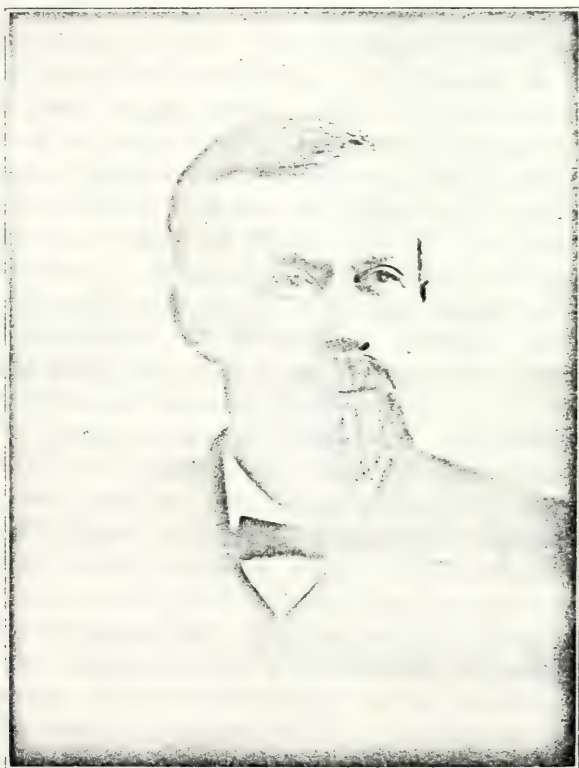
When he went to Irvington he foresaw a large suburban development. He bought what those who knew the ground thought a jungle along the banks of the stream, Pleasant Run. He laid it off in large lots and sold them with restricted building conditions. Upon one of these lots he built his own home. Under his plan a park-like settlement was developed there.

He was an extremely modest man, seldom playing in public. He always said there were few artists good enough to sing and play for the public, but there were many people who could be taught music for their own enjoyment and for the influence it had on their own lives and that most children should grow up under its influence.

The following lines are from the pen of Hilton U. Brown at the time of his death:

A useful and sterling citizen has passed away in the death of Clarence Forsyth. He was a musician of far more than ordinary talent and was more than a musician. His interests were numerous and always soundly expressed. Had he sought the limelight he might have been famous. But he preferred the quiet but effective work of a teacher. He had a fine scorn for mere personal publicity as such. He had unusual powers of organization and few men in their community have done more for their chosen art in a permanent way than he did. There

was nothing shoddy or showy in his make up, and in the Indianapolis School of Music which he organized and in all his earlier and later work as instructor and composer he gave evidence of the qualities which made for strong citizenship above other things. The conventions of life did not trouble him and for most part he ignored them. But he had a high appreciation for merit in good work, whether in art, agriculture, athletics or daily life. He had a far-seeing mind and habitually looked beyond the immediate present or narrow environment. He loved his state and country and was a true patriot.



J. H. Forsyth

James Harvey was born at the family home June, 1844. As a lad his early education was received in the neighborhood schools from such teachers as John C. Miller, Joseph J. Moore, A. V. Pendleton and his elder brother, John Thomas. As a young man he attended Hopewell Academy, which in that day served Johnson County ably as an institution of higher learning.

He always evinced much interest in music, possessing as he did a tenor voice of excellent quality, as well as being a performer on the guitar and organ. Those were the days of the old-fashioned singing school, and the subject of this sketch achieved quite a reputation as an instructor in the art of singing.

It was in February, 1869, at Franklin, Indiana, that he was married to Jessie F. Kirtley. They made their home one mile north of Trafalgar. Miss Kirtley was born in Taylor County, Kentucky, in 1845. On the death of her parents she came to Indiana with her brother, J. S. Kirtley, in 1862, and for several years taught school. She was known as a woman of more than ordinary ability, both as to natural endowment and intellectual culture. Her death occurred March 27, 1880.

James H. Forsyth was married again in November, 1882, to S. Katherine Frazier of Shelby County, Kentucky. Miss Frazier was born in December, 1845. The year previous to her marriage she taught in the Trafalgar public schools, then under the trusteeship of William H. Jeffries. Among the many pupils under her care were the two who were later to become her loyal and devoted step-children.

She is a woman of gentle refinement. The sweetness of her life with J. H. Forsyth can never be forgotten by those who knew what it was. She helped make their home a place where friends loved to linger. Years ago when his father went there an invalid she arose, a queen to the situation. Two years she gave up her own freedom that he might never for one moment be neglected. She learned the things he liked best, and she supplied them, and not once in two years did she ever show the least impatience or manifest any desire to get away from the responsibility. He was her father because he was her husband's father, just as his children were hers. She was in perfect sympathy with her husband in the church and in every movement that was helpful and for the happiness of the people in the community in which they lived.

J. H. Forsyth had often expressed a wish that he might be useful to the close of his life. The day of his death had been lived in its usual way, and at its close when his life suddenly went out there was not a task left unfinished. His was a complete and well-rounded life. It was December 6, 1917, when the message went to his neighbors and his friends that

he had passed away, and every one said: "A good man has gone." B. F. Daily once said of his nephew, Luther Forsyth, that "he had held the name Forsyth high." Not in all the centuries of Forsyth history did any one ever hold the name higher than did J. H. Forsyth. His character was of the kind that will live in a community when he is no longer seen among his friends. His life was pure, his ideals high. He never needed to explain either his conversation or his life. His friends trusted him. They knew his rugged, honest character, that it was fine and just and generous, and that his every act was sincere and in the interest of whatever was uplifting and good.

He never did things with a selfish motive. He was generous with his friends and neighbors. Years ago when his mother died leaving several small children this "Big Brother" was to them a power of strength. They felt that in him they had a friend, a protector, who would never fail them. This feeling toward their brother stayed with them through all the years. His thoughtfulness for them was shown in that he always wanted to share with his brother, Milton, who lived near him, whatever he had. He could not be happy in the sole possession of good things he thought his brother lacked.

He was sympathetic with youth. He liked to have young people in his home and they enjoyed him. Youth with him was not a thing of years, but a quality of heart and soul. One did not think of him as ever being old. Years did not sour him for he kept his heart young and full of joy by always being interested in whatever was of interest to others. His greeting was always pleasant, and with a smile on his face. There was a cordiality in his welcome into his home, and every guest was a welcome one.

Probably no man in his community was so well read. He was educated and cultured through a life spent in useful reading. His mind was well stored with all the things of interest both in his state and nation. He read good books, magazines and papers, political, farm and religious. A friend said it was a joy to sit at his library table where there was always such a variety of good things to read that one never grew tired. Through years of such reading he filled his brain with knowledge and ideas, and made use of this information with a keen observation to broaden his life. His industry and

physical energy were most remarkable. He never looked for an easy task, nor did he ever shift to others the more difficult duties. He was a leader in every field of activity in which he was engaged. His nature demanded a life of activity for happiness.

His farm was a model of neatness, and whatever was done there must be well done. It was often said in jest of him that he had the faith in his own ability to think that no one else could do a thing on the farm as well as he. He did know that whatever he did would be done in the best way he knew.

He was careful in the details. The soft water and the drinking water buckets in his kitchen were never allowed to be empty. The wood and kindling were always ready prepared for the fire. A gate must swing on both hinges, brush must not accumulate in his barnyard, and the grass in it must not be trampled even by the horse he drove.

For many years he was a Republican of strong convictions. In religion he was the soul of faithfulness. He always filled an important position in the church to which he gave his strong devotion, being for many years an elder of great zeal and efficiency. The "stranger in the gates" was an object of his thought and attention. He saw that he was made to feel welcome and at home. His religion was neither dogmatic nor sectarian. The church to him meant an institution of God to teach the great fundamental truths leading to a higher life. It meant a life of unselfishness, service and sacrifice. The presence of such a man means much in the community in which he lives. He wields an influence while living far greater than he can comprehend, and it is an influence that lives after him.

His daughter, Maude Lenore, received her early education in the Trafalgar schools and had one year in the Franklin high school. Later she attended Butler College at Indianapolis for two years. A love for music led her to a study of the piano. For several years she devoted her energy largely to teaching music among the young people of her home community. Her marriage to T. A. Hall of Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, occurred at her home June 22, 1893. The wedding was the culmination of a college romance begun at Butler. Mr. Hall is a minister and an alumnus of the college,

having received both of the degrees A. B. and A. M. He has held successful pastorates in Indiana at Centerville, Connersville, Milton, Oxford, Rensselaer, Clinton and Princeton, and in Illinois at Lawrenceville. During the year 1915 he was located at Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, Canada.

Harold, their eldest son, was born in Centerville, Indiana, and died by accidental drowning in the Whitewater Canal at



Robert Hall

Connersville, Indiana. Harold was an extremely attractive child and his tragic death was a great shock to all.

James was born in Milton, Indiana. He received his education in the public schools and at Purdue University. He wanted to enlist for U. S. service during the months following his brother's enlistment, but felt it his duty to remain at home when he saw the effect upon his mother of his brother's going away. In September he enlisted in the S. A. T. C.

at Purdue. He was in the hospital for weeks at Lafayette and Fort Benjamin Harrison, a victim of the influenza epidemic. He was married in 1919. In his chosen line of work as a business man he has the determination and energy that brings success.

Robert E. Hall was a junior in Shortridge high school, Indianapolis, when the United States entered the World War. Along with three of his comrades in classes and on athletic teams he enlisted April, 1918, in Company 16, 5th Regiment, Second Division of U. S. Marines. After a few weeks of intensive training at Paris Island, South Carolina, and Quantico, Virginia, he was assigned to a casual division and sent overseas in July. His ship, the U. S. transport *Henderson*, caught fire en route and the lads on board were compelled to make a rather perilous transfer in mid-ocean to another vessel. Practically all equipment and personal belongings were lost. Within three weeks after reaching France Robert was sent to the front, and he saw active service at Soissons, Pont a Mousson, St. Mihiel and Champagne. The following letter of Robert to his mother tells of his last engagement in which he was incapacitated for further service. After spending eight months in various hospitals in France and at Brooklyn Naval Hospital he was discharged August 14, 1919. He re-entered Shortridge high school in September and graduated with the class of 1920, of which he was president. He was extremely popular with both teachers and pupils, gifted as he is with an unusual ability to make friends. To know Robert Hall is to like him. He is planning a university course and expects to equip himself for a position in the business world. The letter follows:

BASE HOSPITAL No. 50,

A. P. O. 798, A. E. F., France, October 10, 1919.

Dear Mother:

Well, I suppose you have been wondering why you have not heard from me lately. There was a mix-up in our company's mail and our letters were returned to us before we went into the lines. You will notice the difference in my address, and no doubt you have been informed already of my being wounded. Well, Fritz tried his best to put me out of commission, but I fooled him this time. Our company got orders to go over the top about six o'clock. We went over all right and succeeded in reaching our objective without meeting much resistance, as the Germans had retreated the previous night. We had come to the edge of a woods when suddenly machine gun bullets, Austrian 88 m.m. shells and whizz-bangs came flying at us like a hailstorm. I thought

hell had broken loose. We had no protection except the bushes in the woods, and they did not stop bullets or shrapnel. The best we could do was to hit the ground and lie there. The artillery fire killed and wounded quite a number of our men. I expected to be almost any time. The shelling finally quieted down for a while but the machine guns kept right on. Our captain sent ten men over to the right of the woods to see if they could locate the gun that was doing the damage. I was one of the squad that started to the left for the same purpose. We got about twenty-five yards out in the open and had to lie down as the bullets were flying around our heads. After dropping we opened fire on Fritz located about one hundred yards to our left. Pretty soon the sergeant who was just on my left dropped his rifle and turning to me said: "Well, Hall, old boy, I've got mine."

I started over to help him when one got me in the back just a little above the hips. It did not penetrate very far and gave me very little pain, so I kept going. Then another one got me in the left side just over the heart, but it was not serious as it was a glance shot. That stopped me, however, and I lay there for about five minutes when one of the fellows, who I later found to be Frank A. Korman, 26 Delle Avenue, Roxbury, Massachusetts, came out of the woods and picked me up. Just as he started off another got me a little above the knee and shattered the bone. I got back to the first aid station, had my wounds dressed and then went in an ambulance to the field hospital, a distance of thirty-five miles. There they operated on me and had to amputate my right leg. It left a fine stub and I shall be able to get a good artificial limb and be as active as I need be for the rest of my life. Oh, I am certainly happy and over-blessed by God that He permitted me to live through it all when so many of the fellows were not so fortunate.

Now, Mother, do not worry about me as I am leading the life of Riley over here in the hospital. We have clean sheets, plenty to eat, some of the finest bread made from pure wheat flour, just like cake. The doctor says he thinks I shall be able to sail for America in a month or six weeks. I surely hope to do it and be at home for Christmas. So you may have my old room all ready for me and a nice dinner waiting.

Well, Mother, I will close for this time. I hope to hear from you soon, and please do not worry about me as I am feeling fine and getting excellent treatment here and am having a great time.

Your son, ROBERT.

Robert received a service certificate from Major-General Commandant George Barnett for honorable, active service performed while with the U. S. Marine Corps.

EDGAR THOMAS FORSYTH

Edgar Thomas Forsyth, one of the organizers of the Forsyth Association of Indiana, is a teacher by profession. He has been connected with the public schools of Connersville,

Milton and Indianapolis, Indiana. For several years he has served as head of the history department of Shortridge high school in the last named city. He is an alumnus of Butler College, and has traveled extensively in Europe and America.

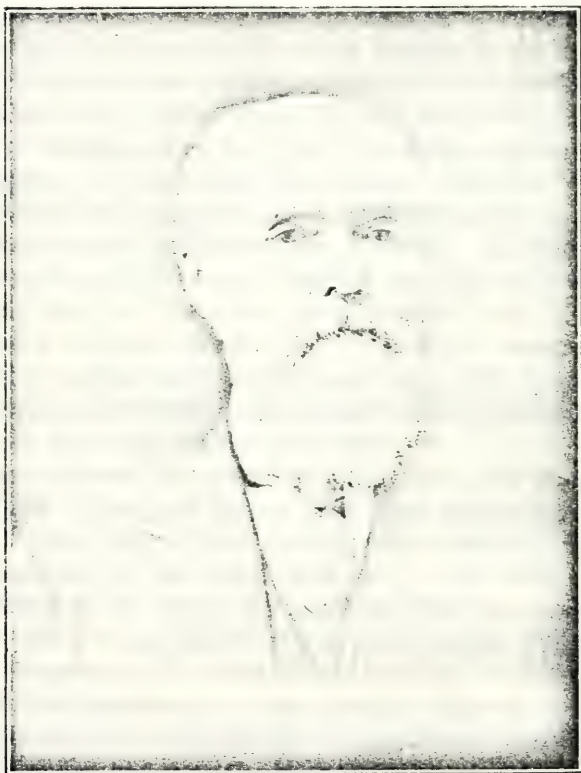
Together with Paul William Jeffries, William Forsyth and others, he helped to organize the Irvington Dramatic Club. He was also one of the founders of the Indianapolis Schoolmen's Club, and he has been an executive officer of the Indianapolis Federation of Public School Teachers. He was elected president of the Forsyth Association of Indiana at its annual meeting in August, 1919.

In the way of diversion his tastes run to outdoor activities such as horticulture, motoring, canoeing and amateur photography. When not traveling his vacations are usually spent amid the rural scenes of his youth at the attractive family homestead near Trafalgar, Indiana.

For centuries some of the names most prominent in the history of the Forsyths have been James, John, David, Robert, William and Matthew. In the family of our David I we find John, James, Thomas, David and Robert were the favorite ones. In the earlier days children were usually named for their uncles, aunts and grandparents, but families were large and sometimes these names became confusing. Mary Ragsdale after giving two sons the above family names looked elsewhere for names for her younger sons, and the names of ~~Michael~~ ^{Mitchell} Schofield and his two younger brothers show how she had departed from the usual custom. She had left a favorite cousin in Kentucky, Mitchell Ragsdale, a Baptist minister, for whom she gave Schofield his first name. There are many Johnson County people living who remember Doctor Nathan Schofield, the physician who loved nature and outdoor life so well that he had his home in the country in preference to the city, living for many years on a farm west of Nineveh. Doctor Schofield was the polished gentleman and the physician who looked after the health of the family of Thomas Forsyth, so it was natural he should have a namesake in that family.

Most of Schofield's life up to the time of his marriage was spent in the schoolroom. In the little frame schoolhouse that stood on the hill south of the town of Bud, he was taught by

William Jones, brother of the late J. L. Jones; J. J. Moore; his brother, John Thomas Forsyth, and others. Stotts Creek lay between the school and his father's home. The crossing of it after hard rains furnished many an adventure for him and his brothers and sisters, for none of them were easily deterred from attendance at school. One experience, which when mentioned now brings a smile of merriment, came near



M. S. Forsyth

being serious. It happened one evening after a severe rain-storm. As Schofield and his brother, James Harvey, passed the home of John Vandivier, a farmer who lived on the way home from their school, he hailed the boys, telling them of the swollen condition of the creek and insisting that they stay overnight at his house. But the boys assured him that there was a foot log and they could cross on that. "The

water is running over the foot log," he answered. But the boys were unconvinced of their inability to reach home as usual. They were big enough to cross streams by themselves, they thought, and their father expected them home. So they trudged on, but Mr. Vandivier followed them. True enough they found the water had risen a few inches above their foot log. Mr. Vandivier was a large, robust man, tall and strong, weighing more than two hundred pounds. Finding the boys determined to attempt the crossing, he offered to walk the log and carry the boys across. So with James H. mounted upon his back he started into the water, and soon landed him safely on the other side. Returning, it was Schofield's turn. So with entire confidence in his pilot Schofield climbed upon his back, clinging to him with both arms. But Mr. Vandivier with the confident assurance of success no longer so carefully measured his steps, and the scene changed. He wavered and without warning both were plunged into the rushing water. But defeat was not for such valiant souls even if feet did play them a slippery trick. Mr. Vandivier scrambled out of the water rather aghast, but laughing, with Schofield still clinging to him, and both boys rushed for home happy, though one of them was thoroughly drenched.

Another memorable school-day was the cold New Year's Day of 1864. The day before had been unusually pleasant for winter time; doors were opened, fires went out and every one commented on the mild weather. The early morning gave promise of a fairly pleasant winter day, but soon a northwest wind came up, blowing such a gale of snow and cold that every one who could sought shelter in his home. By afternoon the thermometer was twenty degrees below zero. The schoolhouse was surrounded by an abundance of timber, and wood for the stove was stacked within and without. The fire roared and crackled, but the room was cold. One pupil after another was allowed to change his seat nearer the fire. Then came the welcome dinner hour, but alas, the dinners in the buckets were frozen, and had to be thawed out by the fire. No pupil with cold fingers could successfully write or work sums in arithmetic, so A. V. Pendleton, the teacher, dismissed his pupils and sent them to their homes.

Schofield was a student in Franklin College for a time. During the winter of 1867, he, along with W. H. Jeffries and

J. T. Forsyth, attended a school in Edinburg under Professor J. H. Martin, a scholarly man, who later became president of Moores Hill College. Schofield was a conscientious student, eager to do good work, and like his father never satisfied to do a thing in any but the best way.

For several years he taught school. His first experience was in a small frame building standing quite alone near the edge of a clearing. This schoolhouse, one among many of its kind at that time, was located at the crossroads one mile north of Trafalgar.

Among his nieces and nephews "Uncle Schofield" has always been a great favorite. A niece who greatly admired him once said of him, "No one could look in his face and not see that he combined a singularly kind nature with a Puritan's sense of right and duty." A nephew characterized him as an extremely well-groomed and affable gentleman. His faultless attire added to his prepossessing appearance. He had an unerring taste for the best and never would purchase an inferior article.

From his early manhood he has been a loyal and zealous member of the Baptist Church, and a diligent student of the Bible. He is a firm friend of Franklin College, and was a great admirer and friend of Professor Stott, former president of the college. In his church, as well as in his private life, he has always dared to do and say whatever he thought to be right. He has served his church in various capacities, and as superintendent of the Sunday-school.

His sympathies politically have in the main been with the Democratic party, and while a loyal party man he has never been a partisan.

He has spent nearly all his life in Johnson County, never having traveled far from his own fireside, preferring the quiet and abundant life in his own home to the changing scenes experienced by the traveler. He has realized in his own life that satisfaction and culture depend upon the individual and not upon the environment, and that a stay-at-home who through friendly association with his fellows and through reading keeps in touch with what is being done in the world to-day, and who knows something of what has been said and done in the past, has at least an even chance with the traveler to make his life interesting and to experience the joy of living.

He has commanded the respect of all by his dignity, his sincerity of speech, his honesty, and by his deep abiding Christian faith.

For several years he has been a sufferer from chronic rheumatism. Throughout his long illness he has been a marvel of patience. In this trial he has been sustained by the untiring care and devotion of his wife, a daughter of Harvey and Mary Catlett Lyster. She has been faithful, uncomplaining, self-sacrificing. Her cheery disposition has made their home not a place where sickness might bring depression, but an abode of joy where relatives and friends love to go.

His children were all students in Franklin College. Judson is a commission merchant at the Union stock-yards in Indianapolis. His only child, Grace, when eleven years old, was accidentally burned by a gas stove, which caused her death.

Since her marriage Lois has lived in an attractive country home near Providence, Johnson County.

Doane, the second son, has all his life had to fight a weak constitution. To benefit his health he removed some years ago to Colorado. Doane is a general favorite with his relatives. He is always patient, kindly in manner and attracts friends by his fine disposition.

When Maxie married she went to Philadelphia to live. Her husband, Frank Griffith, is connected with one of the banks in that city.

Martha Ellen Forsyth was born and lived all her life in Johnson County. She became her father's housekeeper at the age of fourteen when her mother died. There were four younger children in her father's home and for several years there were necessarily heavy responsibilities placed upon this young girl. In 1870 she married Benjamin Vandiver, who came to Indiana from Pennsylvania. When a young boy, during the Civil War, he entered the northern army. Ella Forsyth Vandiver's only child was an adopted boy whose mother died when he was five weeks old. To this child she was a faithful mother. She was a loyal member of the Christian Church, and while she lived kept the child under its influence. Her death took from him the best friend he had.

Robert Fulton died at the early age of thirty years. When he married he settled on a farm given him by his father,

which was a part of his early purchase of land in Indiana. Fulton was a man of quiet and reserved disposition. He never indulged in useless conversation, consequently he neither complained or criticized friends or strangers. His deeper thoughts and feelings were his own, and he never revealed them to anyone. His daughter Dulcie is his only child. She was a student in Butler College for two years and also studied the piano with her cousin Clarence Forsyth. She is especially fond of good literature and music.



Jennie Forsyth Jeffries

(Written by a Nephew)

To write of Jennie Forsyth Jeffries is a pleasant task indeed. The only difficulty consists in adequately portraying those strong traits which are so evident to all who know her; for hers is a personality that is forceful; hers a character that can not be mistaken.

She grew up in Johnson County, Indiana, in the midst of a large circle of relatives. She inherited the distinctive fam-

ily traits; she breathed the atmosphere of a real Forsyth home; she associated with those of like origin and consequently she developed into a typical Forsyth. In her are embodied those qualities that have appeared in all generations of Forsyths—qualities of honesty, industry, loyalty, independence of thought and action, and a high moral sense.

In the matter of honesty it may be said of her, as it was said of himself by George Washington: "She can not tell a lie." Deception is positively foreign to her nature, and pre-



Jennie Forsyth Jeffries, at Ten Years

tense is unknown. Honesty being so ingrained in her, she unconsciously looks for it in others. Being above suspicion herself, she never suspects those whom she meets. This trait often makes her an easy victim of practical jokers in the family—of which there are several. She is an agreeable and interesting companion, but never a humorist.

In industry she is tireless. To her nieces and nephews not only has she appeared always to be a tower of strength, but she is resourcefulness itself. It seems she can do everything. As a result her home is a house of abundance. The

larder is never empty, the garden is never a failure; the lawn is never ill-kept, and comfortable plenty reigns both within and without. In fact, Aunt Jennie, as she is known to many, is in all things a veritable Lady Bountiful.

In loyalty to those things deserving loyalty, she is not lacking. This trait is manifested especially toward her immediate family, but extends also to the remotest member of the clan. Any one in whom there flows a single drop of blood from the great family source, be it David I, Charlemagne or Woden, may confidently count upon her loyal interest and sympathy.

In her independence of thought and action, Jennie Forsyth Jeffries is admirable. She thinks clearly and she sees straight. She seldom halts, as it were, between two opinions, not knowing which to accept—she knows. She studies questions of the day—economic, political and religious—and makes up her mind independently. She is entirely amenable to reason, never narrow and never dogmatic, but yet she believes a thing when she believes it, and when a plan or principle has once received her approval it takes real reason and correct logic to change her decision. For years she has been the majority stockholder in several successful business enterprises, and in the management of them she has never been a silent partner. Her grasp of commercial methods, problems and conditions is remarkable. Success has come to her in all her business relations and responsibilities.

In all matters of morality and right living Jennie Forsyth Jeffries stands four square. She is true to the best in life and she has ever at heart the vital interests of the state, the church and the school. A life-long communicant in the faith, she believes that right living is the true test of character, and that real religion consists in going about doing good, rendering help to the needy and giving comfort to the distressed. Her benefactions, though generally unknown except to her most intimate associates, are manifold. Her religion is practical; her faith strong, yet simple.

She has traveled extensively in the United States. She is well read, and is a lover of good music. In this she was in perfect sympathy with her son's talent, and was an inspiration to him in his pursuit of this study.

The foregoing views are those of a nephew who all his

life has known the subject of this sketch. He has lived for many years in his aunt's home. He has been a close companion of her one son and four daughters. As a child he knew the father of the household, William H. Jeffries, whom to know was to love. The author of these lines has been thus virtually a member of the family, and consequently writes from the fulness of his experience.

W. H. Jeffries was a successful teacher and a business man of marked ability. He was a man of fine public spirit and genuine Christian character. His spirit toward all was one of helpfulness. He was especially sympathetic with the unfortunate. After his death the family removed to Irvington in order that they might be near a good school.

The children were all educated in Butler College. Eva was a piano pupil of her cousin, Clarence Forsyth, for several years and was also a teacher of the piano. She married Walter Scott King of Richmond, Indiana. He was a graduate of Butler College, the Indiana State Normal and also of Chicago University. He was connected with the public schools, having served both in Indiana and Illinois. Orpha married Robert Hall of Laughlinstown, Pennsylvania, and resides in Irvington, a residence district of Indianapolis. Robert Hall is a graduate of Butler College and also of Harvard University. He taught Latin in the Manual Training High School for a number of years and is now president of the Travelers' Commercial Insurance Company. Their children are both graduates of Butler College.

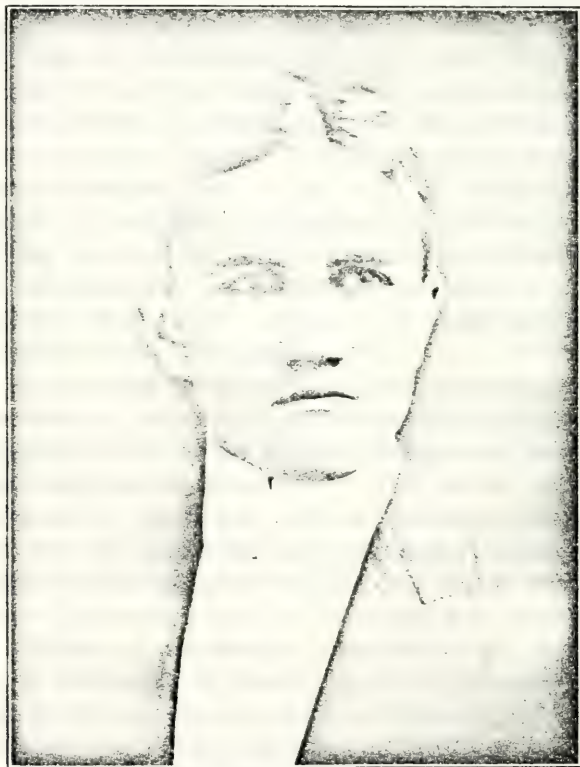
Pearl spent one year in Cornell University as a graduate student and taught one year in a school for girls in Winchester, Virginia, and two years in the Irvington High School. She married George Miller of Indianapolis. He was educated in Butler College and is also a graduate of the Indiana Law School. After practising for a while he was obliged to give up office work. He is now president of the Indiana Sand and Granite Company.

Moddie is interested in all Oriental art. She has made an extensive study of the honest Oriental rug and is a recognized authority on them. Her first experience with rugs began when as a bride she walked into an Armenian rug

store and offered five dollars for an Oriental rug that meant something. The shrewd Armenian gave her a worthless, moth-eaten rug, not even deigning to explain how inadequate was the sum she had given him. She then asked him to let her select one, and the one she chose proved to be a Hamadan hearthrug, full of historical and Biblical suggestions. It has been in constant use for eighteen years and is now worth many times the amount she paid for it.

Realizing that rugs were stories full of meaning, she began the study of them. In tracing a design to its source she found that all designs had a history—an ancestry—and through these symbols one could trace the history of long-forgotten races. The history of weaving is the history of the early religions of the world and rugs are the expression of the spiritual life of the people of the Orient. She learned that the Oriental rug in the past meant eternity, and that they were unspoken faiths recorded in wool. As she studied their history she found that the old rug was a thing of sentiment; with unsandaled feet the ancient stepped upon it. They stole from ripening fruit its bloom and from animal blood its virility to give it its shades of color. She learned, too, that most of the antique rugs in America were family inheritances of the east surrendered to the west by poverty or stress of war, and that from the sixteenth century, when all eastern art, particularly that of Persia, reached its climax of development, there has been a steady decline until weaving has become a commercial operation. She says the decadence of rug design has been accompanied by a loss of skill in dyeing, so that age only adds to the likelihood that it is a good rug. She has found that history has revealed no instance of the secrets of an art being lost such as is true of rugs. In her study of the Oriental rug, Moddie Jeffries Williams has found the west has had little knowledge of the true rug, and she has been endeavoring ever since to teach the truth about them. She had from the first an intuitive sense of the good from the bad, for the first ones she bought ignorantly proved to be good. Her husband, Percy Williams, is the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Toledo, Ohio. He had held the same position in Toronto, Canada, and in Canton, Ohio. Owing to the dearth of experienced executives for the actual work of the Y. M. C. A. in France, an urgent appeal was sent in the early months of

1919 to about fifteen general secretaries, urging that they secure their release for temporary duty. In response to this call the trustees of the Toledo Association gave Mr. Williams a release for a term of four months' work, during which time he served in three different capacities—as personnel director in Chaumont, for special survey of the Brest camps, and as director of the leave area at Soissons.



Paul William Jeffries

(From the Butler Alumna! Quarterly, October, 1915)

Paul William Jeffries died on July 15 near Hayward, Wisconsin, and was buried on July 18 in the family burial place at Franklin, Indiana.

Paul was born near Trafalgar, Indiana. At an early age his family removed to Irvington, where he received his education in the public schools and later at Butler College, from which he graduated in 1903. He at once entered upon a busi-

ness career with marked success, but his many interests resulted in overwork, forcing him to go in quest of health. While hunting in northern Wisconsin, he was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun. The funeral services, which occurred at the family residence in Irvington, were largely attended. Following are some of the tributes paid by those who knew him well.

In the university's gallery of memory hang the pictures of many cherished sons and daughters. Some of us who have lingered long in this sacred hall have seen the number increase until it includes many of our classmates and dearest and truest friends. Another has been hung with fitting ceremony in an honored place. I view it in the perspective of intimate association, and in the light of sincere admiration. To write an appreciation is indeed a labor of love.

If living can be exalted to a fine art, a life completed may properly be spoken of as a work of art—even a masterpiece. The portrait of Paul W. Jeffries is a work worthy to hang among those of acknowledged merit.

The lines drawn by chronology and economics are distinct and harmonious, but not over-bold or dominating. Paul enjoyed less than half of the allotted three score years and ten. He chose business as a vocation. His career, though brief, was successful. He began with a laundry route among the students, and by continued and persistent industry built up one of the leading laundries of the city. The Irvington Coal and Lime Company would be a creditable monument to a normal lifetime of commercial enterprise. His last endeavor, because of his break in health, failed of permanent completion, but by its magnitude and the character of the men enlisted proved him to be a financier of promise.

But Paul's life cannot be outlined by dates and dollars. Great art does not violate accepted rules. It transcends and illumines them. The finer qualities—the perspective of purpose, the color blending of sentiment, the lights of intelligence, the shading of thought and emotion, the symmetry of interest and action, the depth of devotion, and the tone of idealism—these will make the picture of Paul's life stand out as indeed a work of Art.

In years to come, as I shall turn again and again to gaze upon his face, it will emphasize to me, first, his absolute sincer-

ity. As a mere stammering child, his deep expressive eyes and sympathetic voice bespoke the genuineness of his thoughts and feelings. This gave him a peculiar power to inspire confidence. He did not play fast and loose with the great issues. He never railed or scoffed. Whatsoever commanded his attention was treated as something worth while.

A necessary complement of his sincerity was a sterling integrity. When a lad, he spent a summer at our home in the mountains. My father, a rugged mountaineer, always said Paul was the best boy he ever knew—a slight reflection on his own sons, but perhaps true. Those of us who have known Paul intimately through his whole life will confirm the judgment. His business integrity was unquestioned. His word was as good as his bond. But this is the lowest type of integrity. A rascal will be honest in business, when honesty is the best policy. "He is more truly honest who can sit in the private chamber of his own thoughts, and be loyal to his convictions." I know men of great training, and professional prominence, who are thoroughly dishonest intellectually. He is more truly honest who can hold his passions and prejudices to a just accountability. Paul was true to his own thought, and if he possessed passion, it was always under equitable restraint.

His portrait will always radiate optimism. The lines of his life were cast in pleasant places, and he had little need to contemplate the somber moods. His spirit was native to sunshine. After reading the rather sad comments in the family book, he wrote at the age of fourteen: "If any one wants to get lonesome, just look over this book, and it will make him about as lonesome as he wants to be." His presence in the home was a benediction of good cheer. He was brought up in a family consisting of a widowed mother and four sisters, but he was in no wise lacking in manly strength. There was a fine precision about his character that showed itself in dress and duty, and an elegant robustness that made him the stay and support. Home was his sanctum. Nothing coarse or common was permitted to enter. His mother and sisters were his divinities. Feminine persistence sometimes appealed to his sense of humor. One day, when Paul was about twelve years of age, we were all seated at the table. He quietly arose, walked to the post office, and returned to

his place at the table and said, "No, there were no letters for you, nor you" (naming his sisters in turn) and then added, "If Jesus Christ should come to earth, the first question you girls would ask him, would be, 'Have you any mail for us?' He never complained or found fault. Each round hour he strove to fill with joy. By an inborn courtesy, he was always complimentary and gracefully concerned for the comfort and happiness of the family and guests. This optimism enabled him to recognize the good in others. When a lad, he brought a negro boy home with him for a playmate, and, on noting the look of surprise on his mother's face, drew near and said, "Mother, he is not very good looking, but he is all right." This expresses Paul's general judgment of his friends—they were all right. This appreciation and admiration was the secret of the graceful ease of his companionship. He did not with the despair of Hamlet look out upon a world out of joint, but with the optimism of Browning he saw the earth filled with posies and the heavens rich in blue. To him, the law of life was growth, and the purpose of the ages was ever increasing. This hopeful view filled him with enthusiasm. He plunged into business with tireless energy, because it had its logical and unfailing rewards. He was calmly impetuous in his activities. Whether he was interested in a political contest, or a social carnival, or acting as president of the Alumni Association, or arranging for the Karnea of his fraternity, it was always a work of joy.

Religion with Paul was not a restraint, but a rejuvenation—the normal expansion of life towards its varied and infinite possibilities. It was comprehensive as thought, pliable as sentiment, progressive as hope, and generous as the dispensation of the rain and sunshine. He did not rack his brain over the technicalities of dogma. Over and above all dogma, there was such profundity in the Universe, that "day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." He kept his heart attuned to this higher message. Morality was not a restriction, but a privilege. He was free enough to hold himself under control, and strong enough to be tolerant of customs. With no thought of reward, he was liberal, even bountiful in his charities. As by instinct, he seemed to grasp the profound philosophy that "the best portions of a good man's life are the little, nameless,

unremembered deeds of kindness and of love." His whole life was a prayer of asking by every noble endeavor and giving by liberality unrestrained, and receiving the bounties of friendship and of fortune. He had little sympathy with ecclesiasticism, yet he would pour out his soul in the music of a ritualistic service. He loved to gaze towards the mountain peaks, and far off horizons of idealism, but acted upon the conviction that the first taste of heaven is home, and the realization of eternity begins with the present.

The beauty of Paul's life lies not in the number of years, but in the perfection of days. He did not triumph pre-eminently in any one line of achievement, but was delightfully successful in varied interests and activities. The abnormal development of any single faculty did not mark him as a genius, but his many powers were controlled by a balanced sanity that enabled him to disregard the defective, and enjoy the excellent.

The elements were so mixed in him,
That nature might stand up,
And say, to all the world—"This was a man"!

He was practical in providing all material comforts and conveniences, but idealistic in the enjoyment of esthetic beauties. The music of his lyrical tenor voice will echo and re-echo through our memories as the finest expression of the harmony and richness of his being.

In search of health he left a home of comfort and cheer for the wilds of the North. Timid, and tender, and unused to hardness, he fatefully walked into the range of the deadly missile. Alone in the wilderness, he met the grandest and sublimest issue of life. With eyes forever closed and voice forever stilled, he was brought back to a home transformed by sorrow and tears. Countless floral tributes of esteem were brought by those who knew him best. The deepest sympathy was expressed in prayer and song and eulogy. In the soothing calm of a summer day, devoted friends bore him from the scenes of his youthful joy and manly endeavor; from the home he had filled with gladness, to that house where dwelling is eternal.

A. M. HALL, '88.

The poet, the artist, the scholar, is lost in the long, hard battle for material things, and the light that lit the joyous ways of morning is dim and feeble for most of us before we

reach the twilight of evening. Happy is he who, entering the world of striving men, can play his part among them, strong to win his place and achieve that success in material things which most men want and strive for, and yet through all preserve the ideals of his youth and cultivate joyously and unceasingly those finer things, born of youth and its enthusiasms, nursing his soul in the midst of the common cares of life, day by day, on that which was nearest to his heart's desire.

Such a one was Paul Jeffries. Fortunate above most men that, in the midst of an active and successful business career, he did not lose touch or sight of the ideals of his youth, or flag in his enthusiasms while health was his.

Business is all too apt to engross the lives of most men to the exclusion of everything else not directly contributing to its successful prosecution. Whatever bent a man may have in other directions, especially if that bent is away from the lines of profit or in the direction of self-culture, is more than likely to be subordinated in the course of time until at last it is lost or becomes a dim memory—one of the things laid away among the half-forgotten dreams of an earlier time. Few are they who cherish such a thing side by side with active business cares. Indeed, with most men it is deemed impossible or a positive hindrance to business success, and doubly fortunate is he who can do so and attain success in both. It is the mark of unusual ability and breadth to achieve such a thing. And yet Paul Jeffries accomplished the achievement. His love for music was one of the passions of his life—one might say, the passion of his life—and it was to his credit, possessing this love and a marked ability, that he did not allow the stress of business to subject his love for it or to smother his God-given talent. Not allowing work to rob him of this heritage of music, he pursued it as an artist—for he was an artist—and joyously strove to perfect himself in it. Every artist who knew him must rejoice that he demonstrated his ability to make his place in the world of work, and at the same time keep the sacred flame of Art alive and brightly flaming. How much richer is the world that this is so. Who among the thousands who have heard his clear voice rise in its beauty toward the infinite—lifting his hearers on the waves of sound toward the dreamed-of and

the longed-for that lives in every soul, however much hidden—is not thankful that it was so?

His life was also an example to all, that it is well worth while to have an ideal outside the ordinary ways of life whereby men gain a livelihood or a competence—to preserve apart a field of culture and endeavor wherein the soul may be refreshed and the joy of life maintained—a field where the artist, the poet, the scholar, may go his own way for his spirit's good and not for profit alone.

Paul Jeffries was also fortunate in the fact that he preserved to the end of his health the enthusiasm of youth. It was his way—the artist's way—not to allow the fires of life to burn low, but what he did to do with all his might, and to put his best into what he did. What matter to a man whether he live long or die young, so he keeps these things so long as he lives. To maintain himself as a man; to do a man's work; to keep the best within him alive and clean; to follow whatever he may undertake with the enthusiasm of youth—not easy, is it, in the press and stress of life, to do any of these things! And yet Paul Jeffries did them all. His was a short life, but he lived it as a man; lived it cleanly; lived it with zest; lived it as only one whose torch of life was lit at the flame of Art could live it. The tuneful voice is still, the artist soul lives otherwheres, but they who mourn his absence know that the world that knew him is richer for his coming; and, though the years may be long, his memory will abide with them to the latest day, bright, undimmed and beautiful.

WILLIAM FORSYTH.

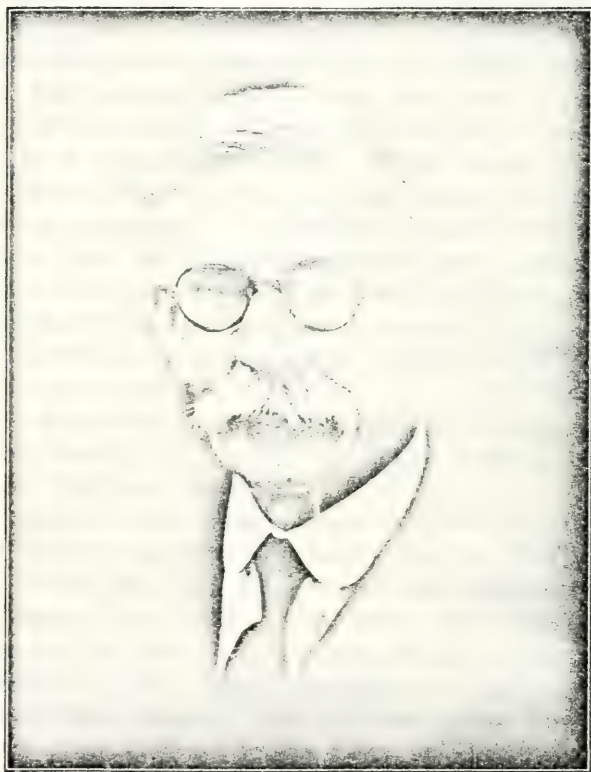
I have known Paul Jeffries from his very early manhood. He was born with a wealth of good nature, his every impulse was kindly. His devotion to his family and especially to his mother was known to all. He was a Mason, a Knight Templar, and a member of the Shrine, but more than all and first of all, he was a Christian. He was indeed a knight, and his shrine was his mother's fireside.

But his useful life stretched out to larger boundaries. He was a good community man. Every civic movement for the good of Irvington had his loyal and friendly support. Every one in Irvington knew Paul Jeffries. He was also known in the city, being a member of the Commercial Club and the Board of Trade. He was a good business man. He began

life right, resolving to be square and honest with everybody. The devotion of those in his employ was remarkable. An old colored man who had been with him from the beginning of his business career came to the house at the time of his death and wept like a child.

He did not live in vain. Nor can we say that his life though short was incomplete. It was very exemplary, full, and well rounded.

REV. ALLAN B. PHILPUTT.



Milton Forsyth

Milton Forsyth has been a man of many sorrows and acquainted with grief, but he has known how to endure; how to drink the bitter cup and not become embittered; how to find the light when all seemed dark; how to keep in tune with the Infinite when the sweet bells of life seemed only to jangle. The perfect and beautiful resignation manifested, when, one

by one, he was compelled to give up all his children and at last their mother, was sublime.

All his married life, Milton Forsyth has lived on a farm north of Trafalgar. His life has been his farm, his church, his family. Music has been a source of joy, comfort and service to him. He was for a long period a member of the Trafalgar concert band, and for many years was director of music in the Trafalgar Christian Church. He was always ready to do his share in any department of church work. In any community work he was one ready to take responsibility and could be depended upon to carry out what he undertook.

Four children were born to him and his wife, Alice. Agnes, the only daughter, died when less than a year old. Lawrence, a bright happy lad, was seven when he was taken, but Luther and Leonard were left. Their sunny faces and hearts and souls made brighter all who came near, and the parents were happy again. Luther and Leonard were devoted to each other. Ian MacClaren tells somewhere a Scotch story which illustrates the loving spirit of these two boys. He says that one day sauntering along a country road he met a bonnie wee lass, all humped up and red and puffing with the weight of a chubby laddie she was carrying.

"Isn't he too heavy for you?" asked MacClaren.

"He's not heavy, sir," came the reply, with a smile of loving pride, "he's ma' brother."

Luther and Leonard were always brothers in this true sense. No burden was ever too heavy for one to carry for the other. What boys they were, with back titled hats, careless hair, honest faces and merry eyes. The farm was a happy place for the boys to live and a delight to the cousins who visited them there. Every summer was a holiday to the two boys and their cousin, Paul Jeffries. The three boys, with tireless tramp, learned to know the fields and woods, all the trees and thickets, and mysteries of hill and bottom land. Paul's boyish estimate of his two cousins was, "There are no such boys as Luther and Leonard."

But these happy days were not to last. Diphtheria took Leonard from the family circle. The sunshine of life seemed to go out. Through the valley of the shadow of death the bereft parents and brother struggled, led by the star of faith.

Years passed and Luther had grown to manhood, straight,

clean and tall, looking life in the face with the enthusiasm of youth. He was married to Ruth Bridges and had two children. The first, Lowell, lived but a week. Marjorie was a little girl of two years when Luther became ill and suffered for months. One day he said to his mother, "I have fought a hard fight, but if I can't get well, it is all right. Meet it as bravely as you can." And bravely the parents and young wife met



Alice Forsyth

their loss. Though the loneliness became more and more oppressive, they never lost faith. Their affection flowed out upon the little granddaughter.

In April, 1918, the wife and mother died. Our poet, Riley, must have had such a character as Alice Forsyth in mind when he wrote, "Out to Old Aunt Mary's." She was the ideal hostess. What boy or girl could ever forget her hearty cordiality

or the delicious food she served, the chicken she fried, or the custard pie she made with cream?

Was there ever so kind a face
And gentle as hers, or such a grace
Of welcoming, as she cut the cake
Or the juicy pies that she joyed to make
Just for the visiting children's sake.

The cordiality of her greeting at once made every guest in her home feel that he was in the presence of warm sympathy and understanding. Her character was tender, frank and open. Life on the farm had a fascination for her. She loved the great out-of-doors, and the freedom and abundance of country life.

The simplicity of her Christian faith was in harmony with the waving wheat-fields, the growing corn and the rain across the meadows.

Luther Forsyth graduated from the Trafalgar high school and later was a student of Franklin College. He taught for several years in the Union township high school and was filling that position when his health failed. He was a successful teacher because he loved intellectual pursuits, and found pleasure in imparting instruction to those under his tutelage.

Obedying the injunction, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," he united with the Christian Church in his fifteenth year, and all the rest of his life was one of its most faithful members. He was organist and director of music in the church for many years and served as one of its trustees.

Outdoor life had great charm for him. Not only the joy in wind, and tree and bird and bush was his, but also the joy in the work. He took great pleasure in turning a furrow, in watching and caring for the green growing crops.

He was the Worshipful Master of the Masonic Lodge at Trafalgar. To the interests of the Lodge he was devoted, believing the benefits of great value to its membership. Luther had that rare faculty of making friends quickly and retaining them. The sunny disposition of childhood stayed with him in his riper years. Modesty was a leading characteristic of his nature, and anything that partook of egotism filled him with disgust. In commenting on his character B. F. Daily said, "He has held the name of Forsyth high."

We are accustomed to measure a man's life by days and years. Is this the true gage? A wise English poet says: "He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best." Judged by this standard Luther's life, cut off so it seemed in its flower, was a long one.

Bronson H., the youngest child of Thomas Forsyth has spent his entire life in Johnson County and near his own fire-side. When he married he went to a farm northeast of Franklin, where he lived for several years. He is one of the successful farmers of the county. Bronson is a man of surpassing patience and forbearance—loyal to his relatives, his church and his political party. He is quiet in manner, unobtrusive and universally respected. His home is in Franklin but he drives almost daily to his farm seven miles away.

He is a member of the Christian Church and has always supported the Democratic party.

The greater part of the following story of John Hume Forsyth and his family was contributed by his granddaughter Alice Moore French.

When Jane* Sturgeon Forsyth emigrated to Johnson County, Indiana, from the old Floyd's Fork home in Kentucky, her son, John Hume, was a lad of fourteen years. Although he died at the early age of thirty-six his life was full of activity and deeds worthily done. In appearance he was rather small of stature. He had dark hair, kindly blue eyes, a gentle voice and quiet manner.

Deprived of their father's care and protection in their tender years, John and his brothers early learned to take a man's part. They became dependable and resourceful at an age when most boys are still irresponsible, careless dependents. At the age of twenty-three John married Sarah Ann Hughes, a worthy descendant of Revolutionary stock. She was the daughter of James and Mary Burton Hughes. They came from Virginia to Mercer County, Kentucky, at an early date, then to Nineveh township, Johnson County, Indiana. The Hughes were English, and gained distinction in colonial service. Sarah Ann's grandfather and four brothers fought in the Revolutionary War.

The young couple began housekeeping in a cabin on the banks of Stotts Creek in Union township. The land was secured from the government during the administration of

* Jennie being most familiar among her friends, is used in these pages.

Andrew Jackson, his name being affixed to the deed. John owned and operated a sawmill, and the young couple only remained in the cabin while he felled and sawed the lumber for the new house, which still stands after seventy-six years of service. It is located a short distance west of Bud on the Martinsville road. In its thoroughness of workmanship and artistic finish of the interior it is a credit to any carpenter. John had learned the carpenter's trade while a boy in Kentucky. He loved tools and lumber, and was clever in fashioning for himself and his family not only an artistically built home, but furniture. He did not cut and waste the beautiful timber as was the unfortunate custom of his day. He saw its great possibilities and knew that with his fine tools, skill and artistic ideas he could manufacture many articles for his household's comfort and convenience. He built not only his own house, but those of his brothers, James, Thomas and David. Another example of the enduring quality of his work still exists in the little frame church at the crossing of the road north of Trafalgar, built in 1852. This was called the Old Baptist or Hardshell Baptist Church. It has long outlived its membership. This splendid ability for handling tools was handed down to his children and grandchildren.

The amount of work accomplished by John Forsyth and his wife was remarkable. They worked hard themselves and it is said gave work to everyone who applied. Besides the farm work in all its manifold forms of clearing, tilling, stock raising, horticulture, etc., he did carpentering throughout the neighborhood. Within the home went on spinning, weaving and sewing to provide for a family of six children. A large sugar camp which is still doing service, furnished the annual supply of sugar and sirup. An early orchard helped to fill the cellars with fruit for the winter. Five of these trees are still standing and bearing fruit. Hunting was not simply a pleasant diversion, but a necessary way of supplying the family larder with a variety of meat. Every hour and every season in these pioneer lives had its appointed task.

In religion John Hume Forsyth's life was one of practice rather than profession. His character was founded upon the christian virtues of charity, industry, gentleness and liberality. His wife shared his views and together they gave generously of their means for the support of the church. They did

not approve of the uncharitable doctrines of foreordination and predestination. At one time there was a dissatisfaction in the Mt. Zion Baptist Church over the too liberal doctrines being preached by the young minister. and several members refused to contribute to his salary. Sarah Hughes Forsyth quietly paid the difference.

John Hume Forsyth was a wise counsellor, and his neighbors often sought his advice. There are those still living who speak admiringly of his wisdom and achievements. He had the ability and instinct for making money, and had he lived would no doubt have accumulated wealth. He had a pride in the appearance of whatever he had to do with. He wanted his house well furnished and his family well dressed.

At the early age of thirty-six years and six months, John Forsyth died leaving a widow and six young children. His death was caused by a severe cold, probably it would now be called pneumonia, due to exposure while building a fence on a rainy day. Although deprived of his fatherly care while very young, his children remembered him and always spoke of him with a wistful tenderness. The evening after his death the relatives gathered at his home and the brothers held an informal service. James read a chapter from the Bible and offered prayer. Then Thomas led in the singing of the old hymn, "How tedious and tasteless the hours when Jesus no longer I see." He was buried at Mt. Pleasant Cemetery.

John Forsyth left his family well provided for. There was a farm of three hundred acres well stocked and in a prosperous condition. His widow and her six small children went bravely to work with the determination that insures success. Erminia, the eldest child, was a fair slender girl of twelve. Young as she was she felt the responsibility resting on her shoulders. It was her habit to rise early and do all in her power to help her mother before going to school. She was ambitious for an education, and in spite of the extra work was always punctual in attendance. Partly for their benefit and partly for experience, Erminia would hold a school for the younger children, making them study lessons and recite to her. This habit of holding school and enforcing discipline and controlling the group of restless children was of great help to her busy mother.

About this time there appeared a young schoolmaster,

Joseph Jefferson Moore, who wished to board with the widow Forsyth's family while conducting a school in the neighborhood. He received eight dollars a month for teaching, and boarded around. She felt the need of a man's presence in the house and as he had reached the mature age of twenty-three she decided to take him in. All the children attended his school and he assisted them at home. Although Erminia was only a child and had to be disciplined at times, the young schoolmaster fell in love with her, and when she was only fifteen they were married by Asa B. Nay, one of the old-time preachers of the Stotts Creek Church. The wedding journey was to Indianapolis. There they spent most of their money. The bride paid such a fabulous price for a fine bonnet that on her return home her mother threatened her with a severe punishment for her extravagance, but the fact that she was a married woman saved her. When the young teacher became a member of the family his mother-in-law told him he was expected to assume the position of head of the house, and the rest of the children were instructed to obey him, which they did until they were grown men and women.

For a time the young couple lived on Erminia's farm on the edge of Morgan County. The country was sparsely settled, and off in her little cabin the girl wife was very lonely. Her husband's business as surveyor kept him away from home for days at a time. Before the first baby was born they moved back nearer home. They lived in that neighborhood until 1866 when they went to Trafalgar, where they remained the rest of their lives. Farm hands were scarce and in order to plow and plant the fields the children were pressed into service. James and Myra, small and inexperienced as they were, did much of the farming. One would guide the plow while the other led the horse. At the end of the row they would commiserate themselves and tell each other that the work was too hard for them. Then Myra broke her ankle and lay on a bed of pain for two years, and was left with a permanent lameness. She was angelically patient all through her illness. When she recovered she married Henry Kennedy, a young soldier of the Civil War. During the two years that followed Sarah Ann's barn was burned, her horses were stolen, and her cattle driven away, and while under some stress of war-time excitement and hot blood young Kennedy was shot and

instantly killed. The shock nearly wrecked Myra's life. She took her three months' old baby boy, Laz Noble Kennedy, and returned to her mother's home. This child grew up in the John Hume Forsyth homestead, where he still resides as proprietor, a good substantial citizen of the county. Not many months after Myra went home the culminating tragedy occurred. Matilda Jane, the youngest daughter of the family, was burned to death. She was a pretty girl of fourteen, delicate, tender and of a lovable disposition.

Sarah Ann Hughes Forsyth rounded out a full life. She saw her children and some of her grandchildren settled in homes of their own before her death in March, 1888. Although not a member of his church, the young minister whose salary she had generously paid years before, preached her funeral sermon, eulogizing her fine Christian qualities. The courage and bravery with which she met the many trials that came to her was wonderful. Only a strong character could have endured and achieved as she did. Her life was ruled by her ideals of right.

The children of John Hume and Ann Hughes Forsyth grew up worthy descendants of such a father and mother. Erminia Forsyth Moore, the eldest, was a devoted member of the Trafalgar Baptist Church. Her views of right and wrong were very decided and she followed the right fearlessly. She was progressive and was especially interested in religious and educational movements. She was rigid in her observance of Sunday. The baking for the day was all done on Saturday. Even the coffee was ground the day before, as the old fashioned coffee mill nailed against the wall was a noisy affair and she would not disturb the sacredness of the day. The bell which announced the meals during the week was silent on Sunday. The household arose as usual in the morning and went to Sunday school and church, then to Sunday school again in the afternoon. The rest of the day was spent in religious reading and singing. In her housekeeping Erminia was systematic and scientific. Like all Forsyths she was thrifty and industrious.

The children of Erminia Forsyth Moore were educated in Franklin College. The daughter, Cinchona Alice French, is the originator and founder of the national organization of American War Mothers, the membership of which is limited to

mothers of sons and daughters serving in the army and navy of the United States during the late war. Her only child, Lieutenant Donald French, was educated for the profession of law. He was in the service of the United States in the war with Germany. The son Frank is an attorney of Indianapolis.

James Thomas Forsyth was a man of unusual mental ability. He inherited his father's taste and talent for working with fine tools, but being rather frail physically he devoted his energies in other lines. He attended a school of higher learning in Edinburg, Indiana, in company with his cousin, Schofield Forsyth, and W. H. Jeffries. He was especially talented in mathematics, and for a while taught school. In 1868 he went into partnership with W. H. Jeffries in a general store in what was then known as the town of Newburg. A saloon had long given to this town a bad reputation, and the name had become synonymous with evil. The young men felt they could never succeed in a town with such a name, and at their behest it was changed to the good old Bible name of Samaria.

When considering the name to be sent to the postoffice department these young men said, "Since the town has held an undesirable reputation it will be well to give it a good name, one free from evil associations, perhaps that will give it something to live up to." Later James Thomas became a merchant at Trafalgar and at the time of his death was postmaster there, a position he had held through several administrations.

James Thomas Forsyth had a gentle, kindly disposition. He was simple in all his tastes and remarkably regular in his habits of daily living. He was very sensitive in nature and a keen observer of men and events. In many ways he was an idealist. He had an excellent knowledge of music, and possessed a beautiful tenor voice. In appearance he is said to have been of the same type as John Forsyth, the pioneer statesman and governor of Georgia, who was one of the first paid tenor singers in our country. James Thomas devoted his musical ability to his church, being their leader in song through many years. He was for forty years a loyal member of the Trafalgar Christian Church, serving it in many capacities. As a deacon he was considered one of the pillars of the church. He loved children and young people, and he wielded a benign influence over those who came under his tutelage in

the Sunday school. One of his favorite maxims which he lived himself and preached to the young under his instruction, was, "If you cannot speak well of a person, say nothing at all."

A friend and old teacher said of him at the time of his death, "The town has never had his equal. I learned to love him for his manly worth. We roomed together at his mother's home. He was a model that many a young man has profitably imitated."

He was married in 1870. His wife was the eldest daughter of Lovin and Nancy Keaton Pritchard. Since his death she has continued to live in their home at Trafalgar.

In her married life of forty years she made a remarkable record for order and punctuality. She knew her husband would never be one minute late for his meals and in all that time she seldom failed to be as punctual as he. In her home she is hospitable and generous and no one in the church or community is more willing to give of their service to the suffering and unfortunate.

Their son, Charles Espert, is a contracting painter of Trafalgar. Before his marriage he attended the Heebs Business College of Indianapolis, where he was graduated. He has a family of promising children. Helen Gould, the eldest, married a young farmer near Trafalgar. Justin F. is a book-keeper in a bank at Marion, Indiana. He is remarkably efficient and trustworthy for a boy of his age. Charlie and his family are members of the Trafalgar Christian Church, and politically he is a Republican.

Chester Hume after finishing his early education at Trafalgar entered Butler College, from which he graduated in 1906. He did post graduate work at Cornell, the State University of Illinois and at Ann Arbor. From this latter institution he was given the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Throughout his college and university career, Chester was remarkable for his ability as a worker along all lines, educational, athletic, social and religious. He is a self-made man in the truest meaning of the term. He had little assistance financially, and did not refuse to do anything that was a means to the end he sought. He had a wonderful gift of winning friends. Backed up with rugged good health, and a never failing sense of humor, he was able to succeed where many failed.

He served for one year on the faculty of Eureka College.

At present he is a member of the mathematical department of Dartmouth College at Hanover, New Hampshire. His wife is a graduate of the University of Illinois.

Chester has traveled extensively, having toured Europe at two different times. His first trip was made with a college chum. They visited England, France, Switzerland and Italy at a cost of ninety dollars each. To pay for their passage on the boat they took care of stock. When they reached London



Chester Forsyth

on their return they had seventy-five cents between them, and their cattle boat had sailed three days before. This meant they must wait there a week for another one. When they finally reached Boston they were entirely penniless, but happily they had a watch which they pawned to secure money to telegraph for funds. Chester is a member of the Delta Tau Delta Fraternity.

In 1867, Sarah Almira Forsyth, whose young husband had been so tragically killed, married William P. Hollandbeck.

Their six children all live at or near the old John Hume Forsyth homestead. As a family they are remarkable for their unusual interest in and loyalty toward each other. Almira was a woman of rare charm, beauty of character and sweet graciousness, who lived a life of self-effacement. Her sorrows were lost in her sympathy for others. Her highest ambition was to be a good wife and mother, and a kind, helpful neighbor. She did what she found to do and did it cheerfully and well. She was beloved by all who knew her. For the most of her life she was a consistent and faithful member of the Christian Church. A man who had known her when a girl and whose judgment was never questioned, said that in disposition she was the nearest perfect of any one he had ever known. The bond of affection between the two sisters, Erminia and Almira, was beautiful, and lasted unmarred throughout their many trials. Almira was an invalid and confined to her home for many months before she died. She was born, lived most of her life, and died in the house built by her father. The day of her funeral the yard ablaze with the old-fashioned roses planted by her mother, was filled with sorrowing friends and neighbors, whom her kindly life had touched.

Judging from events of family history brought to light Monroe Forsyth may have received his name from a favorite aunt, Nancy Monroe Hughes, wife of Joseph Hughes of Virginia. Monroe's entire life was spent in the State of Indiana, and with the exception of a few months, in Johnson County. He was a carpenter of considerable skill, and a cheery, good natured companion, with an appreciation of humor. The last few months of his life were spent in Indianapolis, where he died in 1914. He was a member of the Christian Church.

Jasper, the youngest child, was named for his great uncle, Jasper Hughes, a cornetist in a Virginia Regiment of the Revolutionary War. In her own words Mrs. French gives her appreciation of this uncle: "He was my bachelor uncle, jovial, kind and loyal to all of his family. A large share of his companionship fell to me. He had an unusually fine bass voice, and many happy hours we spent singing together. He was one of my best friends, and no matter what kind of sorrow or joy came to me, he always gave me his sympathy. He was the jolly fat member of the family—weighing over two hundred pounds."

For a good many years he was a prominent member of the Baptist Church in Trafalgar, and was a capable teacher in the Sunday school.

David, the youngest child of James and Jennie Sturgeon Forsyth, was less than two years old when his father died, and only a lad of twelve years when the family came to Indiana. His first home in this state was his the remainder of his life. The place was endeared to him by his boyhood association with his mother and brothers, and he liked it none the less because it was the scene of their first efforts in home building in the State. When in 1833 he married Henningham Clark he brought her to this farm.

David lacked neither industry, energy nor perseverance, and in time became a prosperous farmer. He was interested in fine stock and in its exhibition at the county fairs. He was also greatly interested in the culture of bees. Since it was his custom to know well whatever he did he studied the bee and learned its habits and needs. To protect them from the storms of winter he built a bee house where they were sheltered.

David has been described as a man of "fine appearance and peaceable and orderly in his manner." In business he was conspicuous for exactitude, his word having all the sanctity of an obligation. In his dealing with others, honor and truth ruled his life. He did not interfere or concern himself with the affairs of those with whom he came in contact. He was cautious, prudent and assumed no hazards without approval of his best judgment. He was firm in his discipline with his children, and endeavored to teach them the importance not only of obedience to authority but respect for one's word. A good illustration of this is shown in an experience with his son, Thomas Jefferson. When a mere child, he went to the field where his father was plowing. David wishing a drink of water tied the horse to a fence and told his son not to disturb it in his absence. Idleness begets mischief and disobedience, and left alone with nothing to do the temptation was too great not to try plowing with his own hand. He soon saw that he was pulling the corn out of the ground, and rehitching the horse he quietly commenced resetting it, but without regularity as to hills and rows. When his father returned his accurate eye at once detected the uneven corn, and knowing

what had occurred he proceeded calmly to punish his son. This was severe enough that the boy never needed another like it, and the lesson remained with him all through life. The only thing his father said was: "In the future when you are told not to do a thing, don't do it." When the boy went to his mother with the story she gave him the same answer.

The intimate companionship of David's devout mother deeply influenced the son's religious life. To be faithful in attendance at church was to him the eleventh commandment. His piety and devoutness seemed inborn. He had respect for the opinions of others no matter how widely they might differ with him. This was all the more remarkable since at that time liberality and infidelity were almost synonymous. There was no half-way ground. The preaching was largely doctrinal and controversial. Ministers debated on free will versus predestination, good works versus justification by faith, immersion versus sprinkling. It was said in jest that the only difference between the new school and the old of one denomination was that one stood up and the other sat down when they prayed. David attended church in the building situated at the side of the road where the Martinsville and the Three Notch roads cross. Many years after David was gone his wife was always present at both the Saturday and Sunday meetings, where she sat on the front seat to help lead in the singing of the old hymns.

It is interesting to know that David owned one of the first carriages that came into the county. When his mother died in the month of February, 1856, the weather was very cold, with a heavy snow. People came in sleighs to the funeral. These were not the fashionable cutters of today, but were the common sleighs which the farmers used often with a hastily improvised bed of planks or the farmer's wagon bed. They would place straw or hay into the bed to make it warm and comfortable. David had so much pride in the appearance of things that he refused to go to his mother's funeral in a sleigh of this kind. He chose his carriage instead, and its wheels creaked and crackled as they went over the cold, dry snow. It was so cold that his family had to change to one of the sleighs before reaching the place of burial.

He died from typhoid fever in 1858. This developed after

a cold which he had taken while working in the rain trying to cut a way through the forests to make a better road to his church.

In this connection it is interesting to know something of the treatment of typhoid fever in those days. It was almost certain death. No one knew its cause, and much less a remedy. The doctors knew but little more than the patients. An old pioneer told of his experience with the early practitioners. About his seventeenth year he was taken ill. Neighbors said it was bilious fever. The only doctor, seven miles away, came on horseback, with his calomel, jalap and castor oil. He proceeded to give him an emetic, then bade him take calomel. Returning two days later he bled him until he fainted. The doctor said he was taking him through a course of medicine to prostrate his system to break the fever. After continuing his visits for two weeks he said he always succeeded in curing by salivating his patients. He was already reduced to a mere skeleton. To be sure the fever was broken for there was little left to create a fever, but an irreparable injury had been inflicted on his body. The old doctor believed that the salivation was the salvation of him.

David's only daughter, Louise, was born near Trafalgar in the home where her grandmother, Jennie Forsyth, lived when she first came to Indiana. When she was about seven years old she started to school, her first teacher being Martha Featherngill, a granddaughter of David I. The little log school house which she attended was typical of that day. It was plastered with mud between the logs, and the seats were made of logs split in the center. Boards laid upon pins that had been driven into the wall with an upward slant were used for writing tables.

Her home was two miles away, and her path lay through fields and dense woods, and during the short days of winter it would be dark before she could reach her home. Only one who has experienced the fear of dark nooks with animals lurking to creep upon prey can understand this child's terror lest some fox of which the woods were full should cross her path.

The schoolmaster in the early schools stood in the place of the parent and punished freely with the full approval of the parent. The teacher who neglected the frequent use of

the rod was a failure. The story is told of one whose school had run smoothly without the severe whipping of children. One morning a patron bluntly told him he was making a mistake, he was not whipping anybody. "Why, who'll I whip?" he asked. "Whip my Sam," was the prompt answer. "What for? He's lazy, I know, but I can't whip for laziness, can I?" asked the teacher. "Yes, give it to him. Sam's my boy, and I know he needs it every day."



Louise Sturgeon

It was the fixed rule of the master in these early schools that each pupil should go through the speller three times, twice "on the book" and once "off the book." On the book meant spelling and pronouncing the words with the book open, while off the book indicated spelling from memory. In many of the schools the pupils were required to study their lessons aloud in order that the teacher might be sure they were all

working. Hence mastery of any one branch usually was the result of seemingly incessant repetition, which fixed it indelibly on the mind. The goal of the pupils was to be the best speller in the room. This honor fell to Louise, and at seventy-nine years she has lost none of her ability.

In later years she attended a boarding school that stood on West Jefferson street in Franklin, and from this seminary she went to a school of higher learning held in the rear of the old Presbyterian Church, which stood on the site of the present one. Louise grew up in a religious atmosphere. With such ardent church members as were her parents it was but natural that they would consider it their first duty to see that their children did not miss the services. The journey to the little church on Stotts Creek was made on horseback, and Louise, who always rode behind her father, would often grow very tired on the long, tiresome ride. The seats in the church were an improvement over the earlier ones at school, as they were made of planks and had backs. There were no Sunday schools for the children, and the church services were long. However, the children were trained to sit quietly throughout the tiresome service, and to be patient with the long wait before their Sunday dinner was served.

Louise relates many interesting stories of her early life. As a child she remembers when the first train passed through Franklin in 1847 from Madison on its way to Indianapolis. It was a great event and was witnessed all along the line by hundreds of people, many of them riding long distances on horseback to see it. Louise went with her parents to Franklin the day before that they might all be ready when the train arrived, and she sat on the fence and watched it go by. A very few had ever seen the "cars," and could not believe a locomotive could travel so fast as twenty miles an hour. It was said by some that it "looked like the devil" as it went puffing along, whereas others said "it was Godlike." Mr. Merrill, one of the speakers on the occasion of its arrival in Indianapolis, grew eloquent as he closed his address with these words: "There may be other railroads, there probably will be, but never will there be any so great as this Madison Road."

Louise has also frequently spoken of her first visit to Kentucky. This was in 1848, and she rode all the way in a wagon with her grandmother, Jennie Sturgeon Forsyth, who wanted

to visit her sisters and attend an association at Long Run Baptist Church in Shelby County. Thomas Sturgeon, her great grandfather, was at this meeting. She remembers that he gave her a peppermint candy cane, and that she ate so much of it that she has never cared for peppermint since. Sixty-six years later, in October, 1914, she again visited old Long Run in company with Paul Jeffries and others. In memory of her first visit Paul gave her another peppermint candy cane.

She has never forgotten when a little child sitting on the bank of a stream where she watched her father and mother as they washed the wool from which the family clothing was made. After washing it in a hole in the stream they spread it on the ground to dry. It was then taken to Mr. Vickerman, who had a carding machine, east of Franklin. When the wool came home it was all in soft, fleecy rolls that had to be spun into yarn on the "big wheel." It was all an interesting process to the child, for she remembers how she could not reach the wheel, but it was necessary that she be brought into service in the spinning, so a platform was constructed upon which she walked to and fro as she spun the rolls into yarn.

She tells of the kettle which her mother kept for days on the hearth near the fire, which burned in the old-fashioned fireplace. In this kettle was a home-made dye of blue made from indigo. Into the dye her mother would put the hanks of yarn until they were the right shade of color. Louise remembers that her mother did not weave this yarn into cloth as many women of those days, but it was taken to James Kerlin, who had a weaving machine, in the country some miles west of Franklin.

It is interesting to know that the indigo coloring of that day was the kind used in the manufacture of the heavy double coverlids made in Franklin during the years of 1852 and '53. Many of them are in the homes of the children of the Forsyths of that day and neither time nor use has changed the shade of the coloring.

It was the custom for both girls and boys to marry at an early age, and in 1857 Louise Forsyth married Robert Slaughter Sturgeon. The wedding tour at this period in our history did not mean a long journey, but was usually only a few miles away to the home of the groom. But Robert Sturgeon's relatives lived in Hardin County, Kentucky, so after the wed-

ding breakfast they went to Franklin, where they took a train to Louisville. It was in winter, and the train was delayed by heavy snows at Columbus until noon of the following day. They reached Jeffersonville to learn the boats could not run to take them across the river, since it was frozen over. There was nothing to do but walk across the ice into Louisville, which they did, carrying their baggage. Cold as was the weather they rode by stage coach ten miles to reach their relatives, after leaving the train at Elizabethtown. When they returned to Louisville they found the river full of ice gorges with the boat still standing at the wharf. They must either wait for the ice to melt or go across in a skiff. They chose the latter, but came near losing their lives. People anxious for their safety stood on the banks watching until they were safely landed, when they cheered loudly and called them brave soldiers.

Mrs. Sturgeon's home after her marriage was first in Trafalgar, where her husband and his father, Alfred (Major) Sturgeon, conducted a general store. In 1867 they bought the farm near Franklin, now known as the Sturgeon farm, which has since been the family home. Two grandchildren have been reared in their home, and they have received the same care, sympathy and love that was given her own.

In her home Louise is known for her gracious hospitality and gentleness of manner. In her quiet way she is always looking after the comfort of her family and guests. Small of stature, frail in appearance, she still at the age of seventy-nine is active around her home, keeping in touch with all that concerns the happiness of her family and friends, and while always interested in everything about her farm, she gladly gives the management into the hands of her children. Through her long life she has been a faithful worker at life's tasks, and by her own shining example she has taught proper pride, independence and self-respect, and that industry and energy, service and sacrifice, rather than luxury and easy living, make for character.

The family are all members of the Franklin Christian Church, and are Democrats in politics.

Robert Sturgeon, 1831-1907, was a prominent citizen, and always had an intense interest in the town of Franklin and in its college. Many of the college students were his friends,

and very often they were happy guests in his home. He had a keen sense of humor that attracted young people. His spirit of youth he retained even to the last years of his life.

David, the eldest son, resembles his grandfather Forsyth, for whom he was named. He lives just east of Franklin and is one of the reliable citizens of his community. He has remained true to his Southern ancestry in politics, having al-



Jessie Sturgeon Blackmore

ways voted with the Democratic party. His church home and that of his wife and children is with the Church of the Disciples in Franklin. He received his education in the public schools of Franklin and later attended Franklin College. He is a pleasant, affable, kindly man, and well liked by his friends and neighbors. He says happiness is worth cultivating, and he considers whatever brings joy into one's life is a safe thing to guide action, so long as one keeps the rudder true.

His marriage to Emily Lewis was the result of a college romance. Their daughter, Mary, graduated from Franklin College in 1916. Her brother, Lewis, was in the S. A. T. C. training camp of Franklin College in the fall of 1918.

Martha Sturgeon was her father's business confidante, and since his death has manifested her ability as a successful business manager. Whatever comes in her way to be done she does it without complaint, believing that any honest work is honorable. She wins friends by her witty, happy personality. Her college training was received in Franklin College. Her brothers, Frank Edward and Robert, are farmers of Johnson and Marion Counties.

Julia Sturgeon has been the manager of her mother's home since she has been old enough to assume the responsibility. When her sister, Jessie, died, leaving an only child thirteen hours old, she unselfishly took the place of his mother. There were many sleepless nights for the hitherto care-free girl, but no true mother ever complains, nor did she. As the child's guardian she has faithfully fulfilled her trust.

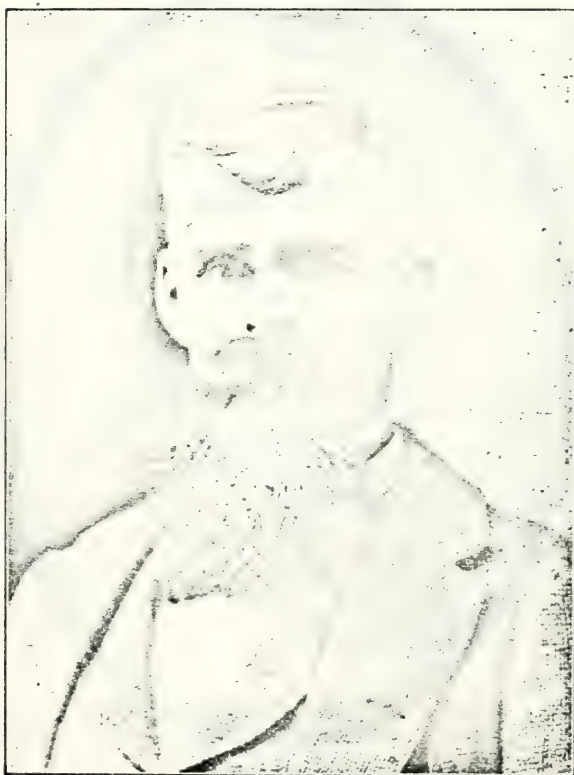
Julia and her sister, Jessie, were devoted companions. They were students together in Franklin College. Jessie was known for her lovable personality and for her cheerfulness under all circumstances. Her comfortable philosophy, contentment with things, was the outgrowth of a noble Christian character. Buoyant, bright, her brief life was happy in devotion to the most hallowed place on earth, home.

Her son Dawson is a student in the Franklin high school.

Hume Edward Forsyth was a mere lad of twelve years when his father died, but he was the type of boy that his mother could depend upon, as he was her ever willing helper, and for years his young life was devoted to her comfort. He was married in 1868 and some time later removed to Johnson County, Missouri, with his wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Tyler. Missouri at that time was new and not improved. It was still suffering from the effects of the Civil War. The people were discouraged and there was much enmity among the different factions. Hume Edward saw this bitter feeling disappear, and where discouragement had prevailed, courage and sympathy came. The ashes of burned homes had been replaced by beautiful houses and improved farms. Edward recognized that progress comes through struggle, industry

and perseverance, and he was willing to do his part in the development of the country around him. His reward came when he was able to see his own home grow to be one of the most beautiful in all that section.

He was a loyal supporter of the Baptist Church for fifty years. He died suddenly while sitting listening to the service in the church, where he had for so many years been a faith-

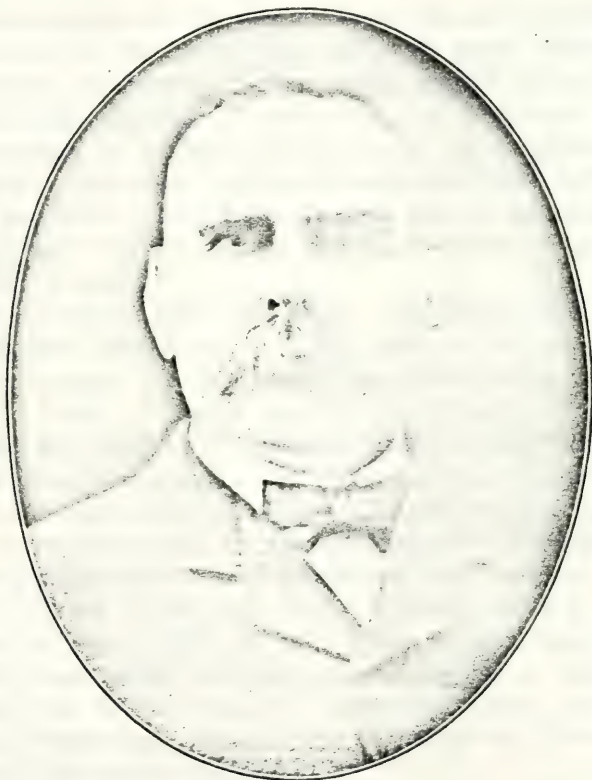


Hume Edward Forsyth

ful member. He was a man of but few words, but when he said a thing his friends knew it was true. He was respected for his genuine worth. Quietly he lived his life, and when the great change came to him so quickly he was ready.

His son, Ora Forsyth, is a prosperous farmer and stock dealer living near his father's home. He is a young man of good business ability and a general favorite among his friends. He is a Modern Woodman and a Democrat.

Thomas Jefferson Forsyth lived all his life in Johnson County. His earlier years were spent on his farm near Trafalgar, but later he removed to Franklin, where his death occurred in August, 1919. He was one of the thirty-nine grandchildren of James and Jennie Sturgeon Forsyth, eight only of whom were living at the time of his death.



Thomas J. Forsyth

When a young man he attended Franklin College. He served his county four years as treasurer, and was one of its best citizens. Politically he was a Democrat and religiously a Baptist. He will be remembered by his friends for his cordial greeting, having had the habit of addressing each one with the title of cousin. Thus he came to be known among many of them as "Cousin Tom." He was known for his patience, devotion and sacrifice for those nearest him. He was clean in heart and life, loyal to the church and his friends.

CHAPTER VIII

NANCY FORSYTH DANIELS AND FAMILY

Little is known of the life of Nancy Forsyth Daniels. Her father wrote in his diary that she was born December 22, 1779, and it is recorded in the county clerk's office in Louisville that she married Thomas Daniels, February 9, 1799. After coming to Indiana she lived in the neighborhood of Trafalgar. After her husband's death she lived in the home of her daughter, Eliza Lynam. She was a member of the old Christian Church during the years when it met in her daughter's home.

Her grandson, John D. Lynam, and Mary Jane Watkins were married November 14, 1850, and on the following day his parents gave for them what was then called an "Infair Dinner." Nancy Forsyth Daniels was present on this occasion, but she died a few months later in July, 1851. In a little graveyard, one and a half miles south of Trafalgar, and near where the old log Christian Church stood, are two lone graves, unmarked save by some fragments of stone. These are the graves of Nancy Forsyth and her husband, Thomas Daniels. Their eldest son, Stith Daniels, came to Indiana between the years 1826 and '33. When he was ready to leave Kentucky he loaded all his possessions on a horse, then mounted over all and rode to Johnson County. He bought land near Trafalgar upon a part of which the First Baptist Church in the town was built.

Serelda and Sarah Ann Watkins, whom Stith Daniels' sons, David and John O., married, were sisters of the three Watkins sisters who married John, William and Joseph Lynam, sons of Eliza Daniels Lynam. In their early life they were residents of Johnson County.

Elvin Daniels, son of George Daniels and grandson of David, has attracted the attention of church people and others to the community spirit of his work as minister for the Christian Church in Kentland, Indiana. For some years he has been impressed with the necessity of the church and other enterprises for the improvement of the religious and moral

atmosphere of any community becoming more interested in the athletics and other amusements for the young people.

He is a "man of deeds, not of words." When he sees a thing should be done he talks little about it, but quietly thinks out some way to do it. In the lines below he tells the story of his life:

I was born in Miami County, Indiana, January 24, 1880. I was the first grandchild of my father's family and of course received much attention from the rest of the family. Judging by the reports made by relatives, I proved to be a live wire from the very start and furnished plenty of embarrassment and amusement for the folks.

We lived on the farm with the house back off the road. I spent a great deal of time until I was twelve years of age in the fields, woods and the creek where I learned nature first hand. I came to know the habits of wild game and plants, which has been very useful to me since.

I remember very distinctly my first day to go to school because it was the day that my Grandmother Daniels died very unexpectedly. We lived about one and a half miles from the schoolhouse and grandmother's home was on my way, in fact it was arranged so that my uncles should go with me as they were still attending the school. That beautiful fall morning as I set out with my new red top boots, new books and lunch pail I felt as though all the world was mine. I of course stopped to see grandma, who had been sick for some time and was thought to be rapidly improving. She greeted me and her last hopes as expressed to me was that I might go to school and prove myself a good student and live to be a good and useful man, and that prayer abides with me to this day as one of the most precious memories of my life.

I have from childhood longed for an education that would fit me for a worthy life service. My chief ambition is to be really worth while. I have been cuffed around considerably. When twelve years of age we moved to Tipton County, where I attended the village school at Hobbs, Indiana. After six months we moved to our farm two and a quarter miles from Hobbs. At fourteen years of age my parents granted me the privilege of earning my way and seeking an education with the understanding that I was welcome home any time I wished to return.

I batched with a young man and fed stock before and after school in our own neighborhood and attended the district school one winter, getting my board for my services. A little later I attended school at Logansport, Indiana, for a year, making my home with a family where I took care of the lawn, two horses, a cow and coached for my room and board. All the cash I had to use for nine months was what I earned at odd jobs and the money father gave me along at different times, which amounted to \$33 and was the price of a pony which he promised each boy.

At twenty years of age I secured a teacher's license and taught school for four years. During these four years I met with some reverses and gave up for a time at least the hopes of going to college, and mar-

ried, built a little home and expected to go into business and teach, but after a few years I sacrificed everything I had and with my wife's consent I entered Butler College in the fall of 1905 and remained there almost continuously for more than eight years, taking the Preparatory and College courses besides considerable work in the College of Missions. My object in coming to college was to equip myself for the Ministry. My first work was for W. E. M. Hackleman, taking care of his cow, etc., then later in the winter I secured a little church for fourth time at \$9 a trip and I paying expenses. Before the end of the year I was employed all my Sundays by small churches and I was employed most of my time the rest of my stay at college.

In December, 1913, I moved with my family to Kentland, Indiana, where I became pastor of the Christian Church. This was considered a hard field, but I entered into the work full of hope, and it has been a good field. Much of the work I was not hopeful about I was not able to do, but some things which I least expected to do we succeeded in doing. For instance, I expected the adult members to be ready to work together to help meet the needs of the young people, and expected the church to be interested in providing ways and means for community activities, since most of them had lodges and clubs with splendid halls and equipment, but this again did not work out as I really hoped for, but thanks to a small group of public spirited citizens we succeeded in getting the main part of a community building constructed, and we have been able to provide for the athletic activities of the young people fairly well. My reason for attempting the type of work I have here is because I know of no other means that will reach the conditions of our day, and I am thoroughly convinced that the program, when fairly interpreted, of Christ and His followers has been a constructive program, which seeks to build up a new humanity. To do this we must project the principles of Jesus into all of our activities.

This work was interrupted by the war. I left for France in April, 1918, and returned to the work here in January, 1919.

I have served as farm hand, engineer, section hand, janitor, school teacher, contractor and preacher, while I was trying to get my education. This not only made my financial support possible, but it is a great asset to me in dealing with some of the practical problems of church and community work as well as other things.

When I went to Irvington to enter Butler College I took with me my wife and baby, and after my tuition for the first term and house rent for the first month was paid, I had \$45 and a great deal of faith. The first term the baby had a fall which fractured its arm, and then my wife's health failed and she had to submit to an operation which gave her relief for a few years.

In February, 1915, both Mrs. Daniels and Earl, our son, were compelled to go to the hospital for major operations the same day. This with many other reverses which I suffered has caused me many anxious moments, but I have personally enjoyed good health, and we have been very happy and enjoyed life. We now have an adopted baby girl that is a great pleasure to us.

I went to France as a Y. M. C. A. war worker, and was in London, May 21st, during one of the worst air raids the city had experienced at that time. Three days later I arrived in Paris, and while there the big guns began throwing shells in the city, and within five hours had dropped sixteen. This was kept up almost daily during the week I spent there. I left for Gondécourt via Chateau Thierry two days after the second big German offensive, and was on next to the last train that passed through Chateau Thierry until after the American offensive. An enemy aviator blew up the tracks at that place, and we were held there for some time. Here I witnessed war for the first time as a reality. The fleeing refugees, the train loads of wounded coming back, and troops going up, I shall never forget the sight.

I was assigned work at Gondécourt. I later went to the St. Mihiel front, and did emergency canteen work. I served as hut secretary with the third cavalry for two months, and was there made manager of the movies for that area, serving about sixteen camps. My service certificate gives me mention for service as hut, athletic, religious, transportation and cinema secretary.

ELVIN DANIELS.

Elvin's brother, Fred Daniels, went to Irvington, Indiana, in 1913, and entered Butler College. He was a student there until June, 1917. While in school he was widely known as an athlete, having been a member of the baseball, football and basketball teams. He was a member of the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity.

In August, 1917, he enlisted with the One Hundred Fiftieth Field Artillery, Rainbow Division, and was sent to Fort Benjamin Harrison for training. His division was one of the first to go to France. He was a sergeant and took part in every American offensive. He was in the fighting on the Lorraine front, Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel and the Argonne. He was severely wounded in the Argonne, October 29, 1918, by being hit with a piece of shrapnel, and for two months was unable to walk, and was in the hospital six months. He lacked thirteen days of going through the entire fighting period of the American Army. In the spring of 1919 he returned to the United States, and after being discharged returned to Butler and graduated with his class in June, 1919.

His brother, John H. Daniels, enlisted in December, 1917, with the Aero Squadron, and was just ready to cross over when peace was declared.

The only child of John O. Daniels was John O. Daniels, Jr., who went to Lexington, Nebraska, where he married Elva

O. Tyler, a daughter of Willet and Nancy Nay Tyler. Willet Tyler was an early preacher of Johnson County. John O. Daniels later left Lexington with his family and went to Asotin, Washington.

William Thomas Daniels, fourth child of Stith Daniels, enlisted in the Civil War November 29, 1862. He was with Battery M, Second Regulars, U. S. Artillery. He was honorably discharged at Light House Point in 1865. While in the army he was in thirty-one important engagements and made the march with Sherman to the sea.

His grandson, John Hoffman, was in the war with Germany as a hospital nurse.

Martin, the fifth son of Stith Daniels, was killed in the Battle of the Wilderness during the Civil War. Abner Hardin of Johnson County was standing near when the fatal shot came.

William W. Daniels, son of Martin Daniels and grandson of David Daniels, served four years in the United States Navy, having enlisted in 1908. After four months' training at Norfolk, Virginia, he was sent to Manila, where he remained during his term of enlistment with the exception of nine months when he was in Shanghai, China, at the time of the Chinese rebellion. He was honorably discharged at San Francisco in 1912.

In June, 1918, he enlisted at Chicago for service in the war with Germany. He was stationed at the Great Lakes Training Station in Chicago, where he had the supervision of the training of men for overseas service. Here, on account of his previous service, he proved a valuable man. He also while at the station superintended the erection and maintenance of the largest heating plant in the world. His brother, Charles F. Daniels, enlisted in the federal service in 1916, and was sent with his regiment to the Mexican border to protect the interests of the United States from the bands of Mexicans who were a cause of disturbance at that time. He was mustered out in January, 1917, and recalled in August, when he and his company were made a part of the Rainbow Division, 150th F. A., Battery A.

During the entire engagement of this 42nd Division Charles Daniels was with his regiment excepting two brief periods when he was in the hospital, and was not injured

once in battle. After the signing of the armistice his regiment became a part of the army of occupation.

Robert Daniels spent his early life in Johnson County, and was married there. It was some years later when he went to Peru, Indiana, where he now resides. His children live in or near Peru. They have been successful in business and are among the prominent people in their community.

Frank Daniels has been an unusually successful farmer and stockman. He has given strict attention to business and says that he has never said "no" to anything that meant success in the end, not even if it meant loss of sleep or work at night. One year his wheat had ripened rapidly and shattered easily. He cut it by going to the field at one o'clock a. m., working until early dawn. He is among the largest stock feeders in his county. His faithfulness to business is shown by his close attention to his young stock when the weather is cold. He has been known to take a cot and stay near them all night.

His home is near the Erie Canal, and most of the drive out from Peru is in view of the canal and the old towpath. He has recently built a beautiful modern residence on his farm, where he is a genial and cordial host.

Perlina Daniels was born in Johnson County. She was married near Rensselaer, Indiana, in 1869. Her son, Jesse, and daughters, Cora Alice, Addie May and Blanch, live on farms near Rensselaer. Mable, the youngest daughter, is a bookkeeper and stenographer. She lives with her father in Rensselaer.

Nancy Forsyth's second child, John O. Daniels, went to New Orleans when a young man and died there. The daughters, Harriet, Juliet and Letitia, died in Kentucky. Letitia married Mr. Watts. Her only child died before her mother, leaving no descendants. Letitia died in Louisville, leaving a small estate, which was divided among her relatives, a number of whom were in Johnson County. Her husband died in 1899 at Stanford, Kentucky. William Daniels, the youngest son, died in Kentucky about 1860.

The history of the Trafalgar Christian Church could not be written without telling of the life of Eliza Daniels and her husband, Thomas Lynam, so closely were they identified with its work. Its first services were held in their home

during the years of 1848 and '49, when Thomas Lynam did the preaching. On these occasions Eliza Lynam would prepare dinner for the entire company, which prevented her from having any part in the service, for she cooked while they sang and prayed and while her husband preached. Two years after the organization of the church a small log structure was built with one door and a single window. This was situated one and a half miles south of Trafalgar near what was called Goose Creek. The church was called Goose Creek Church. Eliza Lynam's children became members while they worshiped in this building, excepting the two elder sons, who united with the church while they met in the parents' home.

After a few years the log church was replaced by a frame structure located in what was then called Hensleytown, now a part of Trafalgar. Thomas Lynam with the help of his sons was its chief architect, builder and promoter, and no building of its time stood more firmly upon its cornerstones. The plastering was the work of his hands. His daughter, Eliza, when a girl of ten years, helped to carry the water to make the mortar with which it was plastered. Its plainness compared with that of the worshipers for whom it was erected. On either side of the pulpit were the doors, one for the men to enter and the other for the women, and in those days it would have been an act of impropriety for either to have made the wrong entrance.

This little church was the scene of many happy experiences for the young people of the community. It was where the singing schools were taught. A stile reached by steps from the church grounds was where the girls and women mounted their horses, for at that time everyone rode horseback, and it was the duty of the young men who cared to retain a reputation for gallantry to see that each horse was brought to the stile at the proper time.

Thomas Lynam had entire sympathy with the singing school of the young people, and they were free to use the church at any time, but he never gave up his love for the simple, plain church in the old way. This was shown when a member of a later generation in trying to improve the severe plainness of the pulpit where the old Bible rested, made a cloth cover for it. The week following its first appearance it disappeared and was found neatly folded and put aside.

The sister not discouraged again placed it over the pulpit only to find at the next service that it had been taken away. She persisted, but each time the cover disappeared, and when she found Mr. Lynam was determined, she gave up and the pulpit remained as at first.

Had it not been for the sacrifice of Thomas Lynam and his wife, Eliza Daniels, this church might never have been built. They and their children helped to keep it alive during the Civil War. The story of the baptism of Emma, the daughter of John Lynam, is pathetic, but it shows the devotion of these early disciples to the faith for which their church stood. She was very ill, and expressed a wish to become a member of the church, and at its Sunday afternoon service she was taken to the church, and from there to a stream of water, and while seated in a chair friends carried her into the water, and J. C. Miller, an able minister of the church, baptized her. She died a week later.

Thomas and Eliza Lynam were patriotic to their country when the Civil War came. Their eldest son, Thomas, early enlisted, and in December, 1861, was killed in Missouri. He was a member of Co. I, 18th Indiana Regiment. A man with a wife and children was not exempt from the draft in the war if he was within the age limit of twenty-one and forty-five. Great hardships were endured by the Lynam family during this period. Their daughters, Matilda, Martha and Eliza, each with a babe, were compelled to return to the home of their parents while their husbands were in the army.

In the court-house in Louisville may be found the record of Eliza Daniels' marriage to Thomas Lynam. It says: "The said Eliza Daniels being the daughter of Thomas Daniels, whose consent thereto was proven by Stith Daniels, was married to Thomas Lynam, January 30, 1823." Eliza Daniels Lynam was a woman of kindly nature and a most unselfish character. She had many traits of disposition similar to those of her grandfather, David Forsyth, who is said to have had a remarkably even temperament. Her hospitality and her spirit of sacrifice were apparent when she so unselfishly cooked by an open fireplace for all who came to the church service in her home.

Thomas Lynam, her husband, was a man of very strong convictions. This was clearly shown in a little circumstance

that has been frequently related. He and his neighbor were men of equally strong characters, and could not be friends because of their different religious and political opinions. So strong was Thomas Lynam's aversion that he would always take the opposite side of the road when compelled to pass his neighbor's house.

John and William Lynam are remembered by the older citizens of their community as men who contributed their share of whatever was best. They were strong for the Union during the war, but were not antagonistic toward those who held opposite views.

John Lynam's daughter Annie lives with her son and his family on Hoyt avenue, Indianapolis. When a girl she was a pupil in J. C. Miller's school in Nineveh, and while there met George Weir, whom she later married.

Agnes Buckner Hunter, daughter of Eliza Lynam Buckner, was born in Trafalgar and lived there during her girlhood. She has always called it home. A part of her early married life was spent there. Since the death of her mother the family home has been in Franklin. She prepared the data of the Eliza Lynam family with unusual neatness and accuracy. Her husband, Dudley A. Hunter, is with the Strauss Clothing Company of Indianapolis. He is the son of the late Singleton and Harriett Clemmer Hunter, and a nephew of Anderson Hunter, who was for many years connected with the law firm of Overstreet & Hunter of Franklin.

CHAPTER IX

ELIZABETH FORSYTH BRIDGES, HER CHILDREN AND SOME OF THEIR DESCENDANTS

David Forsyth wrote in his diary that his daughter, Betsey (Elizabeth) was born the 10th of December in 1781. The year of her death is not known, but it was about the year 1830. She married Isham Bridges in Kentucky and spent the rest of her life there. Somewhere in Jefferson County her body lies buried in an unknown and unmarked grave, save possibly by stones taken from a nearby stream. After her death her husband came to Indiana, and his son, George, built a house for him in the yard near his own home. In this he lived alone for several years. He was a very large man, so large he could not ride horseback, which was the prevailing custom. He purchased probably the first buggy brought into Hensley township. His grandson, Thomas Bridges, often told that it was the first one he ever saw.

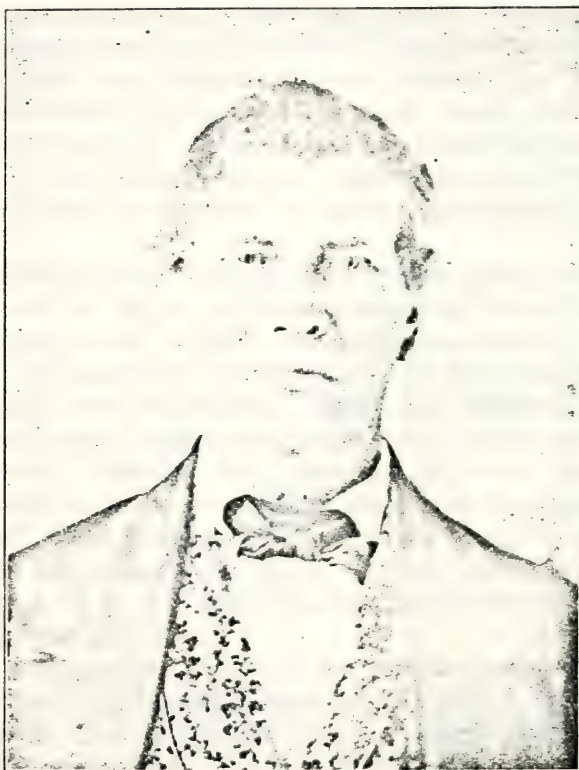
Isham Bridges was a friend of the children, and they always found him a warm, helpful companion. It was a treat when they could go to his little house, for he took pleasure in entertaining them. In his later life he returned to Louisville, where he died at the home of his daughter, Rebecca, in 1849. The children were as follows:

First, George, who married Matilda Forsyth. She was the daughter and eldest child of James and Jane Sturgeon Forsyth. In 1827 they came to Indiana bringing two wagons which were of a very primitive type. One of them was called homemade and had been manufactured from the rude material at hand. The wheels were made from thick oak planks with iron tires. The other one was a schooner wagon drawn by four horses. This Mr. Bridges used to haul pioneer families back and forth from Kentucky.

He cleared the farm, one and a half miles west of Trafalgar, known for many years as the Bridges farm. In 1884, twelve years after his death, 160 acres of this land was sold

by his family to William H. Jeffries. This was the first transfer after Mr. Bridges bought it from the government.

George Bridges' education was limited so far as was acquired through schools, but his active mind was never idle, and he made the best use of every opportunity. His was an unusually active business life. His interests brought him in contact with men of intelligence, and in this way he acquired



George Bridges

a most practical education. He was well informed upon all the general topics of his time, and was familiar with everything that pertained to the business in which he was engaged. He was interested first and last in agricultural pursuits and in the growing of live stock giving especial attention to a high grade of cattle and mules. Possibly no man in Johnson County ever handled so many mules as he. The large barn near the road was built by him more than sixty years ago to shelter

them. In his earlier life, however, his activities were not confined wholly to his farm. He was not only a promoter of Hensleytown, but he also named the place. The eastern part of the present town of Trafalgar was called Liberty. In 1853 he laid out a plot of ground just west of here which he called Hensleytown. He was a competitor with Avery Buckner for the postoffice, but the latter being first in his application won for his town of Liberty. The department objected to this name because of another in the state. As a result of the rivalry Trafalgar was selected for the name of the postoffice. The towns retained their name for many years, and each led its own individual life. Hensleytown took the lead in growth. One of its first buildings was a large store room erected by Bridges in which he engaged in merchandising and handling grain.

He amassed wealth during his forty-five years residence in Indiana, and he did it without detracting from the confidence the people had in him. An incident connected with the purchase of a large flock of sheep shows his fair dealing. Robert Sturgeon, who was always seeing the humorous side of things, was helping him to drive the sheep to his farm, when he remarked: "George, you know you got more sheep than you paid that man for. I counted them, and you knew about it." "Well," said Bridges, "We will drive them back and get the man to help count them again, for I do not want any that I do not pay for." Sturgeon did not find it easy to convince him that it was all a joke.

Some years before his death he was for some time a director of the First National Bank of Franklin. He was also a stockholder, but this stock was lost when the bank was wrecked after his death.

He was interested in all that the church stood for, and was a member of the Trafalgar Baptist Church. In politics he remained true to his southern ancestry, and was always a Democrat.

For the children of George and Matilda Forsyth, see Matilda Forsyth.

After the death of Matilda, George Bridges married Martha Clark. They had two children, Marion, who died when a child, and William A. Bridges, who has been one of the leading agriculturists of Johnson County of a later day.

His ideas of farming were the best known, showing the care and oversight of the scientific farmer. When his eldest son married he removed to Franklin, leaving the son on the farm. He served the county as commissioner for more than four years, and was treasurer of Johnson County two terms. In 1909 he was elected mayor of Franklin, and filled the office satisfactorily for four years. He is a prominent member of



W. A. Bridges and Wife

the Masonic Fraternity in Franklin and was interested in the establishment of the Masonic home at that place, being superintendent of the construction of the buildings. He has supported liberally churches and all enterprises that help to build up a community. He is a member of the Baptist Church, and is a Democrat in politics.

His children were educated in the public schools of Johnson County and Franklin College. Otis has been very successful

in the management of his father's farm. He is recognized as one of the progressive young farmers of his neighborhood. Harry went into the treasurer's office as deputy under his father, which position he continued to hold under T. J. Forsyth. The efficiency which he showed while here together with his courteous treatment of the people later won the election for him as treasurer, at which time he received the largest majority ever given a candidate for public office in the county. It was due to his interest in the people and his affable and kindly treatment of them that he retained his popularity throughout his term. He is a member of the Baptist Church and also a Mason. He belongs to both the York and Scottish Rites.

George Bridges married the third time Eliza Prather, who survived him about forty years. Their children were all born and brought up on the home farm. Dillard is a farmer of Nineveh township. A son of Henry was in the service of the United States during the late war.

Emily Bridges Wolfington lives with her daughter, Lola, in Detroit, Michigan. Lola married Harry Ford, a son of Henry Ford, the automobile manufacturer. He was captain of motor transport corps, U. S. A., during the late war. He died December, 1918.

Byron Wolfington was in the pilot aviation service during the war.

Rebecca, the only daughter of Elizabeth Forsyth and Isham Bridges, was married to Daniel Lavielle in 1832 at the age of sixteen years. She was the mother of twelve children. She is said to have been of a very cheerful and happy disposition, and greatly loved by her children. She died in Louisville, and was buried in Cave Hill Cemetery.

After her death her husband married Laura Hardin, and by this marriage there were nine children, making Daniel Lavielle the father of twenty-one children. Sarah, the daughter of Rebecca Lavielle, after the death of her husband, Doctor Kern, moved to Franklin, Indiana, where the daughter, Julia, married. The mother and both daughters died there. Doctor Kern was a fine man and physician of Louisville, Kentucky.

William Bridges like his brother, George, married his first cousin. When he and his wife, Margaret Forsyth, came to

Indiana in 1829 they went to section 34 in Union township. He did not care for the farm, and later moved to Franklin. While here the family lived in a house situated where the present Axt building stands.

Mr. Bridges was fond of holding office and at various times served his county as treasurer, sheriff and commissioner. His brother when asked to accept an office always replied: "No,



Rebecca Bridges Lavielle

I do not have time. I must work and attend to my farm. Ask William. He likes to hold office and does not like hard work".

William and his wife Margaret were charter members of the Franklin Christian Church, which was organized in 1848.

In 1852 he and his family moved to Fayette County, Illinois. Here he bought land upon which there was a very high hill known for years as the blue grass knob. Later it became

known as the Bridges knob, which name it still bears. On the highest point stood the house where the family lived.

William Bridges was a justice of the peace for a good many years and often married people. The following ceremony is the one which he always used:

By this act of joining hands you do now assume toward each other the relation of husband and wife, and do solemnly promise in the presence of Almighty God and these witnesses as such to love, honor and cherish each other so long as you both shall live. By virtue of the authority vested in me by law, I pronounce you to be husband and wife.

John Bridges, son of Elizabeth Forsyth, went to Texas in early life and spent the rest of his life there.

CHAPTER X

DAVID FORSYTH II AND FAMILY

David Forsyth II was born in Virginia, December 15, 1783, and was an heir to that spirit of '76 which pledged life, fortune and honor to national independence. In January, 1802, he married Mary Ann Hulett, who died May 5, 1815. He married again December 5, 1815, Cassandra Pritchard.

David bought his first land in Johnson County, Indiana, in October, 1825, the land grant being signed by John Quincy Adams. His second deed was granted one year later, and at both dates he is spoken of as a resident of Jefferson County, Kentucky. His brother, Robert, with others who had already located in Johnson County, built upon this land a pioneer cabin eight by twenty feet, before the arrival of David and his family in November, 1827. People who located on lands without cabins were often compelled to camp in the woods for several days. What a picture of travel this trip from Kentucky was. In a wagon drawn by four horses were the household goods and the children. There were also the provisions for the journey and for the first days in the new home. What happy times the children had riding all the way in the wagon, and sleeping at night with the moon and stars shining over their heads. How good the plain food was, cooked over a fire built in the edge of the forest. When the wagon was loaded in Kentucky there was no place for the mother, Cassandra, and her youngest child, Sarah Jane, who was less than one year old, so she mounted a horse with this child in her arms and rode all the way on horseback.

David found the marshes in Indiana even worse than he expected, with their ditches, briars, mire and all that makes an impenetrable swamp. When he with his family reached the rudely built cabin, David's sons, Mitchell and Thompson, said as they beheld the primeval woods: "This is no place for a home." But a spring of water had been found near where the cabin stood and this had influenced the selection of the spot. It must be remembered that in Kentucky David owned

slaves, and the heavy work had been done by them. The great forest trees and bushes caused the sons to remonstrate, saying: "We can't make a living here." There was nothing in the unbroken forest to suggest a home or a chance for a living to these Kentucky boys accustomed as they were to the colored men doing all the hard work. Then David's courageous spirit arose, and knowing the inspiration of leadership he said without argument while picking up an axe: "Come, boys, we must get to work," and the sound of the axe was followed during the first year by twenty acres of cleared land.

David was impatient with laziness. On one occasion he employed a man to hoe corn, and he proved to be another Jake Slocum, who lay abed so late and who when asked if he were not ashamed replied: "Yes, I be, but I ruther be ashamed than get up." David told the man to get away with great vehemence. In his haste to obey he dropped his hat. David picked it up and threw it after him, saying: "Don't leave your hat. I don't want anything left of you on the farm."

He had one slave, "Ole Charlie," who refused freedom when his master left Kentucky. His faithfulness at all times was bred of that loyalty of the South which endeared master to slave. He was club-footed, but able to be of much service to his master. After a few months in Indiana Charlie grew lonely and wished to return to Kentucky. David, having left some unfinished business there, returned, taking Charlie with him. He arranged to leave the negro, and had proceeded some distance on his return, when he discovered Charlie running after him and calling for him to wait. "Why, where are you going, Charlie?" said David. "Back to Indiana," he answered.

No lively children could plan escapades or deceits without "Ole Charlie's" eye and ear, and his master was at once informed. Once David heard through the old negro that his daughter and a young girl who grew up in his home had two young men, "Doc" Forsyth and "Nick" Branigan, come to see them. Charlie, believing his master was opposed to their coming, promptly informed him of the visit. David said: "Let me catch them here, and I will Doc'em and Nick'em," showing David's sense of humor. Charlie was buried at the feet of his master on the old home place.

A strong element in David's character was his service to those near him who were in need of his help. He was known for that rare hospitality for which the South is noted. He not only gave a home to fatherless children, but often kept entire families for months until they were financially able to start their own home. No stranger was ever refused hospitality. All knew a hearty welcome would be given them. Traders, cattle buyers and peddlers spent many nights here free of charge, often to the chagrin of his wife. It was said of him, "His home is always full because he does not charge anything."

It was customary for neighbors to help build the walls of settlers' cabins, and to help raise the timbers for the barn. This was a great social event, and neighbors came from long distances to assist. A dinner, such as was served in wheat threshing season in later times, was prepared by the mistress of the erected cabin. David would take his own dinner which was much appreciated, and consequently he was asked to assist at every house raising in the neighborhood. His son once wanted to borrow some money from a man who in answer to his request said: "Yes, any of David Forsyth's family can have anything he wants, for once when he came to help me raise a building he brought his own feed for his horse."

David had none of the mechanical skill of his brother, Robert. It was often said of him that he could not make a hoe handle, but once his land was cleared he took care during his long life that it remained well kept. He had an aversion to weeds and never allowed them to grow on his farm. When an old man and unable to walk any distance he would ask to be driven over the farm that he might cut the weeds.

The two brothers were independent of legal transfers when they wanted to exchange land. At different times they were known to exchange the ownership of a tract of land without any exchange of deeds.

David's Christianity was practical, helpful. We get a glimpse of this side of his character in an authentic incident. One of his neighbors had the misfortune of having his house burned with all its contents. The man was grieving over his loss when David took ten dollars out of his pocket and gave it to him saying: "I am sorry for you that much." A daughter-in-law went into his home when a bride. She was there

during the last months of his life. His kindness of heart she never forgot nor his fairness to every one with whom he was associated.

His wife Cassandra died in January, 1841, and in December, 1842, he married Rachel Harvey Maggard Camble.

Among the Forsyths who have acquired distinction for humanitarianism and fair dealing was the late John Thompson Forsyth, of Franklin. He was the second son of David and Mary Ann Hulett Forsyth, and was born in Kentucky. He was a boy of seventeen when the family moved to Johnson County. They left the pleasant fields of a cleared farm and a comfortable home with near neighbors. They found nothing but a densely wooded wilderness out of which they must carve a farm and build a home. Accustomed as they were to the heavy work being done by the slaves in Kentucky, Thompson and his older brother at first thought the task impossible, and declared a home couldn't be made there. But their father was of stronger faith, and led the boys to a spot where he had found a spring, near where his brother had built their cabin. Then the boys wondered how they would ever make a living in the thick green woods, but eventually work, perseverance and courage changed the dense woods into well tilled fields. No one who has never lived in a new country and actually seen the enormous amount of work necessary to clearing even a small tract, can ever realize the stupendous work done by the pioneers.

In 1838 Thompson married Emily Williams. She was the daughter of Thomas Williams, one of the pioneers of the county, who at that time owned a large farm adjoining the town of Franklin, and now known as the S. A. Wilson place. For several years the young couple lived on a farm which he owned east of his father David's land. This was the birth-place of Mary Angeline. The other children were born in Franklin. Near the eastern limits of the city of Franklin, there is a street called Forsyth, named after the subject of this sketch. During the first years of the Civil War and for some years preceding, Thompson Forsyth and his family lived on this street in a two-story brick house. John T. Forsyth built this house, and planted the pine trees, many of which are still standing. The farm was located east of the house, and he also owned the lots west, now held by Doctor Payne's daugh-

ters, and much of the land of the Franklin Golf Club. The impress of his personality and many-sided character is still felt by his children. He was firm in his discipline, but with the most generous heart toward his family. His children were never quite certain when his firmness would dissolve into humor.

He gave David a pair of calves which the boy determined to train for a yoke of oxen. To prevent them from "turning the yoke" he secured their tails, but alas, one of the calves became unyoked and lost its tail. This unexpected denouement was entirely foreign to any of David's plans, and he fully anticipated a punishment, but his father, understanding boy life, took it lightly and said: "Never mind, son, you can cut the other off, and you will have a pair of bob-tails." He was free-handed with his children in money matters, seldom questioning as to the amount needed, but taking whatever change he found in his pocket and asking if that would do.

Thompson Forsyth was a very active and successful business man. He was not of the usual conservative and cautious Forsyth type, but was willing to run big risks and take chances in the line of work with which he was familiar. Had conditions favored him he might have become a man of great wealth. Whatever he did he took hold of it with vim and enthusiasm. His energy and activity could hardly be surpassed. One strong trait of his family he had in a marked degree. He never idled his time. He owned a pork house in Franklin and probably handled more hogs than any man in his day in Johnson County. His establishment gave employment to a great many men. They liked to work for him because he kept "I" out of his conversation, using "we" instead. He made his men feel that they were a part of the business; talked over business policies with them and invited suggestions. There was wisdom, consistency and respect for the men in his management of them. He was a hard worker and expected the same from them. He often laughingly said to them, "Take hold, men, take hold with your teeth." On one occasion during his absence the men went on a strike for higher wages. When he returned he called each man by name and ordered him to go to work. Not one refused. No one thought of disobeying Thompson Forsyth. Later each man received the increase asked. He was not only fair but generous to those

with whom he had dealings. A little story told his son, David, after his father's death illustrates this kindness. David sought shelter for the night with a man living near Morgantown, a neighboring village. Upon finding that David was the son of Thompson Forsyth he said: "Years ago I owed a sum of money on my farm. To secure the amount I had to dispose of some hogs. Your father bought them and then asked if I had any left for meat. Upon learning that I was disposing of all, he gave back enough for my year's supply, but insisted on paying the full amount of all. "Show me," he said in conclusion, "a man to-day who would not have taken all the hogs."

Kindliness begets kindness. The people he dealt with had full confidence in him and were willing to share misfortunes with him. At one time he bought three thousand hogs on credit, paying from two dollars and forty cents to two dollars and fifty cents per hundred. When he sold the hogs prices had experienced a sharp decline and he only netted eighty cents a hundred. Of course, when he went to settle with the farmers he was short of money. He gave to each one his proportional part and not a man showed dissatisfaction. They said, "Well, Thompson, never mind, you will make it back next year and can pay the balance then," which he did.

For some time Thompson Forsyth made an annual visit to New Orleans, taking a load of horses for the southern market. On one of these occasions he stopped in Natchez to visit his cousin, Maria Forsyth Jackson. He was the only Forsyth relative ever in her home.

There are many stories of this generous-hearted man's kindness, sympathy and understanding. His patience with childish mistakes and insight into boy nature mentioned before, is further illustrated in his course with his son who wanted to learn to chew tobacco. David was only seven when his mother discovered him testing out the merits of the weed. She snatched it from him, gave the tobacco to his father and reproved him severely. Thinking that his father would better understand his manly aspirations he went to him for sympathy. Relying on the child's good sense and honor, he returned the tobacco to him saying, "Son, I would quit the use of it. You will some day regret it if you don't."

He was considerate and fair with dumb animals and never allowed them to be mistreated. His patience was even proof

against a balky horse. "Never whip him," was his injunction. "Turn him out. He will work to-morrow. Probably he doesn't feel like working."

Thompson Forsyth's intensity of conviction as to what he believed was right is shown in his political views. He was brought up under the influence of the democracy of the South, but became a Whig and later a most ardent and loyal Republican. He had a contempt for a class of men sometimes called Copperheads, who, while living in the North, were secretly in sympathy with secession.

It was during this period of stress and high feeling that he was compelled to give up his life of activity, generosity and kindness. His humble comment on his own character was that he had been trained to honesty and fair dealing.

John Thompson died five years before the death of his father, David, and Emily had the sole care and training of their large family, as she never remarried. She was very fond of reading and music, and determined the children should have an education and musical advantages. She enjoyed the society of young people, and her home was a very hospitable one. She and all of the daughters were very active workers in the M. E. church of Franklin. They played the organ, sang in the choir and taught in the Sunday-school. Her death occurred in 1877.

Thomas Jefferson served in the Civil War, and his health was never good afterward. Mary Angeline attended college at Oxford, Ohio, and after her return taught school for two years. In 1862 she married Doctor P. W. Payne at the family home in Franklin. They moved into the home at the corner of Jefferson Street and Home Avenue, and never lived elsewhere. The children were born there, the daughters married and the mother passed away there. She was never strong, and died at the early age of forty.

Mary Payne was a woman of refined nature and gentle character. Her disposition was amiable, and she had the most winning and graceful manners. Many who knew her when they were children, tell how they loved to go to her home and gather around her, for they knew how wide and tender were her sympathies. She held an enviable place in their hearts, also, in those of more mature years. She was a sincere Christian woman, and a devoted mother.

Doctor Payne was born in 1832 in Bedford, Ohio. He was educated at Wabash College, and there received the degree of A. M. Later he studied at Ann Arbor, Michigan, but graduated from Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He also studied in the medical department of the University of New York, and was one of the best educated physicians that ever practised in Franklin or the state. There were seven small children in the family when his wife died, and her death was a blow from which he never fully recovered. Although he lived thirty-seven years longer he never remarried. For fifty years he remained in the old home. He was a firm believer in higher education for both men and women, and insisted that his children attend Franklin College. Most of them graduated there. Lavona received her A. B. and also A. M. degrees at Franklin, but received her Ph. D. at Chicago University.

Doctor Carl Payne attended Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia, and there received the degree of M. D., and Doctor R. W. Payne graduated from Bellevue Medical College of New York City. Both are practising physicians of Franklin. Doctor P. W. Payne died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Martin, in Indianapolis, in 1916.

Wayne H., son of George M. Payne, served in the late World War as a member of Battery B, 327th F. A., 84th Division, which remained in France about nine months.

The children of Mary Payne Beck were born in Mexico City, Mexico, where their parents lived for several years.

Elizabeth Artemisia Forsyth married Hannibal Hamlin of Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1867. He died in 1904 at Estes Park, Colorado. Their only child, Alice Mary, was born in Springfield, Ohio, where her parents lived during most of their married life. During the years following their marriage, they spent many months traveling in Europe and other foreign lands.

Elizabeth and Emma Belle are the only members of John T. Forsyth's family living in 1919. Emma was the first graduate of the Franklin high school in 1872. She taught in the public schools of Franklin for several years.

David Forsyth III was born in Franklin, Indiana. At the age of seventeen he entered the Union Army. His enlistment was made without any previous thought of the meaning of

such a step. He was engaged at work in his mother's garden when he heard the whistle of a train upon which were a number of new recruits from his vicinity. His mother asked if he would like to go with them, and when he answered yes, she gave her consent. He threw down his spade, and ran to the station, reaching it just as the train was pulling away. He served until the close of the war.



David Forsyth III

In 1895 David Forsyth, a Republican, was elected auditor of his county, which office he held four years. Johnson County has always been normally Democratic, due largely to its early settlers who came over from Kentucky. At this time the people felt a change of administration would be beneficial, since influences injurious to good government had developed due to a long-time control of one political party.

As a dealer in agricultural implements David Forsyth became widely known among Johnson County farmers. He was engaged in this business in Franklin for fifteen years. It was said of him that he was too generous and obliging to his friends to make a great success in business, but he was honest and fair in all he did. He was devoted to his family and was deeply interested in the education of his children. He was a constant reader and was both interested and well-informed upon the current and political topics of the time.

He was a member of the Wadsworth Post, Grand Army of the Republic, also a Mason and Knight Templar. His children are being educated in Franklin College.

Elizabeth Forsyth, the daughter of David and Ann Hulett, was born in Kentucky near Louisville, and died at Elk Falls, Kansas, at the age of eighty-nine years.

When she was four months old her mother died. From that time she was cared for by an old negro mammy, who was one of her father's slaves. When a girl of fourteen years she came with her father to Indiana. Two years later she and her brother, Thompson Forsyth, went back to Louisville to visit their mother's people. They made the trip on horseback. She was a beautiful girl at this time, with a small girlish form and beautiful black hair and eyes. She was married at the age of seventeen to Jonathan Pritchard. He was a very large man, and an excellent specimen of physical manhood. He had a splendid disposition and was a man of superior intellect. They lived a happy, devout Christian life. She was slight and delicate, and always depended upon him for everything, he being very capable and tender with her. Her dependence upon him left her unprepared for the responsibilities that came into her life after his death. They united with the Bethel Primitive Baptist Church to which they were always loyal. Her later life was spent in the homes of her children.

She was a woman who never knew fear, but instead animation and a sense of humor were among her more characteristic charms. She was tender and sympathetic, and was always ready to care for the sick and afflicted. Her love for Johnson County was true and lasting—there where romance and love first entered her life. She made several trips to Kansas to visit her son and daughter, and learned to love the

Kansas prairies. Her last visit was made in her eighty-ninth year. Here in the home of her daughter, Emily Jane, she passed away. Her son, John Thompson, enlisted in March, 1862, for service in the Civil War with the 9th Regiment of Company G from Rensselaer, Indiana. During his three years' service he was wounded in battle and spent some time in the hospital. At the time of his discharge at Huntsville, Alabama, he was offered the position of teamster by General Stanley to accompany him on his African expedition. This he refused and returned home.

Emily Jane, daughter of Elizabeth Forsyth, is a woman of gracious personality and kindness of heart. She is a member of the Baptist Church. Her home since 1878 has been in Elk Falls, Kansas.

William David Pritchard has been a farmer and stockman all his life. He was born in Jasper County, Indiana, where his parents had gone in 1852. His father died when he was two years old, after which his mother returned to Johnson County. The spirit of hospitality that so characterizes his home, he shares equally with his wife. The family are all strong supporters of the Union Christian Church.

David and Cassandra Pritchard Forsyth's oldest child, Nancy Ann, was born in Henry County, Kentucky, and when she was eleven years old came with her parents to Johnson County. At the age of seventeen in 1833, she married Amos Durbin, Jr. She died when her only child, Cassandra, was three years old. A few years later Mr. Durbin was married to Margaret Featherngill, daughter of Joseph and Mary Forsyth Featherngill, and with Cassandra they went to Winnebago County, Illinois. In 1850 Cassandra married Edward Kingsbury and in 1861 they went to Mound City, Kansas, where she spent the rest of her life. Her eldest son, David, went to California and entered a business college at San Francisco. He has never married.

Charles W. Kingsbury lives in the old home at Mound City, that is so full of memories of his mother. He is a practical agriculturist and dealer in live stock. His daughter, Margaret, spent several years in the Philippine Islands, where her husband, Mr. Shannon, was in the Government service.

David's second daughter, Mary, was born in Henry County, Kentucky. She was a child of nine years when she came

to Johnson County, riding all the way in her father's covered wagon. In 1836 she married William Nelson Woodruff, a native of Ohio, who was born in 1814, and came to Indiana in 1822. After their marriage they went to their own farm three miles from her father's home. Their married life was of short duration, both having died in about ten years of typhoid fever. They left four small children. Martha, the eldest, who was nine years of age, went to the home of her grandfather, David, the scene of her mother's girlhood. Here she remained until her marriage in 1856 to Edwin Botsford Graves, who was born in Harpersfield, Delaware County, New York. When twelve years of age he came with his parents to Johnson County. During their entire married life of fifty years they lived on the farm where she was born and where her parents died. She lived quietly and was devoted to her home in all its varied and essential lines of housekeeping and home-making. She well earned the tribute paid her by a daughter who said: "She was a splendid representative of exalted motherhood, kind, tender and gracious. She spent her life a living sacrifice in motherly service for those whom she held most dear."

Martha Graves' children reflect the care and devotion of a good mother. In their several communities where they have chosen their homes they are among the substantial citizens. They were brought up under the influence of the Nineveh Christian Church, which no doubt has helped in molding their lives. They are all graduates of the Nineveh high school. Addison, the elder, is a prosperous farmer. For many years he was a successful teacher. He has served his church as an efficient officer. His daughter, Grace Edith, after completing the high school course at Nineveh, went to Valparaiso Normal. She taught for several years in the public schools. Her brother, William, after finishing high school, became a student in Wabash College, where he spent three years. He is a member of the Masonic Lodge of Edinburg.

Mary Adelaide Graves was for many years a stenographer for Reeves & Company, of Columbus, Indiana. She lives with her sister, Cordelia, at the beautiful old homestead near Nineveh.

Robert Nelson Graves is a successful farmer, residing near Nineveh. He is a useful citizen of the community, serving

as a member of the local school board and as officer of the Christian Church.

George Graves lives in Indianapolis, where he has been engaged at various times as a stenographer and bookkeeper, and in the real estate business. He is an enthusiastic Mason, having taken several advanced degrees.

William Graves studied for the ministry at Butler College, Indianapolis, and Garfield University at Wichita, Kansas. His health failing he went to Colorado, where he died at the age of twenty-three.

Nettie Graves was a most lovable character, a joy in her home and a pleasure and a comfort to her friends. The church was an object of her devotion, and in its various activities she was both sympathetic and interested. Her marriage terminated four months after the wedding by the death of her husband. Her death occurred five years later.

Frank Leslie Graves studied telegraphy at Janesville, Wisconsin, and for several years was an operator. He also held responsible positions as a railroad employee in Colorado, Illinois, St. Louis and Kokomo, Indiana. For a time he was superintendent of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company at Kokomo. He is now associated with a business firm of Kokomo. He is active in the work of the Christian Church, and a member of the Masonic Lodge. His wife was a teacher in the public schools of Kokomo. She is a social leader, an active member of the club life of the city, and a writer of short stories.

Cordelia Graves is a teacher of the piano. She studied music and art in Indianapolis.

Martha Forsyth, the third daughter of David and Cassandra Forsyth, married Thomas Durbin in 1835. He was a son of Amos and Susan White Durbin, who were the first settlers in Nineveh township, Johnson County. Thomas Durbin had entered 160 acres of land in Clinton County, Ind. Here he had planned for the home he would share with his future bride. Immediately after their marriage they started in an emigrant wagon for their new home. Martha was fifteen years old, a child in the estimation of a mother at the present time. It was a wilderness into which she went to establish a home. No one who today in driving along a lovely country road, with beauty all along the way, can imagine

what life meant to one so young, whose home was a little settler's cabin surrounded by a wide open tract of land destitute of trees, its only vegetation when she went there being a coarse wild grass. It was a prairie country and unlike the forested lands of Johnson County, and Martha was without even a friendly neighbor to dispel the extreme loneliness of the days that followed. In such a home the outside world had comparatively little meaning. Martha Forsyth lived here fifteen years, and in that time helped to change her home to one with more attractive surroundings. At the very early age of thirty-one she died leaving four children. Ten years later the Civil War came, and her eldest son, Amos, enlisted and served until wounded, when he was sent home.

Martha's youngest child, a daughter, the only one living, resides in the state of Washington. Three of her great grandsons were in the service of the United States during the war with Germany.

Loren Basil Durbin, a son of James Clifton Durbin, enlisted in the aviation service in April, 1918, and went to France. He was there for many months. He re-enlisted late in the year of 1919 and is still in the service. His sister, Goldie Durbin, was a Red Cross nurse.

Harry A. Wilson entered the war in May, 1918, from Lebanon, Indiana, with the largest company that left Boone County during the war. He received his training in Camp Taylor at Louisville. When he later was sent to Camp Greenleaf he was placed in the medical department evacuation hospital 27. From there he was sent to Camp Pike, Arkansas, where he was made sergeant and placed in charge of the company records. In October he was sent to France and was located in LeMans and Nevers as assistant in the medical department. In the spring of 1919 he was sent to Coblenz, Germany, where he was stationed until his return to the United States in October, 1919.

A great grandson of Martha Forsyth was Lieutenant Melvin Kelleher, who was born in Clinton County, Indiana, and was educated in the Michigantown and Frankfort high schools and in Indiana University. While in the university he made an enviable record as a student and an athlete. The following account is taken largely from a local newspaper at the time of the accident which resulted in his death in June, 1919:

Shortly after the United States entered the war and only a few months before the time of his graduation he enlisted and went to the first officers' training camp at Fort Harrison. He was soon transferred to the aviation service and went to Columbus and later to Dayton, Ohio, where he received his training in flying. He early developed ability as an expert flyer and was made an instructor. He was in convoys for American transports and often carried executive committees from New York to Washington. He demonstrated the Liberty motor and DeHavilland plane when the machines were being criticized by the public. During the canvass for the last two Liberty loans he toured the country for exhibition flights, and flew in nearly every state in the Union. He went to Frankfort, his home city, in a Curtiss machine in the interest of the victory loan, and for two days flew over the city, delighting the people by his daring feats and skilful manipulation of his plane. In September, 1918, he broke the world's altitude record for a two passenger bombing plane when he soared 23,700 feet with Senator Clark of Illinois.

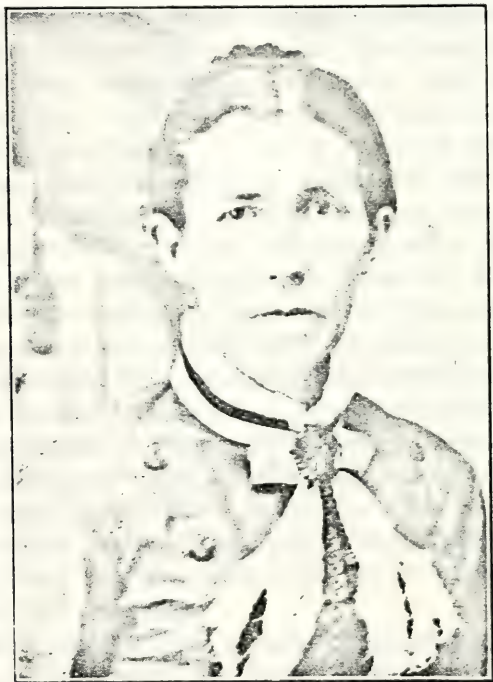
A transcontinental flight had been arranged for July, 1919, from New York to San Francisco, and because of his ability as a flyer he was mentioned frequently for a flight across the ocean. His death in June, 1919, was the result of an airplane accident in Connecticut. About a week before the accident he was married in New York. He had been recommended for a captaincy only a short time before.

He belonged to the Masonic Fraternity, and was to have received his thirty-second degree in New York two weeks after his death. He was a handsome young man, and made friends readily and held them. The esteem in which he was held was shown in the beautiful tribute paid him by the people of Clinton County, where he had been their aviator. The funeral was the largest in the history of Clinton County.

There is a particular charm to the Forsyth family about Floyd's Fork, Kentucky, since it was associated for many years with the lives of David Forsyth I and his wife, Margaret, together with their children and grandchildren. Thus it is a link between us and our ancestors of the remote past.

Sarah Jane, the fourth child of David, the II, and his wife, Cassandra, was born here where her grandmother, Margaret, in her declining years must have often had dreams of her home in Ireland. Sarah Jane's education was limited, but she loved to read, and with her keen and vigorous intellect devoured everything she could find. She was always studious even when a pupil in the little log schoolhouse. As a result of this insatiable desire to grow in wisdom, she became a close observer of nature, and learned something from every one she met. She grew up with a neighbor boy, Nicholas Branigin. He was earnest, straightforward and full of pur-

pose, which made him a congenial companion for her. He won her love, and in her sixteenth year they were married, at an age when children today would still be in high school. They at once went to housekeeping in a log house on the farm, which two years later they purchased for their own. Here they lived for forty years. In the loneliness and simplicity of this home they were content. Their means were sometimes limited, but they found joy in the wild roses and



Sarah Jane Branigin

flowers with which she filled the yard and house in summer. Their furniture was home-made, but of the best material, and Sarah Branigin had the patience to wait for a day in the future when better things would come into her life. A few years after her marriage during the construction of the Indianapolis and Madison railroad, six men were assigned to the building of a bridge on the road near her home. While they were doing this she cooked for them by an open fireplace. It was still too early for the first little cook stove,

the one made in stair-step fashion with little doors in front on hinges, like the old-fashioned door. So Sarah Branigin boiled the dinner for the men in kettles that hung from the crane, and baked their bread in the old Dutch oven. At the same time she cared for her two small children, one a babe in arms. How industrious she was. Her housekeeping was superior in all its details. Every spot in and around her home was clean and well kept. It has been said that her aversion to dirt and disorder was so great that every spot in her yard where grass did not grow was swept with the same regularity as that of her house. Her home in later years was the center of cordiality. Those who had the good fortune to know her remember her as the embodiment of that old Kentucky hospitality. It fairly radiated from her. No stranger was ever turned away from her door without an invitation to share in the comforts of her home. Nor was it ever too small to care for all who needed shelter. This trait of character she had inherited from her father. When her boys were growing up they formed the habit of taking their companions home with them for dinner. Later when they had developed into manhood they continued the custom of taking with them for Sunday dinner without any warning their young friends in the neighborhood. If she resented this imposition she never manifested it with either a word or look. Whatever made her children happy gave her happiness. She became the confidante of the boys. No domestic quarantine kept them from the front room, which in many homes was opened only for company.

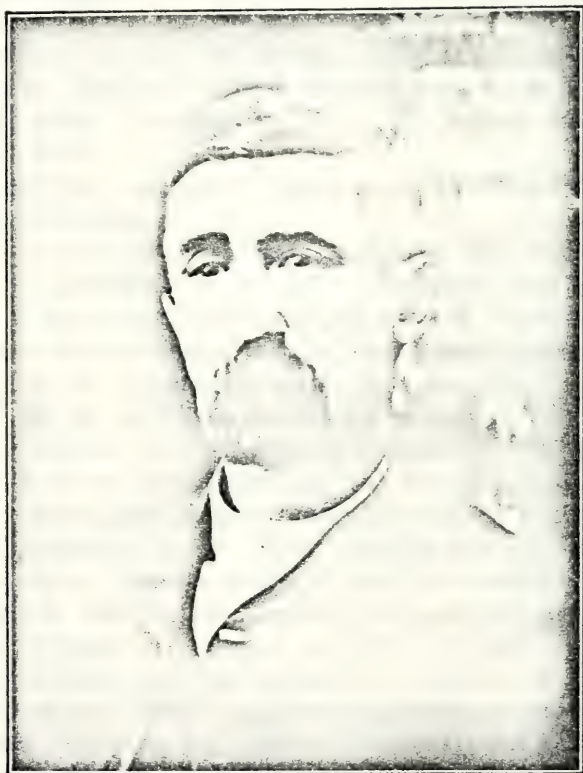
What fine recollections of self-denial and kindness these sons have of their mother. They have taken care that her memory does not fade with the passing of the lives she immediately touched.

For nearly sixty years she and Nicholas Branigin lived their wedded life in perfect sympathy. He died in 1902, and she survived him eight years.

Nicholas Branigin was a native of Trimble County, Kentucky. When a lad of fourteen he came with his mother, Lucy Branch Branigin, and his uncle, Thomas Branch, to Nineveh township. Those who knew him best say he had a strong character and was a man of courage, and an honored neigh-

bor and citizen. For two years he filled the position of county commissioner for Johnson County with credit.

His son, Edward Duvall Branigin, after his marriage in 1866, went at once to a farm, and in this occupation he spent his entire business life. In 1895 he removed to Franklin, where he died in less than one year. He had many devoted friends who looked upon him as a man of kindly impulses.



Edward Branigin

He won their esteem by his hospitality and honesty. He was not of the quiet type so often found among the Forsyths, but he loved conversation and always contributed his share. His son, Harry Leland, after finishing the high school in Franklin went to Purdue University, where he spent two years.

William David Branigin purchased a farm in Johnson County in 1870, and here he lived for seventeen years. At

this time in order that he might give better educational advantages to his children he went to Franklin, where for four years he was engaged in the sale of agricultural implements. He then went to Edinburg, Indiana, where he opened a general store, handling all kinds of implements for the farm.

He held the office of trustee for one term in Edinburg, and has been a friend of the cause of prohibition, always taking an active interest in every effort to close the saloon in his town.

In nature, he is genial, cordial, easily approached and companionable. His wife was a devoted mother, and a faithful and good wife. She died in 1891. His second marriage occurred in 1895.

In 1919 he purchased a farm near Franklin to which he recently removed.

His son, Elba L. Branigin, was born and reared on the farm. He graduated at the age of fourteen from the graded schools of his county. In 1886 he entered Franklin College. He was a student there for six years, graduating with the degree of A. B. During his entire college course he was interested in all the activities belonging to college life. He was a member of the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity. He recognized the merits of the literary society for the college student, and for the greater part of his college life was an active member of the Periclesian society. This training and a natural ability and grace as a speaker won for him the freshman declamation contest, and the opportunity to represent his school in the State Oratorical Contest of 1892, in both of which he acquitted himself and the college with honor. He served as president of the State Oratorical Association in 1891. The four years following his graduation he taught in the public schools of Johnson County, first in a district school and for three years as principal of the Trafalgar schools. But it was not his purpose to remain a teacher, as he had selected the legal profession as his pursuit through life and had been devoting all his spare time to reading and studying law. In 1896 he was admitted to the bar of Johnson County. In the same year he formed a law partnership with Thomas Woolen, a former attorney-general of Indiana. About a year after the death of Mr. Woolen, which occurred in 1898, Mr. Branigin entered into a partnership with Thomas Williams, which

association continued for a number of years. He has served for a term of years both his town and county as attorney.

Mr. Branigin is a student of good literature. He has a well-chosen library, and some of his happiest hours are spent among his books. He has been especially interested in the collection of valuable information relative to the early history of Johnson County. This information he has given to the



Elba Branigin

public in the historical portion of a recent history of the county.

Mr. Branigin has attained great prominence in Masonry. In 1893 he was made a Master Mason in Franklin Lodge No. 107; in 1901 a Royal Arch Mason in Franklin Chapter No. 65, and in the same year a Knight Templar of Franklin Commandery No. 23. During the year 1903 he served as

Worshipful Master of Franklin Lodge and as Eminent Commander of Franklin Commandery in 1907. In the fall class of 1906 he took the degrees of the Scottish Rite, and in November of the following year he became a Noble of the Mystic Shrine. He has held the highest office in Blue Lodge Masonry in the state, having been Grand Master of the Grand Lodge during the year at the time of the building of the Masonic home in Franklin. It was largely through his influence that the home was located in Franklin. For a number of years he was a member of the board of trustees of Franklin College, also a trustee of the Franklin Baptist Church.

He has been interested in politics, and is a Democrat, having served his party as county chairman and delegate to the state convention. For four years he was the honored president of the Forsyth Association in Indiana.

His son, Gerald, was in the marine aviation service during the late war.

The three sisters of Elba Branigin were educated in the public schools of Franklin.

Daisy spent two years in Franklin College. Since her marriage she has lived in the neighborhood of Hopewell, Johnson County.

Verne Branigin after finishing the public schools of Franklin, entered the college there, where he remained four years, graduating with the class of 1904. He was a member of the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity, and was interested in all athletic activities of the college during his entire course. Having selected the law as a profession he went to Harvard University, where he spent a year. He was afterwards admitted to the bar before the Indiana supreme court. He later located at Mt. Vernon, Wash., where he early became interested in the public life of the town, having since served as city attorney and director of the Mt. Vernon National Bank. His wife is an alumna of Franklin College. He is a Mason and a member of the Presbyterian Church of Mt. Vernon.

Emory Demantford has lived most of his life on a Johnson County farm. Some years ago he went to Canton, Mississippi, and purchased a farm near there. This he recently sold to engage in the lumber business in Alabama.

Oscar D. Branigin, the youngest son of Sarah and Nicholas Branigin, owns the farm where for so many years his

parents lived. It is a home full of memories. It is here where he and his brothers were born, where they played as children, and where they grew to manhood. Oscar has spent his entire life here. He has endeavored to maintain the same spirit of hospitality that was so much a part of his mother's life.



David Forsyth III and Mary Logan Forsyth

David Pritchard Forsyth was the only one of David II and Cassandra Forsyth's children who was born in Indiana. He helped to clear some of the heavy forest lands of the county, and spent the greater part of his life on the farm. His wife, Mary Logan Forsyth, came to Indiana from Shelby County, Kentucky. Her mother rode horseback, carrying her a babe in her arms.

Their daughter, Sarah Forsyth, was a woman of fine character, possessing a fund of practical good sense. She had that nature so pleasant to live with, a companionable and

cheerful temperament. She presided over her home with the ability of a fine house-keeper and home-maker, and was never so happy as when absorbed in the management of some household task. She was faithful in every detail of hospitality, making every guest feel his hearty welcome into her home. She was a member of the Trafalgar Baptist Church.

Her last sickness was the result of the tender care she gave her mother during a malignant type of typhoid fever. Her devotion kept her constantly for days at her bedside. The end hardly came until the daughter became an unconscious victim of the same disease. Before her mother's death there were five generations, all girls, who belonged to her family. They were Paulina Logan, the aged great-great-grandmother; Mary Forsyth, great-grandmother; Sarah Terhune, grandmother; Luna Frazier, mother, and Ruth Frazier, daughter. This is an unusual occurrence. Stella, her granddaughter, says: "Laughingly, I have heard Grandmother Logan say: 'Rise up, daughter, go see thy daughter, for thy daughter's daughter has a daughter.'"

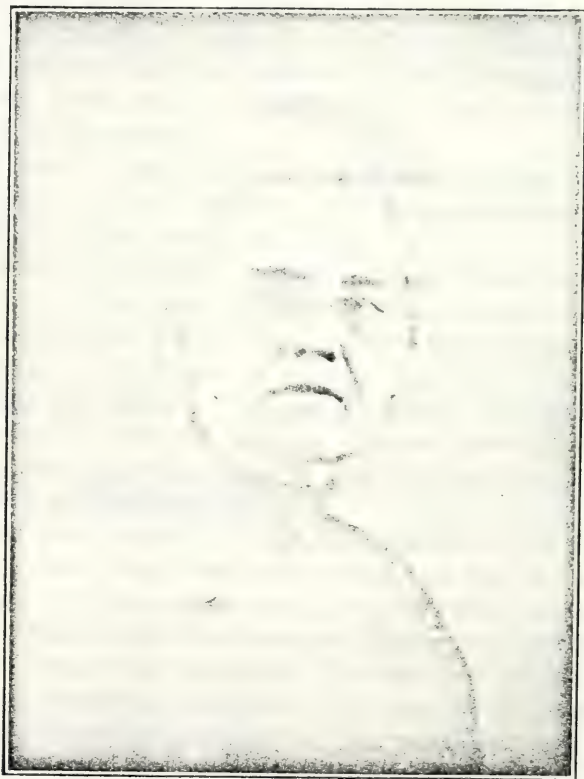
Maude Terhune attended the State Normal at Terre Haute, then taught for several years. She was a teacher in the Franklin schools when she married in 1908. Her husband, Garnet Wood, was in the railroad business for a number of years, but resigned to go into business with his brother in New York City. Their home is in Flushing, New York.

Stella also prepared herself for teaching and taught nine consecutive terms. The second was in Tecumseh, Kansas, near Topeka. Here she spent one year, the only one of her life out of Johnson County. She married in 1907, Atilla Brock, formerly of Owentown, Kentucky, who was cashier of the Farmers' National Bank at Trafalgar. He was instrumental in the organization of this bank, and was cashier for twelve years. He resigned this position and accepted the management of the Farmers' Elevator Company at Franklin.

Florence, the youngest daughter's married life was of short duration. She was just twenty-three and full of life and hope, and her sudden death was a great shock to her friends.

Martha Forsyth, like her sister, Sarah, reflected the influence of a good mother. She was a teacher in the Union township schools where Abram Clore Deer, who later became

her husband, was a pupil. After their marriage they went to Mr. Deer's old home near Providence, where they spent their married life. They had many friends, where known, and were noted for their hospitality. Martha was of a deeply religious nature, and her influence in the community was in the promotion of high ideals. It was to the Christian Church at Providence that Martha and Abram Clore gave their most



Flora Forsyth Chambers

efficient service. Their eldest daughter died one year after her marriage, leaving a baby daughter, Mary, who was reared in their home.

She has taken the training course for nurses and is located in the M. E. Hospital at Fort Wayne, Indiana, as superior nurse.

Flora Forsyth lived for several years after her marriage in Vernon County, Missouri. The family returned to Indiana

and purchased a farm in Hendricks County, where they lived until the death of the husband in 1902. This loss placed a heavy responsibility upon the young wife. There were young children to rear and educate, and with marked heroism she accepted what came to her. For several years she was matron and sewing teacher for the Indiana Industrial Home at Clermont, but resigned on account of ill health. She now lives with her daughter, Bessie, in Danville, Indiana.

The daughter, Lula, is one of the matrons of the Industrial School, and her husband, Clyde Corwin, has been for several years the superintendent of the carpenters' department of the school.

Ernest Chambers is a successful business man of Indianapolis. His wife, Freda Brown, is a graduate of the Indianapolis Conservatory of Music.

Bessie Chambers graduated from Shortridge high school in 1918. From there she went to the Central Normal College at Danville for a two years' course preparatory to teaching.

Oscar Forsyth was born near Clay City, Illinois, and when a small boy came to Nineveh, Indiana. He spent a number of years in railroad work in Missouri and Cheyenne, Wyoming, and later returned to Indiana, and in 1918 became a resident of Indianapolis.

His son Lamont C. Forsyth enlisted at the age of seventeen in the United States army and was sent to the Philippine Islands. While at Fort McKinley, Manila, he was placed in quartermaster detached service, which sent him to Australia, China, Japan and Honolulu. He returned home in 1916, and in 1917 reenlisted for service in the war with Germany. When the war closed he enlisted for four years' service in the navy aviation corps at Great Lakes, Illinois. He married in 1919, Christiana Ruby of Rochester, New York.

When war was declared with Germany, Raymond E. Forsyth enlisted with the navy and was immediately sent aboard the *Michigan* for sea service. During the war he spent several months in foreign waters both in the Mediterranean and North Sea. He was in England when the German fleet sailed from the Falkland Islands in November, 1918, remaining there until President Wilson arrived at Brest on his first mission. The fleet helped to welcome the British fleet when it sailed into Brest harbor in celebration of the great victory of Zee-

brugge, the German submarine base. On the return to the United States they stopped at the sea ports of Spain, Africa, Italy, Asia Minor and Turkey. They were under fire in Smyrna, Asia Minor, when the Sheiks landed twenty thousand troops there to occupy the city from the Turks. After his discharge Raymond returned to his home in Indianapolis.

Josephine May was born near Flora, Illinois, and came to Nineveh when a small child. She met her husband, Newton Houston, while visiting in Walker, Missouri. After their marriage they lived in Topeka, Kansas, where Josephine was prominent in the work of the Y. W. C. A., serving as its secretary and on its board of directors.

Her daughter, Mable, lives in Oakland, California, where her husband, Edwin Parfett, is cashier of the Merchants bank.

John Clarence Houston was a student in Washburn College for four years. He is a resident of Kansas City, Missouri.

John Edward Forsyth received his education in Johnson County, where he taught for some time in the public schools. For a number of years he has been engaged in selling real estate and insurance in San Diego in California.



Margaret Forsyth Deer and Family

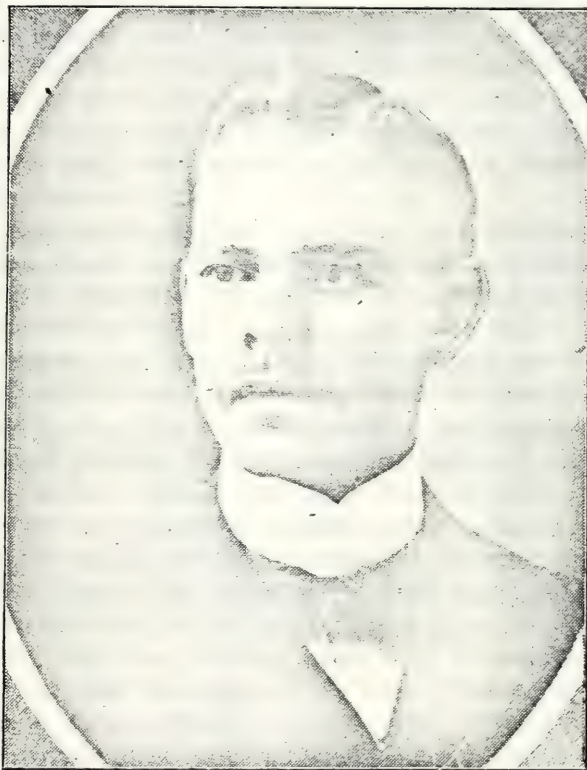
Margaret Forsyth lives on the farm near Providence, where she and Marshall Deer spent their married life. Their home was one of the happiest and most prosperous in their community. Marshall Deer died in June, 1918. He was one of the splendid men of the Providence neighborhood, and he and his wife won the place they held among their friends by their hospitality and upright living. Their son, Blan, graduated from New York Polyclinic Medical College. Previous to entering the United States service in October, 1918, he was a practising physician and surgeon in Indianapolis, Indiana. He enlisted in the United States medical service, and received a commission as first lieutenant medical corps. He married Freida Mayer of Indianapolis, and went to Fort Oglethorpe, where he received his overseas orders. Owing to peace being declared he was stationed in the port of embarkation, New York City hospital train service and the division of surgery until his discharge, when he returned to Indianapolis for residence and practise of medicine.

Ernest E. Forsyth was born in Nineveh, Johnson County, Indiana. He received his education at Nineveh and at Danville Normal. For four years he was engaged in the real estate business in Franklin, and in 1902 removed to Daviess County, where he began the development of a large tract of marsh lands. He became active in politics, and for eight years was at the head of his party organization. In July, 1913, he received the appointment of postmaster of the city of Washington, Daviess County, by President Wilson for a period of four years. He was reappointed in 1918 and was the first postmaster to occupy the new federal building of that city. In 1908 he was elected a member of the board of education, serving three years. He was a member of the official board of the First Christian Church and a leader in Bible school work. He was affiliated with the Masonic and I. O. O. F. fraternal orders.

During the World War his position put upon him much of the burden of war work activities of his county, and he rendered valuable service to the government until peace was declared. In September, 1919, he removed to the state of Washington.

Gussie Forsyth was also born in Nineveh, and spent her girlhood there. She was married to Doctor J. H. Deer of

Providence, and they located in Zionsville, Indiana. After the death of Doctor Deer in 1916, Gussie went to Franklin, where her daughter, Gladys, entered Franklin College. After two years' work in college she went to Henryville, Indiana, as teacher of art, music and domestic science in the public schools. She is a member of the Pi Beta Phi Sorority.



Ernest E. Forsyth

Elkanah Forsyth spent his early boyhood working on his father's farm and attending the country schools. On the fourth day of February, 1862, he enlisted as a private in Company C of the 5th Regiment, U. S. Artillery, of which Richard Arnold was captain. During his three years' service he was engaged in the battles of Plains Store, Louisiana, May 21, 1863; at the siege of Port Hudson, Louisiana, 1863; at the bombardment of Fort Morgan, Alabama, August 22, 1864, and many smaller engagements. He was injured by a mov-

ing cannon passing over his knee. This injury soon healed and he returned to service, but it left him somewhat crippled. However, he was transferred to the cavalry where he remained until he was honorably discharged at Petersburg, Virginia, February 4, 1865.

In November following his release from the army he was married to Isabel Griffen Lyster. They established their home on a small farm near Trafalgar, Indiana, and later moved to Nineveh, which at that time was called Williamsburgh. Here they resided until 1884, when the family moved to Edinburg, Indiana, where they lived for twenty-three years. In the autumn of 1907 they moved to Indianapolis, where Elkanah Forsyth died in 1912.

He was widely known in Johnson and surrounding counties as an honest and energetic man, and a gentleman of good character. His wife having been a member of the Baptist Church since girlhood, he too united with this faith during their residence in Trafalgar. His wife and children excepting Nora of Memphis, Tennessee, Nellie of New Holland, Illinois, and Cecil of New York, reside in Indianapolis.

Andrew Jackson Forsyth was the youngest child of both parents, each of whom had been married three times. At twenty-two he brought a neighbor girl, Lucy Jane Barnett, home as his bride, and to help care for his aged parents.

At the time of his marriage in 1868 he resolved never to say or do anything which he could not tell at his table before his wife. One had only to know him to realize that that resolve was kept throughout his life. This same constancy was shown in his affection for his wife. From the time that he at eighteen first saw her and she then twelve years of age—they being in the same old-fashioned country school—until the end of his life she pleased him as no other woman did. Although in his youth he often became exceedingly angry whenever his will was thwarted, he never showed such feelings toward his wife.

He was especially fond of outdoor life, and had a rare understanding of animal life. Even the work horses upon his farm were wonderfully responsive to his training, knowing in addition to perfect horse behavior many tricks, such as marking with hoof, pumping own drinking water, etc. His own little riding mare that he rode into Brown and Bartholo-

mew Counties and sometimes farther on a trip of a day or week to buy stock, gave him a devotion rarely found. A common expression with him was that the world would be so much better if people would use more good horse sense.

Of his eight children, three died in infancy. At the death of his only remaining son, a manly dependable fellow of eleven years, he moved into the village of Nineveh. He was a very



Andrew Forsyth

wise father, a perfect disciplinarian, possessing high ideals for his children, in all of which he and his wife were in perfect harmony. One common bit of advice became proverbial among his children. Whenever anything was to be done which required courage, he would urge, "Now, quietly and gently, but firmly."

He was a born general. He enjoyed buying exhausted farms, putting good men on them, and building them up into

weedless, wire-fenced acres of blue-grass, three-year rotation crops, woods pasture, etc. At the same time he was carrying on his business of stockman, buying, feeding and selling sheep, hogs and cattle, especially the latter. His judgment on farm and stock was almost unerring. - Men said they needed no scales for weighing,—“Just give Andy a look at 'em.” Progressive farmers for miles around depended upon his judgment and gained in farm value and income by doing so. They depended upon him for other deeper help, too. When he was making his rounds in the spring and fall through the country, especially in Brown County, no charges were made for horse feed over night, nor for his food and lodging. (He, however, usually managed in some way to reimburse them.) He was welcomed as a friend and often there would be a genial chat for hours upon general topics. Family topics were often brought to him for solution, and sometimes his favorite game of checkers was proposed, and he and his host would play far into the night almost speechlessly.

While he pushed his own business aggressively, doing good to any individual whom he met, he did not forget to apply his energy to the needs of his community, especially religiously and politically. He had a singular gift for penetrating to the fundamental truths of a situation. Having once seen that truth, nothing could turn him from his obedience to its demands upon him. This carried him apparently untouched through much scathing criticism, which came during his years as elder of the Nineveh Christian Church, when he alone at times, it seemed, had a substantial grip upon fundamentals. It was he who insisted that a church equipment should be up-to-date and attractive. To that end he sacrificed six months of business to superintend personally the work of remodeling, giving at the same time more money than any other member, although he was less able financially than some.

First he was a Democrat, later an Independent, then a Prohibitionist. He spent many days going about carrying remonstrances for voters' signatures against the granting or re-granting of saloon licenses. Other times his daughters and even some one whom he had hired by the day would carry them from house to house in the township. He fought blind tigers when for it his house was egged with bad eggs, and threatened with burning. He entertained in his home tem-

perance lecturers when their friends would not let either of them go alone on the street after dark without a body guard for fear of the "whisky men" lying in wait in dark places. Nothing good and progressive suffered for lack of aid of his indomitable courage and determination, yet for all his strenuous life no one could be more companionable for a hunting or fishing jaunt or for a "lark out-of-doors." The writer recalls long drives or rides into the country with him—a gay companion apparently with no responsibility on his shoulders reveling in the close and tender touch of road, and sky, and trees, and soil, and air, and sky creatures, and God's very presence. Sometimes he talked for hours on wood lore suggested by the environment; sometimes his passionate love for God in His wonderful out-of-doors (for he believed God was more easily found there than in cities) made him wet-eyed and speechless. At such moments as these he frequently regretted that he had not the education to allow him to put his feelings into words, and he expressed the hope that the college education his daughters were having would enable one of them at least to write for others the things which he felt so profoundly but could not write, and which they should feel in order to approach an understanding of God. Then his fine sense of humor which his wife's influence was constantly bringing out in him, would assert itself, and with his keen blue eyes twinkling he would refer to the remark of an enemy who said that the reason Andrew never had headaches (a fact of which he boasted) was because he hadn't brains enough. "But I guess it's well enough that I took care of my aged father and mother and my wife instead of going to college, for you know there couldn't have been much future for a fellow who hasn't brains enough to have a headache."

He, like most of the Forsyths, had the ability to sleep under any condition or circumstance, when not actively engaged. On one occasion he had gone into Morgan County to look at some stock, leaving his horse in Morgantown, where he took the train. Returning he fell asleep. Morgantown was called, but he did not hear it. When he awakened his train was in the town of Trafalgar, seven miles farther on. His unusual appearance on the streets of this town attracted the attention of an acquaintance, who said: "Mr. Forsyth, what are you doing over here?" Very calmly he replied:

"Oh, I had a little business here." He was now compelled to retrace the distance between the towns by walking or employ a man to take him. He chose the latter. To those who knew him best it seems

A man he was

Four square to every wind that blows.

Written by his daughter Pearl.

His daughter, Stella, died in her young womanhood. She like her three sisters was a woman of much charm of manner and character. The sisters were educated in Butler College, Indianapolis, being members of the Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority at that institution. The eldest, Lura Edna, was a student of the piano under Clarence Forsyth, and for several years was a teacher of music in Johnson County, Indiana. Since her marriage to Clement L. Fix she has lived at Greenwood and Indianapolis. At present they reside on a farm near Mooresville, Indiana.

Pearl Barnett Forsyth, after teaching a few years, entered the work of the Young Women's Christian Association. She has held the position of general secretary in Norfolk, Virginia, Topeka, Kansas, and Bay City, Michigan. Following the death of her father she returned to her home in Indianapolis and became associated with the city organization there. She spent the year 1918-1919 in New York City as a student in the National Training School of the Association, since which time she has been a National secretary for the Young Women's Christian Association in the South Atlantic district with headquarters at Richmond, Virginia. Her circle of friends and acquaintances is national in scope. The secret of her success lies in the fact that in addition to great personal charm, she is endowed with a keen, comprehensive mind and splendid executive ability.

Haidee Alice Forsyth, the youngest sister, after finishing her college course began Young Women's Christian Association work, being located at St. Joseph, Missouri. Later she was married to the Reverend Carl Burkhardt, a graduate of Butler College and also of Yale University. They reside now at Plattsburg, Missouri.

CHAPTER XI

LETITIA FORSYTH FEATHERNGILL

Letitia was the sixth child of David and Margaret. She was married in Kentucky in December, 1809, and six of her children were born there. In 1826 she came with her family to Johnson County, Indiana. For many years she lived on a farm two miles west of Trafalgar. There are those living who will recall her in her declining years riding horseback whenever she had occasion to leave her home. In 1865 while visiting in Trafalgar in the home of her niece Margaret Tucker Clark, she was taken sick and after a few days died there.

Her grave is in the Featherngill graveyard near that of her mother Margaret Forsyth.

Mary Featherngill, daughter of Letitia Forsyth, was born in Kentucky. She married Alexander Scoggan in Johnson County, and shortly afterward they went to Clay County, Missouri, near the town of Hainsville, where they purchased three hundred and twenty acres of land on which they lived until their death. Mr. Scoggan was killed accidentally a short time before the Civil War.

Four of Mary Scoggan's sons enlisted for service in the army of the North when the war came on. Another son, Commodore, was only sixteen and felt it his duty to remain with his mother. But the bands of guerrillas who were very active in that country were determined that the men living there should join one of the two armies, since their presence in the county might interfere with some of their criminal acts. Commodore Scoggan after being secretly told to leave escaped when he was being surrounded by the bandits, and went into the northern army. In 1864 he was taken sick and sent home. Fearing the bandits should he return to his mother he went to his sister, Margaret Woodmancy, at College Springs, Iowa, where a few months later he died.

It was a trying experience for the women at that time. The notorious James boys were at the head of the guerrilla bands who had robbed every bank in the county. Mary Scog-

gan remained on her farm with four small children, even when her house was searched by them, and horses stolen. If she ever had a feeling of fear it was never manifested. Three of her sons returned at the close of the war. Francis Martin, who was in the fighting at Vicksburg, died there of fever the day before the city surrendered. His body lies among the many soldier dead at Vicksburg.



Mary Scoggan Pritchard

The children of Mary Featherngill went to the same school in Missouri which the noted Jesse James and his brother attended. Her twelve children lived to maturity. In later years a number of them and her grandchildren lived at College Springs, Iowa. A grandson, Edward Scoggan, who was the son of David W. Scoggan, after graduating from Amity College took a Master's degree from the University of Illinois, where he won a scholarship for special work in Columbia

University, New York City. Here he took his Ph. D. degree. Later he was appointed lecturer for the Dickinson Seminary at Williamsport, Pennsylvania. His later years were spent in Iowa as minister for churches there. He married Almida Roy in Sairvois in the province of Quebec, and died of influenza during the epidemic of 1918-'19 at Rochester, Minnesota, where he had taken his son for treatment.



Margaret Featherngill Pritchard

Margaret Featherngill was born in Kentucky, and in 1828 when a girl of thirteen years came to Indiana with her parents. She was married in 1835, and her first home was on a farm in Johnson County, five miles southwest of Franklin, where later her cousin, Frank Featherngill, lived for many years. In 1852 she with her family removed to Jasper County, where three years later her husband, Allen Pritchard, died. They had purchased a farm near Rensselaer where Margaret

continued to live with her children until 1850 when she returned to Johnson County. After 1870 her home was in Franklin. The eldest son, David, was an invalid a great part of his life and spent his time in reading and study.

The death of the father placed upon Daniel, then a boy of fifteen years, a large share of the responsibility of the family. He was among the first to enlist for service in the Civil

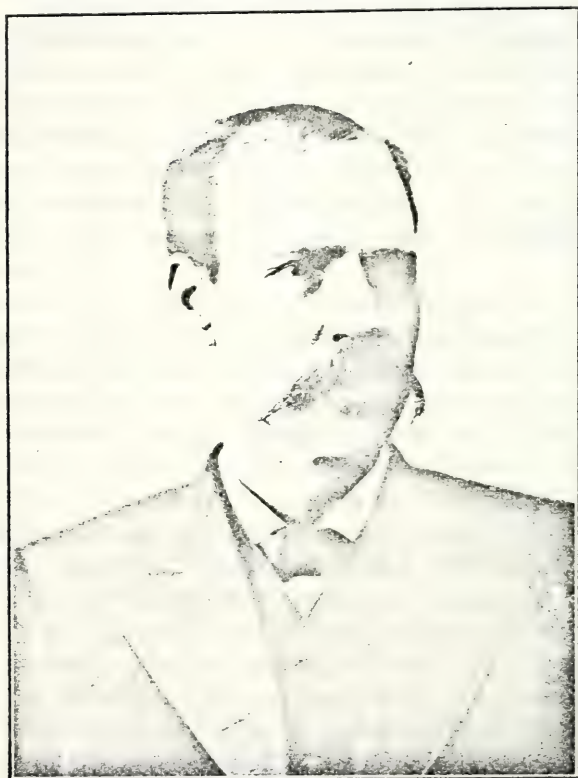


Daniel Pritchard

War, being a member of Company F, 7th Regiment of Indiana Volunteers. He was a good soldier, and his persistently good humor was an inspiration to his company. He was killed in the battle of Winchester, where shortly after James P. Forsyth was sent to locate the grave and bring the body home. After a long search among the dead he failed to find it, and when speaking of this in a nearby hospital, a young boy lying severely wounded in the next room feebly called and said:

"I know where he is if I could only get there." The boy was lifted on a stretcher and carried to the grave.

Thomas was fourteen years of age when his brother, Daniel, went to the war. He wanted an education, and was willing to make any sacrifice to obtain it. His mother was an invalid, and he lived three miles away from the school, but each day he walked there after doing the necessary work



Thomas Pritchard

about his home. When the day's work was over he would study by a firelight until late at night.

Finally he was able to teach during the winter months, thus helping very materially with the family income.

In later years he was a student in Franklin College. He taught school for a period of twelve years near Rensselaer, Indiana. His ability and popularity as a teacher are shown

in that he was elected to five different schools in Jasper County at the same time. He returned to Johnson County, and while teaching there he studied law in the office of Miller & Barnett of Franklin.

He was admitted to the bar in 1878 and formed a partnership with D. A. Leach for the practise of law. In 1883 the partnership was dissolved and he practised alone until his death. He was active in politics and was county chairman of the Republican party for a number of years.

For four years he was postmaster of Franklin under President McKinley and also served as city attorney several years. For ten years he acted as attorney for the Mutual Building and Loan Association and through this work gained an extensive knowledge of real estate law. He was at all times reliable, a safe counsellor, and a man of excellent business judgment.

Thomas Pritchard was exceptionally fond of his home and his family. He married Emma Depue, a daughter of William and Lavinia Records Depue. William Depue was for many years one of the most prominent farmers of Johnson County. The daughter, Emma Pritchard, was an especially active worker in the Christian Church in Franklin, also in the Woman's Relief Corps until her death in March, 1915. She was her husband's aid and helper in his every effort for success.

Their daughter, Margaret Mabel, who after graduating from Franklin College and attending Chicago University, was a teacher of Latin in the Franklin high school and in Manual Training high school in Indianapolis until 1911 when she married Paul VanRiper, superintendent of the Franklin schools. They later moved to Laporte, Indiana, where they lived until the war broke out when Mr. VanRiper was made a captain in the sanitary corps. He served as head of the reconstruction work in the general hospital at Lakewood, New Jersey, and at Phoebus, Virginia.

Norman Hathaway graduated from Franklin College when nineteen years of age. Two years later he entered the law department of Chicago University. Since completing his work there he has practised law in Chicago, being associated with the firm of George H. Stern. While he was spending some time in Europe Mr. Stern died, and Norman became a mem-

ber of the firm of corporation lawyers, Montgomery, Hart & Smith. He enlisted within a month after the United States went into the war, and served in Battery F, 333d Field Artillery as first lieutenant in this country and abroad. He was in service almost two years. He is a Mason and a member of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon and Phi Delta Phi fraternities.



Norman Pritchard

Ted attended Franklin high school and Franklin College as long as his health permitted. He had organic heart trouble all his life. Although never well he could not bear to be considered an invalid, and was quite an athlete, playing on the Franklin College baseball and football teams. Even when in bed, suffering intensely, he was never known to make any other reply to an inquiry about his health than, "I'm all right."

Ruth Woodsmall graduated from Franklin high school and Franklin College. She was an unusually gifted student and in her third year she was chosen to represent the college in the State Oratorical Contest, but owing to ill health declined. She taught German two years, and English one year at Laporte, Indiana. She died in Laporte in April, 1917. She was a member of Delta Delta Delta Sorority.

Sarah E. Pritchard has resided in Indianapolis since her marriage to Andrew Bohlen. She has been interested in the charity work of the city, and is a member of the Third Christian Church. Andrew Bohlen was a soldier in the Civil War; was captured by the Confederate authorities and confined for six months in Libby prison at Richmond, Virginia.

James Allen was the youngest child of Allen and Margaret Featherngill Pritchard and was only eight months old when his father died. His first school days were spent in Franklin where he walked each day from the family home, a distance of two miles. This was during the Civil War period. Some years later he was a pupil in the old Academy in Franklin, and was a student in Franklin College one year. Since 1884 his home has been in Franklin, where he is in business. He and his family are members of the Franklin Christian Church. His children were educated in the public schools of Franklin and in Franklin College, the eldest, Mayme, graduating with the class of 1908. She was a teacher for two years in Indiana and Oklahoma, and for the two years following was principal of the school at Cadiz, Indiana. Since 1914 she has conducted an art and millinery store in Franklin. Floyde Allen attended Franklin College and the Central Business College of Indianapolis and later was associated with his father's business as bookkeeper. For some years he has been the proprietor of the Franklin Tailoring Company. He is a member of the Masonic Fraternity.

John Thomas Featherngill, son of Letitia Forsyth Featherngill, was born in Kentucky and came to Indiana when a child of seven years. He grew to manhood on a Johnson County farm. At the breaking out of the Mexican war he enlisted and taking a musket on his shoulder with a determination to help his country, he went to the front, where he participated in a number of the most important battles of the campaign. His marriage to Martha J. Eaton occurred

in February, 1849. In 1865 he removed with his family to Illinois where he lived on a farm until 1889, when he retired and went to Gillman, Illinois, where he died a few years later.

His sons were residents of Chicago. William and Edgar were engaged in railroad work, Edgar being a passenger conductor on the C. M. & St. Paul railway. Theodore was connected with an engraving company.

CHAPTER XII

JOHN FORSYTH AND FAMILY

John Forsyth, the fourth son of David and Margaret, was born in Virginia in 1789. He was probably four or five years old when he went with his parents to Kentucky. He early developed a thirst amounting almost to a passion for knowledge. The facilities for the youth of Kentucky in that age to acquire an education were very poor, and the majority were dependent almost entirely upon their own exertions for whatever learning they obtained. However, it was a marvel how much information they did gain in this way. John Forsyth's daughter, Maria, has told how her father would trap animals in Kentucky and sell their hides to get money to buy books. He would make a fire in the yard for light and lie flat on the ground and read. Success follows such energy and ambition, and he deserved all that came to him in later life.

At this time New Orleans and the Natchez district offered greater and quicker opportunities for a young man than this great undeveloped country to the north. Without money, but with the courage to succeed, he left home and parents, determined to do his best in the life that lay before him. He was a youth of sixteen when he went in a flatboat down the river to New Orleans. In a diary which he kept of the trip he described many things which he had never seen before, one of which was the alligator, also the Spanish moss. The "French market" was a place to him where everything was for sale, even virtue. He went from New Orleans to Natchez and Washington where he joined his brother, Thomas. Shortly after going there he began teaching school. Later he was made deputy sheriff of Adams County in Mississippi, and afterward was elected sheriff, which office he held for sixteen years. At the time of his election Natchez was an important commercial city of the South, and an educational center.

It is the city of the bluffs and is situated on an elevation rising over two hundred feet above the Mississippi River.

At that time "Natchez Under the Hill" was the rendezvous for the most desperate characters in the whole West. Being sheriff was no easy task. John Forsyth was truly a brave and fearless man, while always humane with those in his care. The office at that time carried with it many more responsibilities than that of looking after the men. He was entrusted with some of the county funds and its expenditure, as well as other duties. In his business affairs John Forsyth was always successful. Everything he touched seemed to turn to gold, and though a young man when he died he had accumulated a fortune of seventy thousand dollars, although he had been a liberal contributor to all worthy causes. Three years after he went to Natchez, in 1808, when he was about nineteen years of age, he married Mary Harmon, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Juan Christian Harmon and Martha Miller Harmon. She was one of twelve children, and her father, whose parents were natives of Calabria, was an ex-soldier of the Spanish army. Mary Harmon's family lived about six miles from Natchez on a plantation of five hundred acres. This joined the Clark home, where John's brother, Thomas Forsyth, died. Later when John Forsyth was sheriff in Natchez, he built a large house on this plantation in order that he and his family might have a retreat from yellow fever epidemics. It was the type of fine colonial house so much coveted today. The people of Natchez and the country around could not see the wisdom of such a house for a man who was an office-holder in a city six miles away. When he commenced to build it they called it "Forsyth's Folly." During the fever epidemics and for scenes of social pleasure the big house was often filled. John Forsyth's daughter, Maria, and her family were living in it during the distressing times of the Civil War. In December, 1879, the house, which was handsomely furnished, and nearly all of its contents were burned, together with a fine library of Mrs. Jackson's. In speaking of the loss her daughter, Mrs. Bailey, said: "Our hearts were broken. The house was valued at ten thousand dollars, which of course meant a great deal at that time." Mrs. Jackson was so crushed over the loss that she would never rebuild any part of it.

One hundred years ago this plantation was first called "Sheriff's Retreat," and the name has been retained all these

years. It is not so much a place for growing cotton, the staple of the South, as it is a type of the old southern home. On its hills and in its valleys are great live oak trees with immense festoons of Spanish moss hanging from every limb. Another tree beautiful in form and color called the China tree grows here in perfection. Its leaves in the autumn are the shade of the lemon. Fine specimens of the magnolia grow



Sheriff's Retreat

near the plantation house, which is reached in two directions through the most picturesque roadways.

These roads can not be fully described. Running through deep banks they are really sunken roadways. Many of the banks are from twenty-five to thirty feet high.

The great forest trees tower above and their branches and foliage interweave, forming a green covering for pleasant shade as well as beauty. One can understand after seeing

these roads why the romantic name "Lover's Lane" has been given to one of the more beautiful. The roads were long years ago on the top of the banks, but long use and slow washing has worn them to their present position. In Indiana the soil of such banks would break and wash away, but these have grown so hard that the traveler has for years been carving his name upon the walls where it may be seen years after as though written on stone. The associations of the past have made Sheriff's Retreat an interesting place. A short walk will lead one to where figs may be gathered from the tree. An acorn planted more than one hundred years ago by John Forsyth's daughter, Maria, when a little child, has grown into a tall magnificent live oak. A magnolia that blossoms in all its glory each year has stood for many years near the oak. Inside the gate, near where the present house stands, may be seen a part of the foundation of the house John Forsyth built. No hand has yet been willing to pull this down with all its sacred memories. Near by is a rock covering a cistern which he built more than one hundred years ago in order to supply his family with drinking water.

The visitor as he wanders around among the shrubs and trees in the yard will see some broken fragments of marble. These are from the mantles of the big house. As he enters what was once a grove of trees he will see the place where stood a jail built of gum logs. Naturally he will wonder why a jail should have been six miles away from the county seat. This John Forsyth had built in order to protect here the men in his care from yellow fever. Near the site of the jail is a beautiful live oak, which has grown from an acorn long after John Forsyth gave the place its name, Sheriff's Retreat. When he removed the prisoners from Natchez to this jail there were among them two fine-looking men who had been imprisoned for debt, for which offense imprisonment was not at all uncommon.

John Forsyth also lived in Washington during the earlier years of his term as office-holder. This old town is situated one and one-half miles away from Sheriff's Retreat, and its historic associations rival even those of Natchez. Monett, the historian, and Wailes, the geologist, lived, died and were buried here, and their old homes still remain. Here is also located Jefferson College, the oldest endowed institution in

the Southwest, and from which such men as Jefferson Davis and Gratz Brown were graduated. Just within the entrance to the campus was the old brick church founded by Lorenzo Dow, which was also used as the state house. In this building the constitutional convention of 1817 was held. Here also the preliminary investigation into the charges against Aaron Burr was made. After having been arrested for treason in January, 1807, some twenty miles above Natchez, he was brought to Washington and released on bond. This he broke and for a time he was concealed in Washington. Later a trial was arranged and the grand jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. It is of interest to know that Burr captivated the people with his learning and eloquence during the discussion.

John Forsyth's wife died in Natchez in 1825 of yellow fever, and later he married Mary Hardin. In 1827 he took her with his children and went back to Kentucky to see his mother. While visiting in the home of his late brother, James, he wrote on a blank leaf in the family Bible, these words: "John Forsyth of the state of Mississippi, city of Natchez, his wife, Mary Hardin, and his son, Turpin, his daughters, Maria Jane, Margaret and Mary Forsyth, in company came to the residence of the late James Forsyth on Floyd's Fork, Jefferson County, Kentucky, the sixteenth day of July, eighteen twenty-seven." This old Bible Jennie Sturgeon Forsyth brought with her to Indiana in 1832. It is now in the home of the late J. H. Forsyth. John Forsyth at this time also made a trip to Johnson County, Indiana, to see his brothers, David and Robert. This was his first and only visit to this state. It is often related that while on this visit John and his brother, Robert, went hunting taking with them a flint-lock gun such as every man owned at that time. The woods were full of squirrels, and soon John called to his brother, "Bob, don't you kill another one. We have already killed one hundred; that is enough for one day." Robert and his family had been in Indiana only three years, and they were still using the beds they so hastily constructed when they came. It was all a new experience to the city-bred wife of John Forsyth, the queer-looking beds, and the ride in a wagon from Kentucky, together with many other things that pertained to life in a new country. The trip from Natchez

to Louisville had been made in a boat on the river, and it was a voyage of three weeks. They tied the boat at night and never traveled in a fog. The country was sparsely populated, and human life valuable.

An interesting story is told of a little piano that John Forsyth took with him to Louisville. Some time before 1820 an Italian had made the piano when in Natchez. Colonel J. F. Claiborne, historian, of Mississippi, said: "It was probably the only one ever manufactured in Natchez. It was made for Miss Morgan, and sold to John Forsyth for his daughters, who were taught music." The piano needed tuning and there was no one who could do it in Natchez, so when the family went to Louisville the piano was taken with them. It was put in the ladies' cabin, and the daughter, Maria, amused herself by playing on it during the journey. When the boat reached Louisville the piano was taken to a warehouse and a tuner was sent for. The man who came proved to be the one by whom it had been made. He was deeply affected when he recognized it, and wept as though it were a long lost friend. On the return trip the piano was again placed on the boat and taken back to Natchez. Later when the Sheriff's Retreat home was burned in 1879 the piano was also destroyed.

John Forsyth entertained lavishly, and dressed elegantly. His wife and children looked up to him with great respect. An old lady who had known him said she could see herself in the polish on his shoes. He often told his children of their mother's neatness, and said he had never seen a wrinkle in her stocking. He died in 1829, when forty years of age, at the Bay of St. Louis on the gulf shore of Mississippi, where he had gone for his health. The historian of Mississippi wrote of him when commenting on the death of his son-in-law, Dempsey Jackson: "When Mr. Jackson settled in Natchez, John Forsyth was then and for years had been and continued to be sheriff of Adams County. He was one of those men who won confidence at sight and never lost it. One of those rare men who seem to be exempt from caprice, and was able to reconcile the inflexible discharge of duty with unbounded personal popularity. I have often seen him shed tears when serving a writ upon an unfortunate debtor. He was the sympathizing friend of the widow and orphan, and I firmly believe that one-fourth of his income was bestowed

on the distressed. Had it not been for the assistance he gave my mother she could not have educated her children. Until the day of his death he was prominent as a citizen and a public man." A multitude he helped, unknown to any but the recipients and himself.

His son, Thomas, went to Texas when a young man and married there. His sister, Maria, visited him many years ago. Since then all trace of his family has been lost. His son, Thomas, served in the Confederate army.



Maria Forsyth Jackson

Maria Jane, the next child, born at Sheriff's Retreat, was reared and educated at Natchez. Here too she was married in January, 1828, to Dempsey Pickett Jackson of Mason County, Kentucky. A few years later she moved back to the home of her birth where she lived for fifty years. The following lines appeared in a Natchez paper at the time of her

death: "Maria Jackson possessed a high order of intellect. She was a French scholar and an accomplished musician, owning at one time probably the only piano ever manufactured in Natchez. She was a great reader, had a fine memory and was a student of history, the choicest gems of the poets, and the best of fiction. She and her husband owned one of the finest selected libraries in the state. It was in the home at Sheriff's Retreat when it was burned. She was charitable, and in all the relations of life she nobly performed her part." In addition to her knowledge of music and the classics she was an elocutionist of merit. At school she always won the speaker's medal. She had the sturdy character of the Scotch, and read their literature and sang their songs.

Almost fifty years of her life were spent before the emancipation of the slaves. She grew up and lived with them all around her during the most flourishing period of slavery. Her kindly consideration of their rights and needs is shown in their devotion to her which was ever manifested in a loyal, loving service and in many a "God bless you, my mistress, I hope to meet you in Heaven," from the dying lips of the slaves who had faithfully served her. She was the only child of John Forsyth, who lived in the South and near the active scenes of the war during that period. She was never reconstructed. When eighty years of age she bought Jefferson Davis' book and hunted up every reference of his in the writings of Washington and Jefferson, and when she had finished she said: "Davis was right, we had a right to secede." Her husband, Dempsey Jackson, wrote his own story of the "Beginning of the War and its Results." He did not believe in the institution of slavery, and was often heard to say, "It was a great curse upon the South." During the excitement preceding the secession of the South when men in Natchez were contending for their right not only to hold slaves but to extend the institution into new territory, Dempsey Jackson plead with them to be patient, and said: "The first gun fired will sound the death knell of slavery." So confident was he of the truth of this statement and that the cause of the South was lost, that in a few months after the opening of the war he told his slaves they were free. Many of them refused to leave him, but from that time they were paid wages. Jackson was opposed to the division of the union of the states at the begin-

ning of the war, and worked hard to prevent it. He said: "Fight for your rights under the old flag and on the floors of Congress." He opposed Davis because he felt he had helped to plunge the South into war. In summing his losses after the close, he said: "It is well known I was bitterly opposed to the war, yet when I saw that nothing but war would satisfy the most influential men on both sides, and when troops were sent into the South I was from locality and interest bound to yield to the ruling passion of men controlling majorities in both sections. Besides the great error of the South was that they did not meet it with the zeal and ardor of spirit and liberality that so hazardous an experiment with our peculiar institutions required. The great southern heart seemed to think it had bargained for an easy job when it agreed to break in twain the government of our fathers."

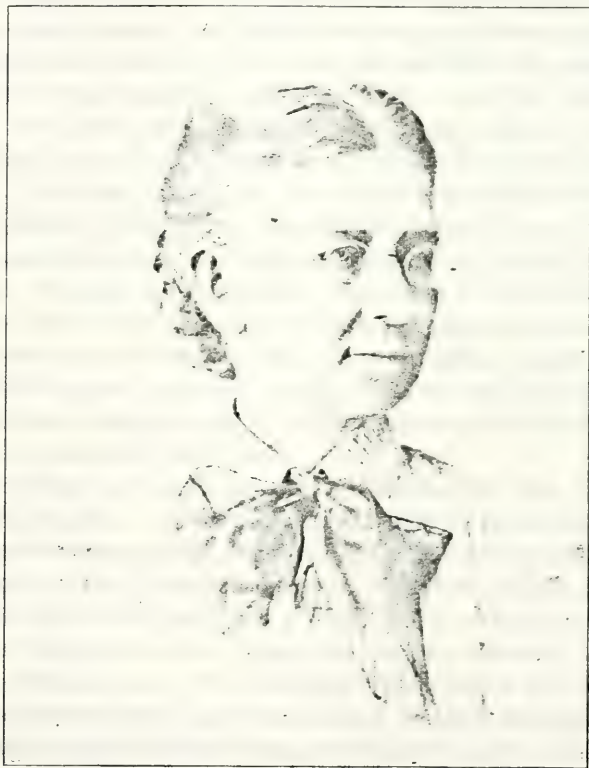
Dempsey Jackson was born in Kentucky in 1796, and was related to the Pickett, Metcalf and Shackleford families of Virginia. His brother, Claiborne Jackson, was war governor of Missouri. His character is portrayed in a sketch written at the time of his death in 1874 by Colonel J. T. H. Claiborne of Mississippi. The following is an extract: "Dempsey Jackson was a man of strong points of character. One of those men who made warm friends and bitter enemies; stern and inflexible as a covenanter in the earnestness of his convictions, but capable of strong reactions and of generous and magnanimous acknowledgment. He was a most extreme Whig, but he became in after times quite as strong a Democrat. Rather than surrender or even compromise what he believed to be right, I think he would have died at the stake."

The enormous losses of some of the southern planters during the war are shown in an inventory made by Jackson some time after its close. At the beginning he and his wife held property worth more than five hundred thousand dollars. At its close its estimated value was about eighty-three thousand. He had partly recovered his loss when he died ten years later, but there was a debt of twenty thousand dollars on his Aubrey Place.

The strong character of Maria Forsyth, her energy, her courage, served her well in the years that followed, and before her death she and her daughter, Kate Aubrey, had paid it all, and without the sale of an acre of the land.

Stirling Castle, Scotland, for so many years occupied by the Forsyths, was once visited by Dempsey Jackson while traveling in Europe.

James Madison, the fourth child of Maria Forsyth Jackson, has lived for many years at Sheriff's Retreat with his sister, having never married. He went into the Confederate army at the beginning of the war and served until its close. He joined



Kate Jackson Bailey

the cavalry and served under J. E. B. Stuart, and surrendered under Hampton in Carolina. His father supported him all through the war with no expense to the Confederacy.

Sheriff's Retreat is today, 1918, the home of Kate Aubrey Jackson Bailey and her daughters, Annie and Bessie. "Aunt Ann," who was once a slave, is ever faithful to their interests and needs. There isn't anything modern about Aunt Ann. Her red bandana tied over her head belongs to an age when

negroes were happy in "de cotton and de corn." Mrs. Bailey is the only living daughter of Maria Forsyth and Dempsey Jackson, and the only granddaughter of John Forsyth. In 1871, she married George W. Bailey of Clarksville, Tennessee, who died in Texas in 1913. Most of her life she has lived on this plantation. She has been a reader of the best literature. She loves history, and has been an interesting writer. Her's is a poetical mind, and she does not need to seek for inspiration from among the great landscape pictures which nature has painted, but she finds it in the outdoor life around her own home. Her ancestry is shown in her love for everything Scotch. She loves their poetry and their novels. To her, *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush* is the most pleasing book ever written. She loves biography, and since she is descended from the old Pickett, Metcalf and Shackelford families of Virginia, she has assisted many families in collecting history of their ancestors. On one occasion after receiving a request for such data from one whom she had never seen, she complained that she had so much writing to do. Her daughter said: "Well, you should be glad you can write for you can't cook." She has often been heard to say that in heaven she did not want any family records to hunt up.

Mrs. Bailey attended school in Natchez at the Elizabeth Academy for girls. After finishing a course in the languages her father determined she should have a business education. He himself was a business man of unusual ability, and the knowledge and experience she gained while under his supervision were valuable to her when she had to assume the management of his estate. Her mother's confidence in her ability to handle large affairs is shown in that she left her sole executrix of the estate without requiring her to give bond. The greater part of the property was in Louisiana cotton plantations, which she safely managed and gave unincumbered to the heirs. After she closed the estate she became manager of the property. Some idea of the magnitude of her task may be imagined when one thinks there were three thousand two hundred acres of land forty miles from where she lived. She had to see that negroes and mules on the plantation were fed, and that the negroes worked. During the years of her greatest activity she was well known as one of the best plantation managers in that part of the South. She was first called

young mistress by the negroes, but now they look upon her as "Ole Miss." Many of the negroes have been there more than forty years. In speaking of her experiences she said: "I have not enjoyed the work, and have often wondered what need I had for an education in the languages. There was little use for this in my work, but the Lord gave me intellect and energy and He fitted me for the duties I performed and He said, though not by words, that I had it to do. We had the property, so why must I question my portion in life. It is true that for forty years I fed negroes and mules, and now I have asked the Lord for a change of occupation."

She weighs less than one hundred pounds, and is only five feet, three inches tall. She has always been of a very cheerful disposition, and is still the fun-maker in her home. A keen love for music has brought much that was joyful into her life, and her brilliant mind has drawn many dear friends to her, and notwithstanding her active business life she has found the world both beautiful and wonderful. Her cousin, Hamilton Forman, once wrote of her: "She is an admirable character. She is refined and cultured, possessing great mentality and ability." She will be seventy-eight years old in June, 1919, and though in frail health she still goes to the piano and plays the things she learned sixty years ago.

She remembers the battle of Vicksburg as a time of great excitement. The cannonading was distinctly heard at their home as was the shelling of Natchez. In relating the story of her family's experience during the war she said: "I was the daughter of a man worth more than five hundred thousand dollars. All that wealth could give was mine. I always had a waiting maid to look after my every wish. A ten thousand dollar coach and horses with a one thousand five hundred dollar driver was always ready for the comfort and pleasure of the family. I had spent most of my life prior to the war in school, and had expected to go to Europe to study music, but the shadow of coming events fell upon me. The war came on and I laid aside my luxuries and prepared for the fray. The negroes left us when the Yankees came, but when they found what freedom meant some of them came back. We southern girls learned to do everything. We worked for our soldiers. We did sewing, knitting and nursing, but the hardest time to endure was the so-called reconstruction. It was

worse than the war. Think of old southern gentlemen like my father trying to endure negro rule. I, like my father, was very much opposed to the war. It was the breaking up of a glorious government, and any one who had anything to do in bringing it about could not escape some of the responsibility for the sorrow that followed. Davis was wrong in that he would ever consent to lead a movement to destroy the Union. The trouble could have been settled without war had men on both sides been willing to do it. Of course, when it came we went with the South. It was ours, and our interests were here. We were Union lovers, but loved the South more, for 'Breathes there a man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said, this is my own, my native land.' We were ruined and killed but never conquered. We gave our treasure, our blood, our lives.

"After the surrender we were left with nothing, figuratively speaking, without a spark upon the hearthstone with which to kindle a fire. No braver people ever lived, and after a while they threw off the yoke. When the war closed the South had but two friends in the government, Grant and Lincoln. No true southerner had a hand in the assassination of Lincoln. With his great big heart of sympathy for the distressed he would have done nothing to further humiliate those who had surrendered to him, but he would have helped to bind up their wounds, recognizing that we were still a part of the same great nation of people with the same capacity for joy and sorrow."

She did not consider Harriet Beecher Stowe's story exaggerated. She said, "There are characters in this neighborhood with their ears cut off who are the kind from which some of her people were taken. But the type of the man Legree who did this was from the North." Her waiting maid was named Harriet Beecher Stowe. Harriet hated to work and hated the hardships freedom placed upon her. She "wished times were like they used to be when niggers were all at home and she could sit up in the house and do nothing."

Mrs. Bailey prefers to relate the pleasant experiences. In speaking of these she said: "I never received anything but the most courteous treatment from the Yankees. A cavalryman once in our yard said that he hoped no harm would ever come to any one in our house or home. A pleasant memory

of two northern officers occurred one morning when they rode up in front of the house where my father was sitting on the lower gallery. I was watching them from the gallery above. They asked for water to drink. Father sent Harriet Beecher Stowe to bring it, which she did in goblets on a waiter. One of the men gracefully raised his glass to me, and said: 'We don't want your cotton, we don't want your slaves, but sooner than see this land divided we'll fill your Southern graves.' He then drank the water and rode away."



Kate Jackson Bailey at Eighteen

At one time the cotton while still in the planters' hands was ordered burned to prevent the Federal authorities from seizing it. Great quantities of it were quietly concealed and sold after the time for the execution of the order had passed, but the money must be taken away from Natchez for safe-keeping. At this time Kate Jackson was teaching French and music to some children in a private family, some miles away from Natchez and across the Federal lines. She was asked to carry five thousand dollars in gold into that neighborhood. Strips of muslin just wide enough to hold the coin were used and the muslin was sewed across between each piece of money, thus preventing any rattle from the coins touching. When all was ready the strips were wound around her waist and shoulders, their weight making it difficult for her to walk. She wore a

small jacket and long coat but the money was so heavy she could not get into the carriage which was to convey her, without the assistance of two men, one on either side. During the war every horse and mule of any value on their plantation was taken away.

She knows but little of life in the North, having visited only for a short time in Chicago and St. Louis. In speaking of a visit made in 1868 to her Aunt Mary Forsyth Forman in Illinois, she said: "I was there in harvest time, and how I enjoyed riding in the header wagon and helping carry the coffee and cakes to the boys for afternoon lunch. It was moonlight and they worked late. I spent the winter, but there wasn't snow enough for a sleigh ride. However, I was well snow balled for I entered into all their sports. I had a grand suit of hair then, and when I sat in a chair it would sweep the floor. Well, to see it taken down, combed and shaken out was a sight for those boys."

To her there is no picture of American life so beautiful as the sunny side of the old South. She never liked to write in gloomy weather or when it was cold. In the evening of her life she can well rejoice that in her youth, rich in illusions, hopes, aspirations and dreams, she was able to rise above the evils of war, and when the burdens of large business interests came to her she could still be hopeful and courageous, content to serve others. She is now standing with her face toward the setting sun. Youth will soon be hers again, for eternity is youth. "Traveling hence she may leave footprints on the sands of time."

She is a member of the Episcopal Church.

The above sketch was written some months before Kate Bailey's death in January, 1919.

Dempsey Pickett Bailey was born at Sheriff's Retreat, and was educated in Jefferson College. He lives near Kingston, Mississippi, in a beautiful ancestral home that years ago belonged to his wife's grandfather. It is one of the old plantation homes that escaped the ravages of the Civil War.

Charles Forman also attended Jefferson College, but left there and went to the State Agricultural College at Starkville. He is now the manager of the Louisiana plantation. When the Mississippi levee broke in 1916 the country around was an inland sea. Charles Forman had to be ferried over to Rodney

with his stock and was put off the boat in water more than two feet deep. Charles has the Scotch trait of never giving a direct answer to a question. He will not talk in a critical way of any one.

The three daughters, Annie Sue, Kate Aubrey and Elizabeth Claiborne attended the primary department of Jefferson College, where Annie with a classmate had the distinction of receiving the highest grade ever given to a primary pupil. From there they went to Whitworth College at Brookhaven, Mississippi. Elizabeth studied art and music in Cincinnati in 1910. She and Annie now have the management of their home and plantation. They are capable, well educated and well read. They enjoy a good horse, and like most southern girls, ride well.

Kate Aubrey married Albert Sojourner of Kingston, a state representative. She died here leaving five little boys. In an old southern home surrounded by a large lawn and fine old trees these children of Kate Bailey will grow up with but a faint memory of their mother. She was especially fond of children, and they loved her, for no one knew better than Katie how to make children happy. She had a sparkling eye and merry voice, with a good humor that made them love to be near her. She was a handsome woman of gentle, refined character and kindness of heart. She was bright and dainty in her tastes, and an expert in fine needlework.

Elizabeth, the third child of John Forsyth, died of yellow fever in Natchez. She was a girl of fine mind and talented in music.

Margaret died at Sheriff's Retreat when a girl of ten or eleven years. The doctors would not let the fever patients have water, and Margaret said: "Never mind, sister, I will soon drink of living waters and never thirst again." She then called for the scissors, and cut off one of her beautiful curls, and played with it, and died praising God.

Turpin Forsyth died very young, when his only child was but a babe. His wife, Annie McAfee, was a very handsome, well educated woman. She had an abundance of Irish wit and attracted friends with her happy, fun-loving nature. Unfortunately when her son, John, was ten years old, she married a man who proved to be an adventurer. They mounted horses, and accompanied by her waiting maid they rode across the

Isthmus of Panama and went to California leaving her son with relatives. Years after she returned, but her life was wrecked. Both her beauty and money were gone and she was a broken-down woman. Her only son who had inherited her intellect, her lovable nature and personal beauty was dead, having died at sixteen years of age.



Mary Forsyth Forman

Mary, the youngest child of John Forsyth and Mary Harmon Forsyth, was born in Natchez while her father was officially employed there. She married there in 1842, and for seventeen years continued to live in Natchez. She then with her husband and four little boys moved to Nashville, Illinois. When her sons were ready for a larger school, in order that she might give them the best of advantages she moved to Richview, Illinois.

It is often claimed that portrait painters always indulge in excessive praise. It is not easy to write of a character like that of Mary Forman without praising generously. She was considered the star of the family. Her brother-in-law, Dempsey Jackson, was her guardian after her father's death, and he was very proud of her intellect. When she left school at seventeen she was said to be the most clever woman in Mississippi. She could do anything in a woman's line of work. She was a close student and a great reader of standard works. She was also an artist and writer of ability. After she went to Illinois it was generally conceded that she was the most intelligent, best educated and learned writer that had ever lived in that section of the state. *The Nashville Journal* said of her at the time of her death: "When her sons were editors of the *Nashville Democrat* she was of great assistance to them, contributing articles of much interest and value." She was a very interesting conversationist, being well informed on all current topics. Her keen sense of humor and her quick witty repartee made her an interesting companion, and her humor was always of a kindly nature.

In 1877 she spent several weeks in Indiana visiting her relatives. Those who met her have spoken of her as a character of refinement, grace and charm. She had the trait that is a part of the Forsyth heritage. She did not waste time. She never sat down with her hands idle, but while engaged in animated conversation she would be busy for hours making some beautiful piece of handwork.

She was the mother of ten sons and one little girl who died in infancy. Her mission on earth she clearly defined was to rear and train boys, and well did she perform her task. Seven of the ten grew to manhood, and no mother was ever more beloved and honored. Her son, Hamilton, once said his mother was the grandest character he ever knew. Robert Stuart, the eldest son, inherited his mother's intellect. Doctor Blackburn, later governor of Kentucky, knew this boy, and said that he was the brightest boy he had ever known. He died in Nashville when a lad of eleven years.

Mary Forsyth Forman knew nothing of the experiences suffered by the family of her sister during the war. She left the South in 1852, but during the rest of her life she cher-

ished the memory of the associations of her early home and the old South. Her husband, William B. Forman, 1810-1866, died in Nashville, Illinois.

William Forman was born in Natchez and was reared on the farm near Nashville. He worked untiringly for an education in the public schools and in Richview Seminary. For a time he was a teacher, then took up the study of law and was admitted to the bar shortly after becoming of age. He was also editor of the *Nashville Democrat*, and served his town as mayor two terms. In 1884 he was elected state senator for Illinois, which position he held four years. He was then elected to Congress, where he served for three terms, and declined to run again. His popularity was shown by his being sent to Congress as a Democrat from a Republican district. He was greatly beloved by the people in his community for his strong personality and great forcefulness of character. His interest in politics was far more than that of a mere party man, for he was a man of ideas. He was nominated for governor of Illinois on the Gold Democratic ticket, and in the same year was appointed United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue by Grover Cleveland, which position he held for a short time, when he resigned to again enter the practise of law in East St. Louis, Illinois. In all the relations of life he was a courteous, kind, high-toned gentleman.

His son, Charles, was educated at Annapolis Naval School, and is now a retired officer. He was with Schley on the *Brooklyn* at Santiago, and felt he helped win the victory. His career has been interrupted by ill health. He lives with his mother at Sierra Madra, California. His brother Hamilton graduated from the law department of the State University of Illinois. Ill health later forced him to give up the practice of law, when he went to Miami, Florida where he became interested in agriculture.

Ely Hall Forman was born in Natchez, and reared near Nashville. After completing his education he was engaged in newspaper work in Nashville. When his health failed, that he might live in the open air he gave up his work in Nashville and started in a wagon to Texas. He spent many days traveling before reaching Corsicana, Texas. This was about the close of the Civil War.

Later he became a successful lawyer. He was accurate and painstaking in all he did. He was sincere and reliable in his conversation, liberal in his views, and generous in his principles. *The Corsicana Courier* said of him at the time of his death: "He was a true type of a lawyer, writer, and best of all a gentleman." He died at the age of thirty in the prime of his young manhood. He never married.

Luke Blackburn, who was also a native of Natchez, died from an injury at the age of twenty-three.



Hamilton Forman

Hamilton was born near Nashville. His home is now in St. Louis, Missouri. When only four years of age he began his school life, and at this early age he was able to read the newspaper intelligently. He was graduated from Jones Commercial College, St. Louis, finishing the work in six weeks, a shorter time than any youth had ever done, and showed the cleanest books on record. He has had an extensive banking record, having begun his career as clerk in the Washington bank in Nashville. In 1877 with others he organized the Du-Quoin, Illinois, Bank, filling the position of cashier until appointed national bank examiner in 1886 by Grover Cleveland.

In 1890 he was elected vice-president of the Second National Bank of Cincinnati, but two years later he resigned to become cashier of the Continental National Bank of St. Louis. He was again appointed national bank examiner by Grover Cleveland, which position he held until 1901, when he was elected vice-president of the Fourth National Bank of St. Louis, subsequently being promoted to president. In 1904 the associated banks of St. Louis, seventeen in number, organized The Bankers' World's Fair National Bank for the purpose of handling the finances of the world's fair, and H. A. Forman was unanimously elected president. Thus he was honored with the presidency of two national banks in the same city at one time. When the Fourth National Bank was merged with the National Bank of Commerce in 1906, he and his associates organized the Central National Bank of St. Louis. Three years later he disposed of his interest and retired. He is now enjoying the fruits of his earlier efforts, spending a part of the summer months with his family at a northern lake, and the winter in St. Petersburg, Florida. He did not marry until after he retired from business. He has one daughter four years old.

In his earlier life he was a member of the Presbyterian Church of St. Louis. He had a fine tenor voice which he used very acceptedly in the church service. But he never forgot the little Methodist Church in Nashville which his mother attended for many years. Some time about 1917 he went back to Nashville and united with the little church. When he found the church in need of repairs he furnished them, putting a new roof on the building at his own expense.

Mr. Forman was a Democrat until 1892, when he allied himself with the Republicans, becoming a supporter of Theodore Roosevelt in 1912. He is a Mason, a Knight Templar and a Shriner. In every position of trust he has held the confidence of his associates, and is esteemed by those who know him as an honorable, upright business man.

Hamilton Forman died in St. Louis May 1, 1920. By will he gave to his mother's church in Nashville, Illinois, five thousand dollars in memory of his mother.

Christopher McLure Forman was born near Nashville, and like his brothers was reared and educated there and at Richview. For some years he was associated with his broth-

ers as editors of the *Nashville Democrat*, and for one year with the assistance of his mother had complete control of the paper as its editor. He has been a real estate dealer for nearly forty-eight years. The business was first established in Nashville as the Forman Realty Company, where he remained until the year of 1900, when he removed to St. Louis, Missouri. Mr. Forman is a man of very industrious habits,



C. M. Forman

and during all the years of his business career he has been an untiring worker, very seldom leaving his office for any other interest save that which pertained to the business. He is devoted to his family. His daughter, Mamie, and son, Floyd Forsyth, reside in Tuskegee, Alabama. Floyd is a splendid young man with many promises of a useful future. He married the daughter of Captain Cloud of Tuskegee, who

left at his death a large plantation near that place. Floyde in addition to other business interests is helping to manage this plantation. His brother William Forman has been interested in newspaper work in Chicago, where he has lived since his marriage.

Leslie Forman is city editor of the *St. Louis Times*. He has marked ability in newspaper work for one so young.

Mary Ann is the adopted daughter of William and Mary Forsyth Forman. She has been with the family since a girl of nine years. She is now more than seventy years old. She has earned by her faithfulness the love given her by her brothers, all of whom are devoted to her. She lives with Zenas Preston, Mary Forsyth Forman's youngest child. Zenas lives near Ashley, Illinois. He is a farmer and breeder of a fine grade of dairy cattle.

CHAPTER XIII

MARGARET FORSYTH TUCKER

Margaret Tucker was born in Virginia a few years after the close of the Revolutionary War. Being only a babe when her parents came over the mountains to Kentucky she had no memory of that hazardous journey. Her girlhood was spent in the region of Floyd's Fork. When she was seventeen she married Clark Tucker, who had also settled in Kentucky about the time her parents came. They then went to Hardin County. Had they remained there Margaret's life might have had fewer of the many hardships which came to her later, but she was unselfishly planning for her children, and in 1830 they joined the adventurous settlers in their quest for wealth in Indiana. The 160-acre farm where they spent nearly thirty years was not purchased by them until 1834. For this they paid two hundred and fifty dollars. It was all heavily timbered and on it was a fine grove of maple trees which the family utilized for many years for making sirup.

Margaret Tucker was a woman of great strength of character, and her life was one of service and sacrifice. After rearing her own large family five of her grandchildren found a home with her. These children received the same tender care that she gave her own, and her last words were in the interest of the last one taken, Louella Weaver, who was only twenty-three months old. She speaks of Margaret being a noble Christian character. Margaret like other women wove all the linen used in her home, and all the material to clothe her large family. Her life was also one of ministration to those in need. There were no trained nurses in those days, but the big-hearted women helped to care for the sick no matter what their duties were at home.

When the church at Bethel was organized in 1834, Margaret was among its first members, and years later she with her husband became charter members of the church at Union.

Her eldest child, Emily, was a girl of sixteen years when her parents came to Indiana. She rode all the way from

Hardin County, Kentucky, on horseback. She met Harvey Mullikin while still living there and married him in 1833, some years after coming to Indiana. They settled on a farm in the woods three miles from the present town of Nineveh. Their cabin was not unlike many of the first Indiana settlers' homes. It had but one room, and a large open fireplace, where Emily did the cooking for the family. It was here where her children were born, save the youngest son, Thomas, who was born after the family moved into Williamsburg (now Nineveh). It was also in this cabin that Margaret McGibbon, her grandmother, spent with her three months of the last winter of her life. The house stood far back from what was in later years a beautiful road, lined with trees, shrubs and vines. The road as it led from the house to the town crossed a stream of water nine times.

When the family moved into Williamsburg, Mr. Mullikin went into the mercantile business, but soon found he had made a mistake in leaving the farm for which he had been trained, and where he had been successful. There was nothing for him to do except return to it. After gathering together what was left they went to a farm near the town of Bement, Illinois, traveling in a wagon in February during the most inclement weather.

Emily inherited a bright, active mind, and a splendid memory, with a disposition that made her many friends.

In October, 1856, at the age of twenty-one, Rachel Mullikin married Joseph L. Deitch, a Frenchman of Jewish descent, who was born in Alsace, and came to this country at the age of eighteen years. Rachel's daughter says "She was a beautiful girl with large blue eyes, red hair and pretty complexion, modest and quiet, but full of life and fun; a very dignified woman, and never rude. She taught school several years and was quite a singer; was very fond of horseback riding, often appearing on the track at the county fairs in girlhood. She was a great worker, knitting, sewing and embroidering and working both in the house and yard. She always had a great many flowers. Bouquets and potted plants were always found in the different rooms. She embroidered pillow cases, towels and centerpieces after she was eighty-one years of age. She did her own work until three weeks before she died, having no other help than an old colored man to

do the chores and care for the horse. She had the same man seventeen years. She always kept her horse and buggy, and drove herself, even in the most congested parts of the city, after she was eighty years old. She was a woman of great fortitude and determination, and a great reader, a perfect bookworm, reading everything she could get her hands on. She was a great lover of poetry, and many poems were found in her Bible after she was gone. After reading a story she could tell it very well, having a fine memory."

The first years of her married life were spent in Williamsburg and Franklin. The family then moved to Indianapolis. This was the year 1865, and from this time she resided on the same lot until her death fifty-two years later. She was a member of the Christian Church from childhood. She belonged to the New Century Club of Indiana, and also the Caroline Scott chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She was a descendant of John Mullikin, who served through the Revolution.

Medora Deitch in her girlhood attended the old Franklin Academy, a school of higher learning. At the age of eighteen she married Victor Isaacs, who lived only five years. Four years later she married Oscar P. Hoover, who died in 1919. She is a woman of fine business ability. She resides at Mars Hill, a suburb of Indianapolis. She is a member of the Queen Esther Chapter O. E. S. and Caroline Scott Chapter D. A. R. Her daughters, Alma Rose and Beatrice Rachel, received their college training in Butler College, where both were graduated. They have since held positions in high schools as principals. Alma Rose was married in September, 1919.

Addie Deitch, the second child of Rachel Mullikin Deitch, was also a pupil at the Franklin Academy. She had pronounced musical and literary talents. She has had one book published, also a number of short stories. She has written and staged quite a few playlets for social and charitable purposes. She organized the Ladies Literary Union in 1900, now known as the New Century Club, and one of the successful literary societies of Indianapolis. She is a member of the Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter of the D. A. R. and Queen Esther Chapter of O. E. S.

A. H. Frank died 1897.

Otto Deitch when a young man was a student in Butler College and the Cincinnati Pharmacy School, and later engaged in the drug business in Indianapolis.

Othello L. and Oscar S. Deitch are physicians in Indianapolis, and graduates of the Indianapolis Medical College. Oscar attended the Cincinnati School of Pharmacy. He enlisted as a captain in the medical corps for service in the world war. He was sent to Camp Polk, Raleigh, North Carolina, as examining surgeon.

Naomi Deitch was educated in the Indianapolis schools and Oxford College for women at Oxford, Ohio. Her son, Joseph Ward, is a graduate of the State University of Wisconsin at Madison. William, the younger son, was a student of the Texas State University at Austin.

Lydia Mullikin has never married. She says she is the "old maid" of the family, and that her brother, Thomas, is inclined to be the bachelor. They live together in the old home where their parents lived during their last years. The farm is two miles east of Bement, Illinois. They are very devoted to each other. Lydia was a classmate at Nineveh with William Chase, the artist, and remembers that she often helped him with his lessons. She also recalls a visit of Alexander Campbell to the church at Nineveh, when she was a small girl. Campbell was very old and frail, but still able to preach. Lydia says a large crowd gathered on the occasion of his preaching, since everyone felt it a great honor to hear him. She remembers that her mother was there with all her children.

Maria Tucker was born in Hardin County, Kentucky. After her marriage to Basil G. Jones they lived on a farm four miles southwest of Franklin. It was here where their three children were born. Mr. Jones died at the early age of twenty-seven. Elizabeth, the second daughter, is a resident of Franklin, but she has lived most of her life in the country. She married Thomas Flinn in 1866. He was of Irish descent, his parents having been natives of Ireland. He was a soldier in the Civil War and in Libby Prison for six months. He died in 1918.

Their son William is a successful farmer living four miles south of Franklin. He bought his first farm when he was

twenty-two years old. He is a member of the church at Union.

Austin Flinn is an undertaker of Franklin. He is a young man of fine character and of pleasing personality. He and his wife are prominent in the church life of Franklin. His sister Carrie has been a teacher in the public schools for several years.



Austin Flinn

William C. Jones at sixteen years of age began life for himself and for some time supported his mother and the family. His daughter Estella was a teacher in the public schools of Franklin township for several years. She is a graduate of Franklin College.

In politics, W. C. Jones was a staunch Republican and a member of the Christian Church. He was an honest, upright

citizen and esteemed by those who knew him for his many estimable qualities.

Andrew Jackson Tucker, eldest child of George and Parthena Nay Tucker, died at Portsmouth Grove, Virginia, from wounds received in the battle of the Wilderness.

Mary Tucker Park was born in Johnson County, Indiana. In her early life she became a member of the church and for forty-seven years lived a consecrated Christian life and was a diligent student of the Bible. In 1865 she married Abner Park in the old Union Church, later moving to St. Clair County, Missouri, where she lived until the time of her death. She was killed by a train while crossing the track in Brownington, Missouri. Abner Park died in 1911. Their only son James died in Texas, leaving a wife and one daughter.

John Thomas Tucker was one of the foremost stockmen and farmers of Johnson County, and stood high as an upright citizen. He was a charter member of the Union Christian Church, and he and his wife, Jennetta A. Tucker, deeded as a gift the ground on which the building stands. At the time of his death Thomas Tucker, as he was generally known, was an elder in that church.

The following lines concerning him are from the pen of M. S. Forsyth, better known as Schofield Forsyth:

His industry, energy and activity were almost without a parallel. He possessed excellent judgment as was evidenced in his selection and care of live stock. His fine public spirit and his undoubted piety gave him a high position in the confidence and affection of his neighbors and friends. I well remember on the occasion of his funeral, which was preached by the Rev. Knowles Shaw, who used for a text the words: "Prepare to meet thy God," found in Amos 4:12, that he spoke of Brother Thomas Tucker as having made a suitable preparation, and how he held up his life and character as worthy of emulation by his surviving friends. He was a man of high ideals, and was greatly devoted to his church, and judging by his life he no doubt possessed enlightened views of Christian character and benevolence.

He was a firm believer in churches and schools as an influence in the building up of a new country, and built the first schoolhouse in his community.

It is interesting to know that the Union Church had its beginning in a revival held in a schoolroom which stood on the northeast corner of the ground which he gave.

The discipline of the church of that time was often as intolerant as was that of the schools. This was not true of Thomas Tucker, who was never harsh or puritanical in his dealings. He had sympathy even where the wrong was in question. Some young school girl members of the Union Church were one day jumping the rope, and for this very innocent amusement they were brought before the church and reproved. In another incident similar to this Thomas Tucker was himself the offender. He was feeding a drove of hogs that required a load of corn each day. He always planned to gather two loads on Saturday, but once when it rained he could only get one. On Sunday morning he and his brother-in-law, Horace Weaver, very innocently went to the field early and brought in a load. A prominent member brought the incident before the church and insisted that he deserved punishment for the offense.

William Coons, son of Celia Tucker Coons, is a druggist with the Huder Drug Co. of Indianapolis. He graduated from the Louisville College of Pharmacy with honor, having completed the course in a shorter time than anyone at that time. He is a careful and capable business man, agreeable and popular with his friends. His wife died in 1919.

Ralph Voris is one of the younger successful ministers of the Presbyterian Church. At this time (1920) he is located in New York. He is also an associate general secretary of the Interchurch World Movement. He was educated in Franklin College and in Chicago University.

Errol Tucker, the eldest son of W. C. Tucker, represented Bartholomew County, Indiana, in the State Legislature for two years.

Mary Kate Tucker married Henry Barnett in 1872. Their home since their marriage has been in Franklin, Indiana. They are among the city's most influential citizens. During their entire married life they have been prominent in the work of the Christian Church, giving their time and financial support liberally. As citizens they have taken a deep interest in the general welfare, giving their support to every movement for the advancement of the culture and material interests of the people. In 1874 Henry Barnett began the study of law in the office with Judge Woollen. He was admitted to the practice of law in 1875 and during the same year formed

a partnership with R. M. Miller, which association still continues. Some years ago his son Oral Barnett became a member of the firm. Henry Barnett has been known for his wise counsel and mature judgment. He stands in the front rank of his profession in Indiana.

Paul Tucker, son of Benton Tucker, was in the war with Germany. He was sent to France and wounded in battle.



Kate Tucker Barnett:

Jane Tucker, who married Beadles, died when a young woman, leaving a daughter, Emily, who married John Helms, and went with him to Sedalia, Missouri. She died there, leaving one daughter.

When Margaret Tucker married Absalom Clark he had one little girl, the child of his first wife. To her Margaret gave every care, having inherited her mother's kindliness of heart toward motherless children. Her life was also like that

of her mother in the service she gave those who needed her. She belonged to the life of the town of Trafalgar back in the sixties, and took care of the preachers who came each month to conduct the church services, and also those who had charge of the revival meetings. The church of her choice, where Asa Hollingsworth, John and Perry Blankenship, J. C. Miller and others preached, was the little frame building erected by Thomas Lynam and his family. Her last years were spent in an invalid's chair. Her courage and her faith were her strength during these years, for she was ever cheerful and hopeful.

David Tucker went with his family to Piatt County, Illinois, in 1866. The trip was made in a schooner wagon. The land at that time was wet and swampy. The ground David purchased for \$1.25 per acre had only a few places high enough to insure a crop sufficient to feed his stock. It had to be drained, and the tiling and dredge ditches which were made cost more than the land was worth, but they were needed to make it fertile, and today the same land is selling for from three to five hundred dollars per acre.

His neighbors, together with his own family, had malaria, and he tried to help them by signing their notes to secure money. These he often had to pay, and with it all he had a struggle to even hold his land.

His children and grandchildren are now among the best citizens in that part of the state. They are prosperous farmers living in comfortable homes of their own. They are all interested in the best grades of cattle, horses and other kinds of stock. The wife of the younger son, George, is a chicken fancier, having exhibited her Black Langshangs, Single Comb White Orpingtons and Barred Rocks at the leading poultry shows in Indiana and Illinois, where at different times she has taken first, second and third premiums.

David Tucker's kindness of heart was shown in the devotion he gave his parents in their declining years. No matter what his other duties were he walked each morning the half mile between their homes to build their morning fire and arrange other things for their comfort. He was also very considerate for the women and children who were unfortunately left without homes and protection during the Civil War period. He would take them into his home and care

for them. At one time he had twenty-one persons in his family.

His children and a number of his grandchildren are very prominent in the Presbyterian Church. It is interesting to know what the influence was that changed them from the church to which not only David belonged but also his parents and brothers and sisters.



Luella Weaver Duckworth

During David's struggle in Illinois he could only afford to dress his children in the most simple manner possible. He did not consider their clothing at all suitable to wear to his church Sunday school. But one Sunday morning a young Presbyterian preacher in passing their home saw the boys playing and in a friendly way entered into a conversation with them. He soon won their esteem, and when he said "I would love to have you in my Sunday school," they at once

became interested, and a little later were regular pupils, and their interest in the church has continued throughout the years since.

David Tucker had remarkable ability for retaining in his memory any line of the Bible, and where it was found.

Lydia, Margaret Forsyth Tucker's youngest child, died when a very young woman, leaving her only daughter, Luella, who was not yet two years old. She was one of the charter members of the Union Church, and was an active and willing helper in its activities. She taught a class of girls in the Sunday school and her bright, energetic and happy disposition was an inspiration to them. She was a pupil in the school at Nineveh taught by J. C. Miller, and later the old Academy in Franklin. Her beautiful handwork showed a refined taste and a love for careful, painstaking workmanship.

Her daughter, Luella Weaver Duckworth, lives in a beautiful modern home near Needham, Johnson County. She like her mother is a faithful worker in the church, having taught a Sunday school class for fourteen years. Her daughter, Georgia, is a very capable, energetic and useful member of society and the church. John, her only son, was married at seventeen. He is a young progressive farmer, whose pride is in the best grade of stock and in the cultivation of his crops.

PEGGY TUCKER'S LETTER TO JOHN FORSYTH

The original of this letter is in the home of the late Kate Jackson Bailey, granddaughter of John Forsyth. It was written by Margaret (Peggy) Tucker to her brother, John Forsyth, and is marked "Sister Peggy's Letter" in his hand writing. It was sealed without an envelope. The address was "Mr. John Forsyth, Sheriff, Washington, Mississippi, territory six miles from Natchez." It was sent from Elizabethtown, Kentucky. The letter is written in a plain, neat hand, and bears date of June 20, 1817. It follows:

Dr. Brother: I received your letter dated April 13, 1817, by the hand of Uncle Alexander Merrifield, who informed me he was at your house where you state he stayed several days. It is a pleasure to me to hear you are all well, and I have with pleasure to state that we are all well likewise. I am glad always to hear from you and family, and take a pleasure in giving you information of our welfare, also you

state you would have written to us ere now but did not know where to direct your letters. For the future that need be no excuse. We live in Hardin County, Kentucky, about twelve miles from Elizabethtown, where the postoffice is kept. You state you have three children, Thomas, Mariah and Elizabeth, and that the two oldest go to school. We have three also, Emily, Mariah L. and George Hamilton. The two oldest go to school. I am glad to hear you are doing well, although yet poor. We are also poor, though doing very well. We have a good place, tolerably well improved, and hope to make a comfortable support for ourselves and children, and are convinced your exertions to get rich cannot exceed ours. Our acquaintance here has not given us an opportunity of saying much about friends, but so far as is practicable to know we judge our friends are extensive. I am glad you are attached to the country, but can hardly think it possible ever to see it as the distance is so great and the climate so warm and of course unhealthy. I do not doubt but you think we could do well in the country, but we cannot think of ever coming as we are now very well settled. I have no doubt but Mr. Tucker would be glad to come and see you and possibly may come this ensuing winter, yet I hardly think he will so soon. He talks of getting Stills this fall. If he succeeds in his intentions I have no doubt but he will come whenever he can raise produce to load a boat down. If fortune is knocking at your door as you state, I would not advise you to leave the country if you can have your health, but of that you are to be your own judge. I am glad Uncle Merrifield called upon you, which has superseded the need of writing as much as we might otherwise have written. Your statement about wishing to hear from us every once in a while is what we sincerely desire of you, and we shall spare no pains to write to you every opportunity and hope you will do the same to us. Mr. Tucker, should he not come himself, will take pleasure in sending you anything he may have to spare provided he can get a safe hand to send it by. Your recollection of us I shall never we trust be forgotten while in life. I have nothing more to write to you about Mother and our relatives more than what you have heard. None of them dead that I have heard of. Be so good as to give our best respects to your family, and be assured the remembrance of you, a dear brother, shall never in time be erased from my memory. I am your Dr. sister,

PEGGY TUCKER.

Hardin County, June 20, 1817.

CHAPTER XIV

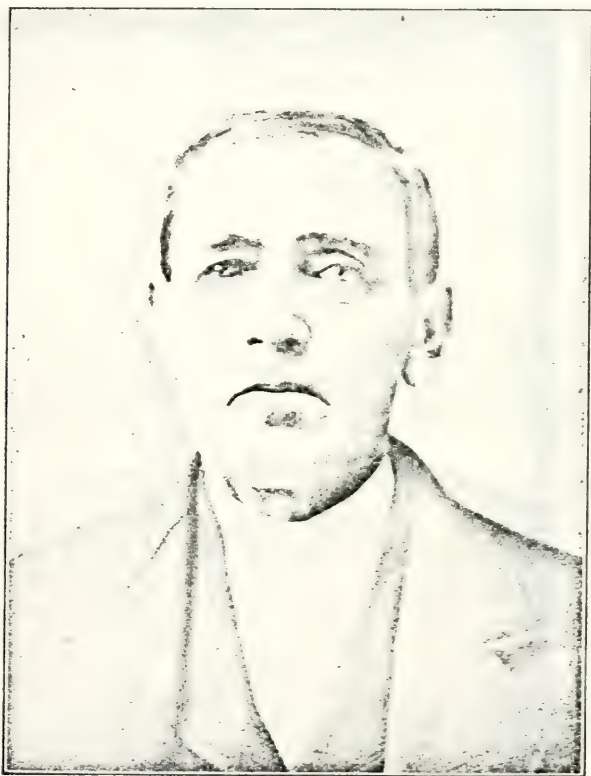
MARY FORSYTH FEATHERNGILL AND HER CHILDREN

Mary Forsyth was born in 1794. In 1816 she married Joseph Featherngill (1789-1863) in Kentucky. They came to Indiana in 1828 and bought from the government two hundred acres of land in what later became a part of the city of Indianapolis. This land they exchanged for two hundred acres in Nineveh township, Johnson County, where Mary Forsyth lived the short period of seven years. Her husband lived here thirty-five years. On this farm some distance east of the main road leading from Franklin to Nineveh and five miles south of Franklin, is the Forsyth and Featherngill graveyard. Among the first graves made here was that of Mary Forsyth Featherngill, who was the first Forsyth to die in Indiana. She was a young woman of forty-one years, and had a family of small children, the eldest being eighteen years of age, while Robert, the youngest, was only two.

It is a matter of regret that so little can be told of the life of such a fine character as Mary Forsyth. It is known, however, that every day of the short time she lived in Indiana was used in caring for a family of young children. She made their clothing and her own from cloth made by her own hands, as other women did of her time. The days were very much alike to these women. It was a dull routine, full of heavy tasks, and Mary Forsyth gave her life in sacrifice that her children might have their part in the development of a great country.

Mary was a lovely character. Her nature was gentle and refined. She was known for her patience and industry and her devotion to the interests of her family. Her daughter, Cassie, a mere child of ten years when her mother died, took care of the younger children and kept her father's house until she married. Not only was her girlhood given unselfishly for those she loved but her whole life was one of great sacrifice.

Mary Forsyth's first child, James Allen, was born in Oldham County, Kentucky, and when he was twelve years of age he came to Johnson County with his parents. After his marriage in 1839 to Elizabeth Ann Jolliff he settled on a part of his father's homestead and lived there until his death. His wife died in 1850. Three of their children died in infancy. The fourth, Mary E., married Thomas Smith.

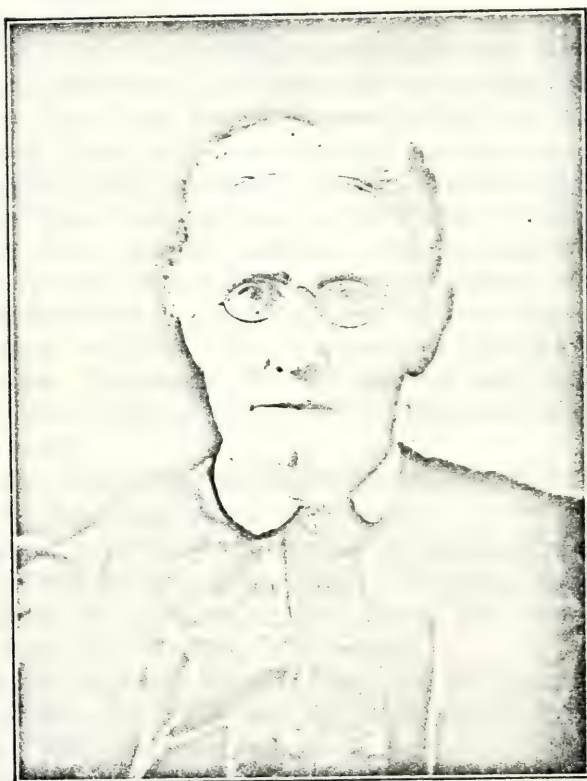


Allen Featherngill

About 1853 Allen Featherngill married his cousin, Emily Hardin, of Kentucky, a daughter of his father's sister. She had one son, eleven years old, named Abner. Allen brought them to his home in Indiana where for two years they lived a happy and contented life. She died in July, 1855.

Abner Hardin, for many years a resident of Nineveh, reveals to us the character of Allen Featherngill. When his mother died Mr. Featherngill said to him: "I will take you

back to Kentucky to your people if you want to go, but I want you to stay with me if you would like to." In speaking of that time, Mr. Hardin says: "I did not want to leave Kentucky, but now I did not want to leave the man who had been so kind to me." He remained there until the Civil War came when he enlisted, and at its close returned to this home where he remained until his marriage. Now in the decline of his



Sarah
Barnett Featherngill

life he says: "Allen Featherngill was one of the best men I have ever known. He was a real father all the years I lived with him. He was always kind to my mother and to me, and was just as fine and considerate of ^{Sarah} Susan Barnett, his third wife, with whom I lived for several years."

He attended the Baptist Church at Bethel, now called the Baptist Church of the Old School, but he was never connected

with the church as a member. His religious life was influenced by the faith taught by the church, "If not chosen for salvation as one of God's children he could do nothing," if so, all was well. Allen Featherngill did not easily forget a wrong, and was slow to return his favor to one who had wronged him. He was esteemed as a citizen for his honesty and sincerity and for his unbending integrity.

His daughter, Margaret, spent the first years of her married life upon a farm given her by her father. She and her husband, who was formerly a teacher, have been interested in educational work and especially in the education of their children, for whose benefit they removed from their farm to Franklin. They have been strong supporters of all religious enterprises, being members of the Christian Church. Their children have been educated in the Franklin high school and college. Livy Burgess Sellers, a young man greatly loved by his friends for his kind, courteous manner, had an ambition to become a pharmacist, and for two years worked industriously with that idea in view. In 1904 while a student in Purdue University he was stricken with typhoid fever, which caused his death at the St. Elizabeth hospital a few weeks later.

Hallie Mable attended business college at Indianapolis, and until her marriage was a bookkeeper.

Lester Allen is in the employ of the Goodyear Manufacturing Company at Akron, Ohio. His wife, Hazel Pruitt, is a graduate of the Terre Haute Normal, and was a teacher of English in the Edinburg high school.

Samuel Featherngill is the only son of Allen. He married Nannie White in 1888, and for twelve years he lived at his father's old homestead, where he was born. Since 1900 he has been in the real estate and insurance business in Franklin. He is a frank, kind, open-hearted business man, who inspires confidence in friends and strangers. He is a member of the Franklin Christian Church, also belongs to the Masonic order, Knights of Pythias, and First Lieutenant of Sam Oyler Company, No. 29.

Harriett Lavina Featherngill was educated in Franklin and Butler Colleges. She married F. R. Mullendore in 1901. Their home is on a farm in Nineveh township.

Their son, Hubert Maxwell, is a graduate of the school of agriculture at Purdue University, and is a Mason. His wife is also an alumna of Purdue.

Their daughter Naomi is a student in Franklin College and is a member of the Y. W. C. A. and Delta Delta Delta Sorority.

John H. Featherngill was born in Oldham County, Kentucky, and came to Indiana with his pioneer parents. He grew up on his father's farm in Johnson County. After his marriage in 1843 he and his wife went to a farm in Nineveh township, where they lived a number of years. He left there on account of ill health. For several years he was engaged in pork packing in Franklin. He traveled a good deal for that time, and spent most of each summer in Michigan. He became a member of the Christian Church at Union during its early history. He was quiet and reserved in manner; was never a great talker, but was well informed on current topics.

His wife, also born in Kentucky, was a sister of Thomas and Nicholas Branigin. When she died in 1846 her children were small. James was a soldier in the Civil War at the age of seventeen, and died with measles during the first year of the war. His body was brought home and buried in the Featherngill graveyard. The unusual inscription on his tombstone is—"Kind and mild, famed for truth, he fell a patriotic youth." He belonged to Company F. 7th Indiana Regiment.

Lucy, the daughter, was reared by her grandmother Branigin, who did beautiful work with the needle, an accomplishment she thought all girls should have. She tried to teach it to Lucy, who did not like the work, and often said there was no use to do it right for her grandmother would always make her do it all over.

When Lucy died in 1872, she left two small children, Ella, six, and Jessie, three.

Robert Spears, son of Mary Featherngill Spears, was a Captain of the Second Missouri in the Philippine War. He died in Texas and left a family there.

Albert Spears died in Salt Lake City, where he left a family.

Letitia Amanda Featherngill was born in Johnson County, Indiana. In 1853 she married Jefferson M. Talbott, who cleared the land upon which the Rebecca Pendleton house

stands. He was a man of kindly nature, and she was a happy bride, with life full of hope. Her married life was full of pathos and tragedy. Three children came into her home, sturdy boys, the joy of their mother's heart. In November, 1858, these children were stricken with scarlet fever, and in one day two of them died. In less than a week the baby was gone. Only one who has experienced such a loss can understand how her life was clouded. The following October a little girl was born. When she was a girl of fourteen her baby sister died. A neighbor came and was asked to stay all night with the family, but her family must know the cause of her absence. The daughter, Mary, was sent on horseback with the information. The horse became frightened, threw her to the ground, killing her instantly. Other children came to Letitia's home, and because of her loss she loved them even more. The family removed to Illinois, where these children in later years became men and women of influence and prominence.

Leonard, the youngest son went to Toppinish, Washington, from which place his son, Robert Fox, joined the national guard in 1914 and served on the Mexican border. He went to France in December, 1917, was made a corporal and served in the army of occupation in Germany. While there his father died. Many months elapsed without a letter from home reaching him. During all this time his messages of love continued to come to his father.

Frank, the sixth child of Mary Featherngill, was born in Oldham County, Kentucky, and was one year old when the parents came to Indiana. He attended the pioneer schools of Johnson County. At the age of twenty-one years he married Martha J. Mullikin, who was also a native of Kentucky. In 1856 they settled on a farm five miles south of Franklin, where they lived the remainder of their lives.

They were charter members of the Union Christian Church, which was situated near their home, and throughout their lives were its loyal supporters. They lived to a ripe old age, honored and respected by all in the community where they were known. Mr. Featherngill affiliated with the Republican party. He cast his first presidential vote for John C. Fremont.

Robert Featherngill was born and reared and spent his entire life on the farm where he died. This was the home of

his parents, Joseph and Mary Forsyth Featherngill. He was a prominent and highly respected citizen. Throughout his life, in business, in church relation, and socially, he held a place in the esteem of the people that any man might well envy. He had that fine and chivalrous nature that always marks the true gentleman. A tribute from one who knew him tells of his loyal friendship, his sympathetic nature and



William Featherngill

warm heart, and his happy, joyous temperament. Children always found him a warm and helpful friend, and he believed in their right to think and act independently of the opinions of their parents, consequently he never tried to unduly influence his own children. Everything for the improvement of the community in which he lived received his hearty support. A sincere and earnest Christian, he gave to the church his loyal service being for many years a faithful worker and officer

of the Union Christian Church near his home. It can well be said of him that he was a lover of God and a friend to man, and in his life the soul of integrity and honor.

His son William Featherngill is an attorney and lives in Franklin. He obtained his higher education in Franklin College and the Indiana Law School in Indianapolis. He was connected with the public schools of Franklin for twelve years, first as a teacher in the high school and later as superintendent.

As an educator he was successful and satisfactory in every position which he filled, but in the spring of 1898 he decided to take up the study of law. He is recognized as one of the leading attorneys of Franklin. He is considered honest and fair in his practice, and is faithful to his clients. His office is well equipped, containing an excellent law library. For five years he was city attorney.

He belongs to the Masonic Fraternity and the Knights of Pythias. In politics he is an ardent supporter of the Republican party. He is a member of the Franklin Christian Church, and is a man of pleasing personality and an interesting conversationalist.

CHAPTER XV

ROBERT FORSYTH AND HIS FAMILY

Of all the children of David and Margaret Forsyth, Robert, the youngest son, is probably the most familiar to the present generation. He was born after his parents made their home in Kentucky. Reared in a home of frugality and industry it was but natural that these should be the salient characteristics of his young manhood. His aspirations were clearly defined in action if not in words. It would seem as if the centuries of thrift, energy and perseverance for which the Scotch are noted had reached a maximum in Robert Forsyth. A man of his type is almost unheard of in the history of this country even in pioneer life. He had many of the qualities of a great general and well deserves to be called a genius.

In the early part of the nineteenth century the dream of every young man was to own land. Robert early began to think and plan ways and means of making this dream come true. Indiana, he was assured, was a land of rich soil and fine promise. A farm could be secured as low as a dollar an acre. His problem was the earning of the necessary money to become a large landowner. His first efforts were directed to the trapping of quails. He caught in one day with the aid of his nephew, James Forsyth, six dozen. These he dressed for market and took to Louisville eighteen miles away, where he sold them for two dollars a dozen. This was the beginning of his fund for the purchase of his future holdings, but he did not start into the wilderness immediately.

In 1818 he married Nancy Pritchard, to whom is due a part of the credit for Robert's success in life. She was a woman of remarkable personality. A sketch of her life and character written by Moddie Jeffries Williams may be found in the book of *Indiana Authors*. Five years after his marriage he made a preliminary trip to Indiana, selected his land, made a clearing in the forest and built a cabin for his future home. On his return he sold the Kentucky land that had been given him by his father, receiving the paper currency of the time in pay-

ment. When he took this to the government land office he was surprised and keenly disappointed to find that it would take two paper dollars to make one in gold which the law required in payment for the land.

In 1824 he and his wife started for their new home. They easily found a man willing to move them to Johnson County, a distance of about a hundred miles, for the sum of six dollars. In a wagon loaded with their meager household possessions and drawn by six horses, they began their journey. Truly the scenes through which they passed were of a nature to impress deeply the beholder. The woods were a nearly unbroken surface of verdure, but the roadless passage through all this grandeur thoroughly tested the courage, patience, skill and physical strength of the traveler who must choose and make his own path, clear away obstructions, build roads through bogs and mire, find suitable places for camping, and protect himself and family from wild beasts or marauding Indians. They reached her brother, Daniel Pritchard's home, on East White River, April twenty-fourth, and found the water so high and the lowlands between the river and their land so submerged that they would be compelled to wait for the water to recede. The man from Kentucky who had brought them this far could not wait with them, so unloading his wagon he returned, leaving his employer to find another way to cover the remaining distance. Robert could not remain idle nor did he purpose to do so while waiting. He discovered a dug-out canoe and crossed over in it each day to cultivate a piece of ground, already cleared and naturally drained, that he rented and planted in corn. This was the spot now called Drake's Hill. He also helped his brother-in-law and various neighbors to roll logs, burn brush and get their land ready for the plow.

When the water finally subsided they loaded their goods in an oxcart drawn by a yoke of oxen. While waiting Robert had bought a cow and a calf, and they presented a difficulty in transportation, which was solved by putting the calf in a sort of hammock made of bed ticking and Indian poles, and fastened to the back of the cart. The cow bravely forded and swam the river in pursuit of the calf. Having safely crossed the river Nancy Forsyth mounted a horse, carrying her son of two years in her lap, he in turn holding a kitten, and on they

rode fifteen miles through the heavily timbered wilderness to the log cabin that was to be their home.

It was a typical settlers' cabin that she found awaiting her. It was made of round logs untouched by the ax except for the notches at the end, where they were fitted one into another. Not a nail was used in its construction. The roof was covered with clapboards so loose that the wind could shake every board. There was no loft overhead nor chinking between logs. It was without floor, door or chimney. Nancy Forsyth made the bed for the home as Robert had no time for a thing of so little profit. It was made by placing two forked sticks in the ground at a proper distance from the side of the cabin. Poles were laid across from fork to wall, one end being held between the logs. Boards were placed on these to hold the bed. Nancy was fortunate in having a feather bed. In this rude cabin she lived a life of tireless industry. It was a year before there was time for making improvements.

The first thing to be cared for on their arrival at the new home was the cow and calf. As there were no fences a pen was hastily built for the calf and the cow was allowed to roam as she liked. There were no animals grazing around and the loneliness of the family cow was pathetic. When Robert returned occasionally to Drake Hill to cultivate the corn he had planted there, his cow would often follow him. But grazing along she sometimes fell behind, and he would often pass her as he came back at night returning to her calf. It is needless to say that there was no regular milking time, for if the cow chose to return long after the family wished to retire, she had her way.

Although Robert did not reach his home until May twenty-fourth, he cleared, with the help of a few neighbors, four acres of ground and planted it in corn in time for a first year crop. At this time when the high cost of living is puzzling the economists the world over it is interesting to compare the money values of that time and this. Robert bought his cow and calf for eight dollars, and paid twenty-five cents for two hens. The twenty-five cent piece was the smallest coin in circulation at that time. When only one hen was wanted the coin had to be cut in two making "two bits." If smaller change yet was needed it must be subdivided again. Robert Forsyth made and saved enough money in his life to buy five thousand acres

of land. He never speculated or engaged in business where wealth comes rapidly. His was the result of thrift and energy. He was thrifty of time as well as of material things. One time he and his brother, David, went to the mill together each taking his own sack of corn. David seemed inclined to stay after his corn had been ground, while Robert was anxious to return. So since his own bag was not ready he threw David's on his horse and went off leaving David to come on at his leisure. Robert never could stop his work even when men came to see him on business. An incident illustrating this has often been repeated. He was plowing one day when John A. Thompson, of Edinburg, came for a business interview. As it would be a loss of time to stop the plow, Robert told his guest to follow along in the furrow behind and he would talk to him as he plowed. With such a reception his visitor was not long getting to his business.

"I came to buy your wheat, and I will pay you ninety cents a bushel for it," said Thompson.

But Robert made no reply and naturally his interlocutor thought he was not heard. So he repeated his offer. Robert was still silent. Thompson still thinking he had not made himself heard called yet a third time:

"I tell you I will give you ninety cents a bushel for your wheat."

This time came a reply.

"John, make it a dollar and then I can hear you."

Robert was not a visitor or a traveler, leaving home only to vote and pay his taxes. To save time while voting he would get some man to hold his horse instead of taking the time to hitch and unhitch. He never stayed to loaf and talk politics, but returned home immediately.

The Forsyth family has been envied for that ability, possessed by Napoleon, to sleep for a few minutes at any time or place, and awake refreshed and ready to go on with their duties. Robert would always sleep after the noon meal while his horses rested, but he must always be called promptly at one o'clock. Time must be saved in every detail. If he were thirsty in the field his children brought him water. He was never known to come into the house and wait for a meal, but went at once to the table. Rain never caused him to quit work. His workshop furnished ample employment at that

season. He never spent money for anything that could be manufactured in his own workshop. His tool house was similar to the famous little "white house" that stood by the side of the road in a later day. Here he made everything needed on his farm, from the plows, wagons and other implements to the shoes he and his family wore. He not only made the shoes, but he never bought a piece of leather. It was obtained from the skin of the calf raised on his farm. There was a small tanyard near where the hide was tanned for half of it. He made the pegs for the shoes also. These were prepared by cutting a block of wood as thick as he wanted the pegs long. Then with a sharp knife the blocks were cut into small pieces and put away to season. He never waited till somebody wanted a pair of shoes before preparing the pegs.

From the hemp which he raised during his early years in Indiana he made every rope needed on his place. Plow lines, clothes lines and cords for the old-fashioned bedsteads were woven by his own hands. He cut the timber and made the shingles for every building on his farm. He also burned the brick for his first new house after the cabin. This was the house that stood on the east side of the road where his daughter, Margaret, lived for many years.

It is claimed that he made the first child's cradle in Johnson County. When a child was named for him (Robert Pritchard) he at once began to make his namesake a cradle. He had seen them in Kentucky and knew the pattern. When he had finished this gift for his namesake he, himself, carried it on his shoulders to the home of the child's parents.

His wheat cradles were so well made that there was always a ready sale for them among his less ingenious neighbors. He made a great many more farming implements than he needed for his own farm. These he sold to his neighbors. He cut trees and out of them fashioned a wagon which when finished he sold for thirty dollars. The fan with which he cleaned his wheat was also of his own manufacture. Perhaps his greatest achievement as a manufacturer was in the building of a buggy. The tires and other iron work he hired a blacksmith to make for him which was the only money paid out for his buggy. He patterned his vehicle after one he had seen in Louisville. Patiently, by hand he made the spokes

for the wheels and all the other parts of the buggy. At last all was ready for the covering of the top. He took a piece of linen woven by his wife from the flax grown on his own land, and cut it into the proper size and shape. In order to make this water-proof he smoothly spread tar over its surface. Then his wife remembered that the top of the model seen in Louisville had been neatly lined. So she took some flannel of her own weaving, and having notched the edges she neatly lined the top.

It must be remembered that Robert Forsyth did not have the advantage in his work of the use of tools such as are in use today. His tools were few and some of them crude. Much of his work was done with a sharp knife that his children were never allowed to touch.

He needed some lime to plaster a little house to be used for curing meat, and his ingenious mind worked out a method to obtain it. When burning a log heap he gathered large rocks and put them on top of the burning logs. When the fire had burned out he had a quantity of white lime. The plastering in which it was used after all these years is still in good condition.

A man who was careless about paying his debts received small consideration from Robert Forsyth. A man of such a reputation came one day asking to buy hay.

"No, I guess I've none to spare," said Robert.

"Well, I brought the money with me so that if"—the man hesitatingly began.

"Oh, well, if you have the money," said Robert, "I don't know but I can spare some."

He had an original method of adjusting the wages he paid his hired men on the farm. He hired a man for seven dollars a month, provided he received one dollar and fifty cents a hundred for his hogs. If the price rose, the wage rose in proportion.

The culture of strawberries was carried on in a novel way by him. He placed logs between the rows and all runners were kept clipped off against these logs. Perhaps this served also to conserve moisture for the growing plants.

He was a pioneer in fertilization at a time when other men were thinking only of the destruction of what they looked

upon as waste. Every bone from the animals killed for his table was gathered and buried where most needed for some future crop.

His work was always so carefully planned that in the event of a sudden rain his hired help were sent at once to shelter where they would find work awaiting them. When there were no more trees to fell, nor rails to split on his farm he traded for the land adjoining him on the south, now owned by his daughter, Rebecca Pendleton. This land he improved as the first one.

With all his thrift and economical ways Robert Forsyth did not have a miserly, grasping soul. He was generous, thoughtful of the poor and kindly to those in trouble. He was hospitable in his home and free-handed with friends. His wife went to every log rolling within her reach always carrying along a bucket of wheat flour dough, which was a luxury in that early day. This she would bake into loaves of delicious bread for the big dinner always served on these occasions. One season when corn was scarce Robert was approached by men who were anxious to buy. His answer to them was, "No, I shall have none to sell. There are others who have it for sale. I am keeping mine for those who have no money to buy." The Sanitary Commission, a relief organization of the Civil War, somewhat similar to the Red Cross, approached him for a contribution of one dollar. He went into an adjoining room and returned with twenty-five dollars, saying to his wife, "Well, Nancy, I think this is what we ought to give."

Robert and Nancy Forsyth were of the class who have made this state and the Northwest Territory the backbone of our nation. They had the ability and the energy to achieve and work out their share in the development of their state.

When Livingstone was leading men from interior Africa they suddenly came upon the great unknown ocean. The natives fell on their faces and cried, "Our chief has always told us there was no end to the world, but here it has stopped all at once. We are at the end of the world." An uninformed observer would probably think that Robert Forsyth's world came to an end at the dividing point between his land and his next-door neighbor's. Robert knew of the great world beyond, but he never traveled far from his own acres. His

life was written on the broad acres he loved so well, and written also in the hearts and memories of those early pioneers and their descendants who knew his ability, his loving impulses and kindly deeds to those who like him had come into the wilderness with gun, ax and Bible to realize in their lives their ambitions and their ideals.



Nancy Pritchard Forsyth
(1799-1895)

Robert Forsyth's wife, Nancy Pritchard Forsyth, was a worthy helpmeet and companion to her sturdy, conscientious husband. In a sketch of her life published elsewhere* she is termed a Pathfinder. "She came to Indiana," says this author, "as strong and magnificent as a soldier of Caesar." Hers was the sturdy independence characteristic of the builders of the state. Inspired by visions of the future her superb young womanhood, tireless in energy, saw no tasks too difficult, no obstacles that were insurmountable. When they ar-

* *Indiana Authors*, compiled by Minnie Oleott Williams, and published by Bobbs, Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

rived in this state there were only two or three families between their cabin and Edinburg. There was no social life, and Nancy, often lonely in the dreary cabin, would take her young son, James Porter, out in the woods where her husband was clearing the land. To keep the baby safe she would place him in a wash tub improvised from a large barrel sawed in two. Then she would fall to, gathering and piling brush.

The beans she planted the first year in that rich virgin soil climbed into the lower branches of the trees. They brought flax seed from Kentucky, which she tended and cared for till maturity, then gathered, and spun into linen for her family.

Like her husband, Nancy believed in the home manufacture of every article possible. Her fingers were never idle. All her stockings were knit by herself. She never wore a pair bought in a store. She also never owned a pair of overshoes, and always wore low shoes. Many of the homes in Johnson County can to-day exhibit some article of her handiwork.

Her generous disposition never faltered at any request, no matter how arduous was the service desired. Neighbors relied upon her help and kindness in sickness and in death. She had a store of remedies for diseases and was often requested to go long distances to act as nurse or doctor. Her heart was wondrously full of sympathy for human woe and pain. Once a neighbor woman was ill and sent for Nancy. It was impossible for her to leave at the moment, so she sent the husband back to his sick wife with the assurance that she would come soon. Later in the dark of night she fearlessly set forth alone. There were gloomy ravines to pass through and dark woods. Fallen trees and underbrush made her step out of the path and she lost her way. Winding in and out among the trees she tramped through the long hours of the night until at last the woods fell apart with the spreading of daylight.

After three years in Indiana, Robert and Nancy had a longing to visit in Kentucky. Robert came in one evening and said, "I am going to start to Kentucky to-morrow morning at four o'clock."

She answered, "I am going with you."

The next morning they each mounted a horse, Robert

carrying their baggage, while Nancy held her baby in her lap and her young son, James, sat behind holding on to her dress. The father noticed his son nodding and fearing he would go to sleep and fall from the horse, tied him to his mother with some leatherwood bark. Nancy prolonged her visit beyond that of her husband, and when she was ready to return, rode back alone through the woods with her two babies.

Nancy Forsyth was a woman of tall and dignified presence. There was about her the refinement of something old and rare. When she visited her relatives they all waited upon her from the greatest to the least. She was fond of her nephews, Thomas, James and John, and it was interesting to the younger generation to hear her call these grown mature men by name.

She died in Indianapolis at the home of her daughter, Rebecca Pendleton, at the advanced age of ninety-six.

Her simple philosophy of life is summed up in these words: "Would any be strong, let him work; or wise, let him observe and think; or happy, let him help."

Parents so resourceful, industrious and self-reliant as were Robert and Nancy Forsyth, could not fail to leave their impress upon their children.

James Porter Forsyth was an unusual man in many ways. In appearance he was tall and straight with the physique of an athlete. He had a remarkably strong voice, being able to make himself heard distinctly for quite a distance, but when in general conversation it was quiet with a pleasing, musical quality. His education was necessarily limited. There were no good schools in Johnson County when he was a boy, and had there been he might not have been able to take advantage of what they offered. There was too much to do in a home of such industry as was that of his parents, at a time when every one was struggling to bring the country out of its pioneer stage. But Doc Forsyth with his strong mentality and his love for investigation and advancement could never remain uninformed, and in his later life he was a good example of the self-educated man.

He had a taste for anatomy and medicine, and his early study of these subjects gave him the title of "Doctor" which

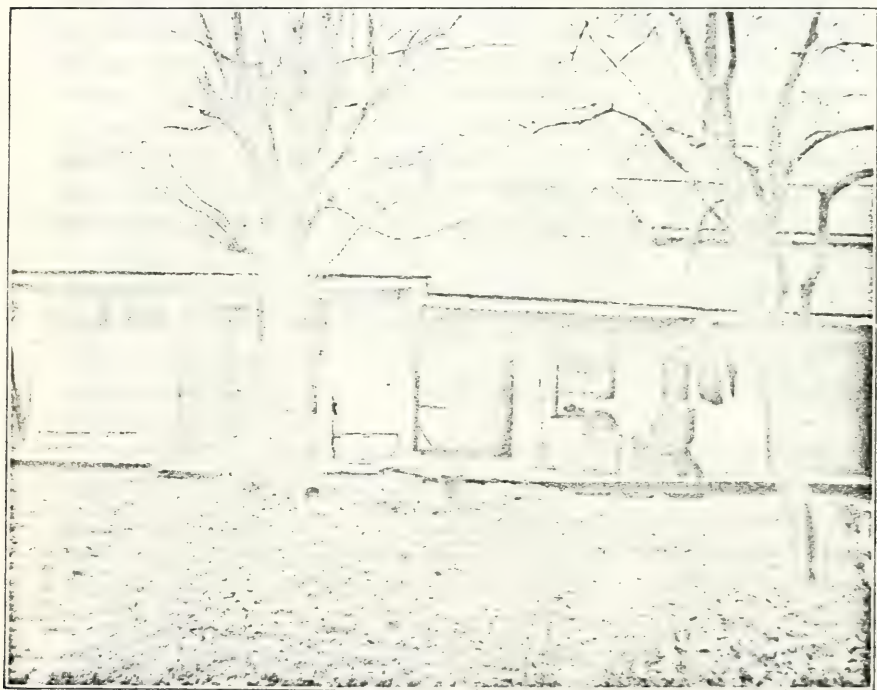
he was called the rest of his life by every one except his wife, who always called him "Jemes." A young man of his progressive ideas was quick to discover what this country most needed for its rapid development. He was first among the farmers in the county to think out a way to get rid of the unsightly stumps which were left when the trees were cut away, causing a waste of land and of time to cultivate around



James Porter Forsyth

them. The open ditch for draining the rich swamp land was also a waste of land, and not always effective, and how to rid the land of the water was a long time problem for the farmer. The first underground drain made of timber was not permanent, and Doc Forsyth with three other men was the first one in what was then called the western states to make use of burned clay tiling for this purpose. He also saw that a better grade of roads was needed, since a country could

not improve while its roads were a good part of the year so deep with mud that an ordinary farm wagon would sink to the axle. For years he worked unceasingly for their betterment, giving his time often without compensation. He blazed the road leading from the farm where his father first settled to Union Church, a distance of one and a half miles. The road has never been changed, and no road of the earlier days runs with more even lines.



Home of Doc Forsyth

He lived on the farm adjoining to that where his parents settled when they came to the state. A very unusual trait in his character was his love for the old house which was located on this farm. It is the exception for a man to live in one building for a period of seventy years. If he does not change his place of residence the old house becomes antiquated and he builds a new one. Not so with Doc Forsyth. To him the old building with its old-fashioned, broad and low one-story, and its long, wide front porch, meant contentment, rest

and a love for old association. The convenience of modern improvements did not appeal to him as did the old things in the old way. In strange contrast to this the other buildings on his farm were the best both in size and construction. His love for the best of whatever he had on his farm often led him into extremes in the purchase of farm machinery. If he saw an improved article he wanted it regardless of whether it was needed, or whether it had been thoroughly tested. He was one of the most advanced farmers in improving the grade of his stock and grain, and for fifty years his cattle, hogs and sheep were exhibited at both the county and Indiana state fairs. He kept pedigreed Shorthorn cattle. For several years he gave a great deal of attention to poultry, and he was interested only in the purest breeds. About 1876 he went to Canada and imported a carload of different breeds of chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese. In the car were also different breeds of sheep and the famous Lord Clyde horses. The first Light Brahma chickens brought into Johnson County were in this car. He sold and shipped eggs and poultry to almost every state in the union. However this line of work required so much more time than he could profitably give to it that he eventually gave it up.

In politics in his earlier life he was a Democrat, but he was very much opposed to a division of the states, and when it came all opinions on things political were cast aside and while the war lasted he with some of his friends often rendered to Governor Morton a service that was very valuable.

He held in high esteem his friends and relatives, and he did not indulge in criticism of them nor did he permit it in his family. No matter what their station in life they all received from him the same cordial treatment. He was a firm believer in the influence for good of schools and churches in a community. However, he was not a member of the church until a few years before his death, but he was always very liberal in his support, being one of the largest contributors to the building of Union Church.

He lived to the age of ninety. The day of his burial will long be remembered by the many relatives who gathered in the little graveyard where his grandmother, Margaret McGibbon, was buried. Among them were young people who were cousins who had never met before. After the burial

these relatives spent some time in a happy social intercourse, making new acquaintances and forming new friendships. There was no manifestation of grief, but it was a happy, joyful occasion, and in no other way could his funeral day have ended that would have pleased Doc Forsyth more. The inspiration for the organization of the Forsyth Association of Indiana had its birth that afternoon near the newly made grave of Doc Forsyth and that of his grandmother, Margaret.

When Elizabeth Bridges Forsyth died her children were only four and two years old. It is due to the fine character of their father's second wife that they never realized their mother's loss. They grew to manhood under her care. William has always been a farmer. He spent the first years of his married life on a farm in Nineveh township. Minerva Mullendore, his first wife, died in 1872. Later he married Emma Dugan, who died in 1877. His third marriage occurred in 1878, one year before he removed to Elk County, Kansas. While a resident there he gave a great deal of attention to fine horses, in addition to the care of his farm. His third wife died in 1913.

His son, Charles, is a prominent and successful farmer of Elk County. His children were educated in the public schools of Kansas, and several of them have been successful teachers. George Forsyth attended the State Agricultural College of Kansas, where he was self-supporting. He returned to Johnson County shortly after he left college, and was married here in 1902. He is in business in Franklin, and a member of the Christian Church.

Robert Taylor Forsyth spent the first ten years of his married life on a farm one mile west of his birthplace. He removed with his family to Howard, Kansas, in the autumn of 1881. In 1886 he returned to his old home, and four years later went to Hamilton County, near Noblesville, remaining there until his health failed, when he retired from active life and moved into Noblesville. He died there in 1905.

The children of Robert Forsyth are citizens of influence in Noblesville. They are helpful in the church work, and the sons are members of several fraternity organizations. Ora taught school for sixteen years in Hamilton County and the Noblesville city schools, and later served as a member of the school board.

Edward also taught for a number of years. He organized the Standard Supply Company of Noblesville, which has grown into a general mercantile and insurance business in which he and Ora have been associated for some time.

Russell O. Berg, the only son of Norman Forsyth Berg, is a talented young artist. He won the scholarship in the Herron Art Institute from Hamilton County.

Jessie Forsyth is an attractive young woman of gracious manner, and popular with her friends.

Walter Harley Forsyth is an expert electrician. He is the promoter and manager of a large electrical company of Noblesville.

John Gano was the eldest child of James Porter and Jane Core Forsyth.

Few men living on a farm enjoy reading more than did John Gano. It is altogether probable that his son, Ralph, inherited from him this same love for books. He had a keen interest also in mathematics. He was instantly killed by a stroke of lightning during a severe rainstorm. His twin children, Opal and Averil, entered high school at the age of fourteen years. When they completed the course they went to the State University. Opal later took a special preparatory course for teachers, and was a capable teacher until her marriage in 1909. She is a loyal Forsyth, which is shown by her attendance at every annual meeting of the Association.

One of the most enterprising and energetic young men in the Forsyth family is Ralph Kendall Forsyth. His career affords an example of what diligence, industry, persistence and a definite purpose will accomplish. Ralph's early school days were spent in the neighborhood of the town of Nineveh. He graduated from the township high school in 1900. Professor J. M. Searle, principal of the school resigned at the close of the year to take a position in the University of Rochester, New York. Through his influence Ralph accompanied him to Rochester, where he took a scientific course, graduating with the B. S. degree in 1903. After a year's work as assistant principal in Cutler high school he entered Indiana University at Bloomington, where he spent four years, graduating with the A. B. degree. While in the university he was an active participant in all university life being a member of different organizations for the promotion of class and literary activities,

as well as the Philosophy Club, which was organized for the purpose of discussing philosophical questions.

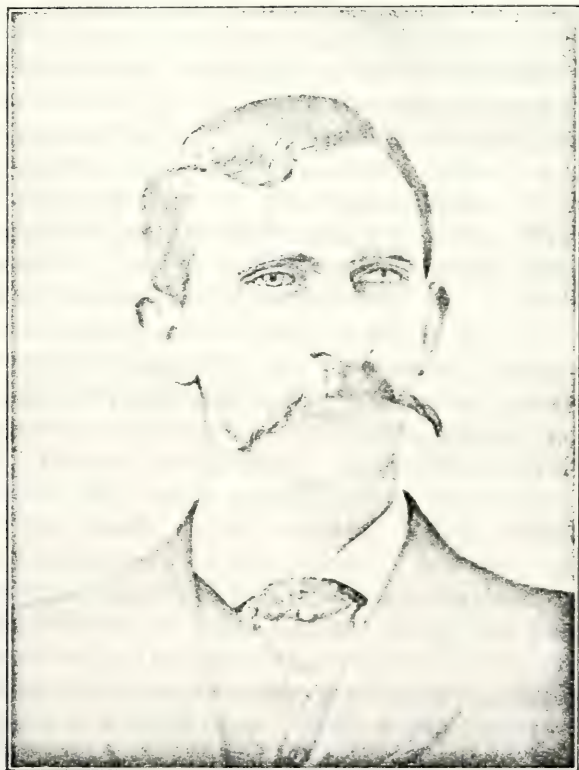
During the summer months he was connected with the Scarborough Company of Boston, who have interests in San Francisco, Indianapolis, Paris and London. He was salesman for the middle west states and later trainer of salesmen for that territory. The company sent him to Europe as supervisor of salesmen of the British Isles, but he returned to the United States and was made manager of the sales department in California, Oregon and Washington, which position he held for two years. While in the west he spent one year in Leland Stanford University, where he took the A. M. degree. He returned east and during the year 1910-1911, did graduate work in Harvard University, where he held the Townsend scholarship, and also membership in the Dunbar Club, an organization limited in numbers to those who have done original research work in economics.

The year following his work at Harvard he did graduate work in Columbia University, where he lectured on business organization. He held the university scholarship, and was a member of the Fellows Club. Following his work in Columbia he was appointed secretary of the North American Civic League for emigrants, with office in Buffalo. This work was for the improvement of the condition of the emigrants entering New York State and their assimilation. Governor Hughes had appointed a commission in 1908 to investigate and recommend legislation for this work, and the Civic League was the outgrowth of this commission.

Ralph Forsyth is a recognized authority on maritime labor organizations and conditions. It was due his experience and knowledge of the social and industrial labor condition that he was appointed general secretary of the Progressive National Service located in New York. While in this work he was associated with Judge Lindsey of Denver, and Gifford Pinchot, also Jane Addams and Frances Keller, in a national campaign of education and legislation for the improvement of the social and industrial life of labor. He was married in 1911 to Grace Holt, daughter of Doctor and Mrs. Benjamin Holt of Santa Barbara, California. She was a pupil in Palo Alto high school when Ralph was teaching there and was under his instruction. After their marriage she entered Columbia University with

Ralph as a graduate student. Their home is at Nyack, New York, in the foothills of the Catskill Mountains, overlooking the Hudson River. Their daughter, Helen Holt, was born during their residence in Buffalo. Ralph and William were born in Nyack, and Mary Anna in New Orleans, Louisiana.

Henry Irwin Forsyth was a happy, fun loving boy, and when he grew up he was much liked by all who knew him. He was genial in nature and a good chum and companion. After graduating from the Franklin high school he went to a business college at Indianapolis. When he married in 1883 he went to Franklin, where he lived for three years, later removing to Council Bluffs, Iowa. He remained there until 1904, when he went to Detroit, Michigan, where he is engaged in the sale of real estate. His daughters, Hortense and Noan Arlyne, went with their mother to Berlin, Germany, in 1902, to complete their education in music and the languages.



Daniel Forsyth

Daniel Martin for several years was a resident of Kansas, and made the trip overland to Indiana two different times. He is now a resident of Franklin, and is engaged in real estate business.

Mary Jane continued to live on her farm where her husband died in 1910. Her daughter, Marie Irene, graduated from the Franklin high school with the highest general average in the history of the school. She was a student in Franklin College for two years, after which she took a teachers' preparatory course at Valparaiso. She is also a graduate of the State University at Bloomington. She has since been a successful teacher. In September, 1919, she went to Bloomington, Indiana, as head of a department in the high school.

Nancy Katharine. In the words of one of her sons, who once exclaimed, "Isn't she fine," her true character is indicated. The hospitality that characterized her mother is reflected in the daughter, who is the mother of a big hearted family, and whose home is always the center of hospitality. Her guests are never too numerous nor unwelcome. If impossible to care for all in the house, there is always a bed of hay in the barn, and many a young man with pillow and blanket has had a restful night in the barn loft. Kate is a type of the real Forsyth with many of the characteristics of the family. She married William David Pritchard in 1866. Their home is near Franklin. Two of their sons were in the service of the U. S. during the war with Germany.

The eldest son Forest enlisted in the U. S. A. in July, 1918, and was sent to Jersey City for training in a machine school. He was sent to France in October. On the voyage over he witnessed some of the misfortune among the men of the influenza epidemic. On his boat there were thirty-five dead and ninety-two seriously sick, while on one convoy there were one hundred and two dead. After reaching Brest, Forest went to Meahhune a distance of one hundred and fifty-eight miles. They were four days and nights making that run owing to so much side tracking for other trains. From that time Forest's experiences in the Ordnance Department of the war is interesting as showing the immense amount of war supplies that were handled in a short time. After thirty days in Meahhune he went to Bordeaux, where he helped to start two hundred and sixteen tractors in sixteen days. He then went to

Gieveres, where he was made sergeant and put in charge of the tractor warehouse. Here they first unpacked one hundred and twenty cars of tractor parts, some of the boxes weighing five tons. They were twenty days unpacking and storing in warehouse. When all were stored they were hardly noticeable so immense was the warehouse. A few weeks later they had pretty well filled the warehouse with supplies that were continuously coming in.

In March, after distributing car loads of blankets and auto trucks to the men along the Rhine, they began moving machine auto trucks to LeMans. Forest tells of the complete machine shop for repairing guns on these trucks. In May, 1919, he went back to Gieveres. When Saturday came they were to have the afternoon for rest when an officer came and told them there were fifty-two car loads of tractor parts which they would have to unpack and store in the warehouse. This two hundred and sixteen men did in twenty-eight minutes. When they were ready to return this back to the U. S., Forest helped to load on flat cars one hundred and forty-eight tractors in one hour. At another time they loaded five hundred automobiles in one hour. Forest spent some time in the Y. M. C. A. work before he returned to the United States.

Clayton Pritchard enlisted during the summer of 1918 and was placed in the Ordnance department in the Aberdeen, Maryland, proving grounds, where he was made sergeant. His work was that of inspector of guns and ammunition. In the experiment he reported each gun after its discharge. Forest and Clayton were each given an honorable discharge from the army, showing honest and efficient service in their different departments.

Their sister Georgia is at home with her parents. She is faithful, capable and dependable. Robert and Oren, the younger sons, are in high school. Robert will enter Franklin College in September, 1920.

Margaret Ellen has lived for a number of years on the farm where she was born. The old house that her father loved so well is the house that has sheltered her family. Her husband, Ira Vandivier, is a prosperous farmer. In October, 1919, they removed with their son Justin to Franklin, but the old house will not be discarded since their son Fred will live there.

Margaret Ellen is a cheerful homemaker, whose greatest

pleasure is in serving others. She possesses fine control, is devoted to her family, perfect in patience, a consecrated Christian, universally liked, and is a woman of influence. She cheerfully gave three of her sons to her country's call in the late war. Her eldest son, Fred, she says was in the service for he cheerfully stayed at home and cared for his father's farm with inefficient help.

Fred is instinctively an agriculturist. He was a student in both Franklin College and Purdue University. In 1915 he became superintendent of the agricultural department of the Southern Christian Institute at Edwards, Mississippi, a mission school for colored pupils. His wife, Mary Hardin, was superintendent of the culinary department. They remained there two years when they returned to Indiana, where he has since been connected with his brother, Oris, in the management of a large body of land, a part of which is the old Doc Forsyth homestead. Fred is a member of the Masonic Fraternity.

Hugh Emerson graduated from Franklin high school in 1910, and in 1914 received his A. B. degree from Franklin College, specializing in history. He was active in student affairs and represented the college in the State Oratorical Contest. He was also captain of the football team, and was a member of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity. He taught history and coached athletics in the Wingate, Indiana, high school in 1915-16, and the following two years was superintendent of the Hopewell schools in Johnson County. When war was declared in April, 1917, he entered the First Officers' Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison, and with the exception of two weeks was in continuous military service until August, 1919, a period of twenty-eight months. Eleven months of that time was spent in the 151st infantry at Camp Shelby, Mississippi. He sailed for England with the regiment, and spent ten and one-half months in France. Four months of this time was spent in the University of Montpelier as a student of French history. He held the grade of second lieutenant, infantry. In September, 1919, he became superintendent of the Center Grove, Indiana, schools.

Oris Odair is a young man of industrious and dependable habits. He was educated in the Franklin high school and Franklin College. When a student he was unusually active in all athletics. He had marked ability as a long distance run-

ner. While in college his tenor voice gained for him a place with the College Glee Club and Quartette. Oris spent eighteen months in military service, having enlisted in August, 1917, at Fort Benjamin Harrison. He was transferred to Chanute aviation field at Rantoul, Illinois. He was given the rank of sergeant and transferred to Mitchell aviation field where he was stationed for ten months.



Harry, Hugn and Oris Vandivier

Harry Glen also took a leading part in athletics, the Glee Club and fraternity work while in Franklin College, where he spent three years. He enlisted in July, 1918, as a gunner sergeant in the marine aviation, served time at the Massachusetts Technology at Boston, and the Naval and Marine aviation stations at Miami, Florida. He was put in active service in May, 1919, as a second lieutenant. After his discharge he entered the State University of Illinois as a senior.

Elba Vandivier met with an untimely death in Sugar Creek near Neal's Camp, a few miles south of Franklin, due to a treacherous hole in the creek. His cousin, Georgia Pritchard, came near losing her life at the same time. Elba was sixteen years of age, and was a boy of unusual promise, and a favorite for his cheerful and optimistic disposition. He was a junior at Franklin high school and was a member of a number of high school organizations. He was talented in music and was the pianist for his church and Sunday school. In his home he loved to sing. Just before starting to the camp where he met with the accident he went to the piano and sang, "I Hear You Calling Me." The following lines on his character are from a teacher under whom Elba was a pupil for four years:

Elba's respect for the rights of others, together with his fine sense of humor made him one of the best companions. One cannot recall him without remembering his wonderful vitality, his vigor of both mind and body, and whether at work or play he spent this energy without reserve, and this was recognized by his companions, for in any competitive game whether mental or physical, he was always among the first chosen.

His power of expression and his choice of words must surely have been a delight to any teacher who heard his recitations or read his written works. These, of course, were but evidence of that clean cut thinking which was his, and had his life been spared we have every reason to believe that Elba would have become a man whose opinion would have been given consideration whenever expressed. It is rare indeed that one sees in a boy the age of Elba, when I knew him, the fine sense of duty that he had. When given a task he exhausted every resource he had in the performance of it. The writer recalls particularly one instance which illustrates his devotion to duty, and shows to what extent he could be depended on. Although he lived two miles from the school building he applied for the position of janitor. He was then about twelve years old, and among his duties as such was one of getting to the school building early enough mornings to build a fire and have the room heated by school time. That was a job to try any one's heart, especially on a cold morning, and the particular instance I started to recount was one morning with a deeply drifted snow on the ground, with a temperature of eight below zero.

Elba had struggled the two miles between his home and school, and had a good fire going when I arrived. Upon my expressing surprise at his coming such a morning he looked squarely at me and said: "You expected me to, didn't you?"

Here was a boy who though he lived but a short time; yet by his example of square dealing, his faithfulness and his love of wholesome fun, exerted an influence for good that is equalled by few men.

The younger brother, Justin, is mechanically inclined, his chief interest outside of his school work being with motors.

Hannibal Hamlin was the youngest child of James Porter and Jane Forsyth. He was a manly boy of ten years when he died, and a boy of unusual promise, who in mind, thoughtfulness and behavior was far beyond his years. Being the youngest of the family, and bright, capable, with a happy, sunny nature he was a general favorite and even at his early age exhibited much tact and taste for business.

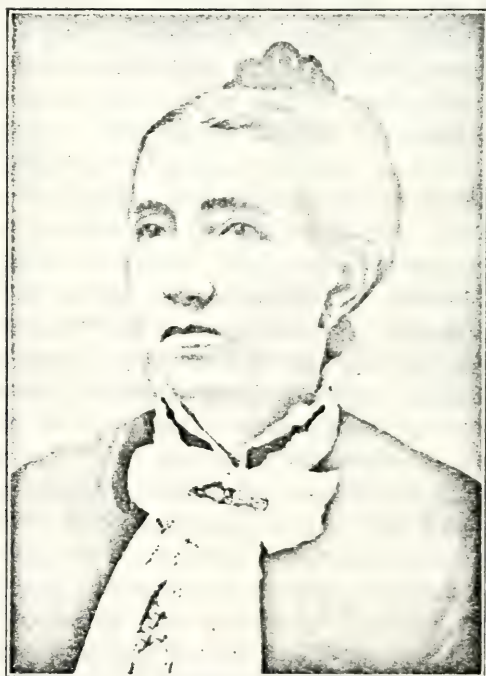
Margaret Forsyth Pritchard was born four years after her parents, Robert and Nancy Forsyth, came to Indiana. The cabin that first sheltered them was her birthplace, but it had been improved since that first year. The cracks between the logs had been chinked and filled with clay. A floor had been laid, and a door and window added. A large fireplace built of rocks served for light, heat and cooking. There were many other evidences of thrift and energy in furnishings and conveniences.

Margaret was the oldest living daughter in the family and she experienced, during all her young life, what it was to spin, dye and weave the cloth for the family wearing apparel, as well as to spin the yarn from which she and her mother knit the family hosiery.

When Margaret was fifteen her father built a new brick house. The brick was burned on the place, and Margaret helped her mother cook for the men who ran the kiln and later for the masons who built the house. All this cooking was done at the open fireplace in the one-room cabin. This brick house, at the time it was built, was considered the finest in Johnson County. It stood on the east side of the road and opposite the site of the large brick and stone house which in after years Margaret and her husband built. It was situated on the original acreage that Robert Forsyth bought and cleared when he first came to Indiana.

This farm has been recognized as one of the finest in Johnson County. The house standing on the hill overlooked the entire farm. For many years it was known as the William Pritchard farm.

In 1845 Margaret was married to William Pritchard, the wedding taking place at the new brick house. The fireplace was still used for cookery in the new house, and the wedding dinner was all prepared by Margaret and her mother over its glowing coals. As her wedding gift her father gave her a



Margaret Forsyth Pritchard

farm on what was called the East Nineveh Road. Here four of her children were born. After her marriage she continued the manufacture of the cloth from which the clothing of her family was made. She became famous for the pretty colors she produced. Like most women of the day she kept the "pot of blue" always ready, also the red, green and yellow. She experimented in combining colors, and made a beautiful brown from willow leaves and walnut hulls.

In 1856 the family moved to the farm where Margaret was

born. Here it was in later years that her cousins visited her with their children. These children, long since mature men and women, look back and wonder why it was that the food she gave them was to their childish minds better than they could get elsewhere, and that the water from the well at the old spring-house was colder and had a better taste than from any other well they knew. Was it because of her kindly interest in every child who went there? They all remember how hospitality characterized her home. The door was always open to receive a friend or stranger. No one was ever known to leave her threshold hungry, no difference how unworthy, and she was always ready at whatever sacrifice to herself to be of service to any one in need of her help.

Margaret was a strong character, dignified and capable. Her energy, industry and perseverance equalled that of her parents. She had poise and pride, but the pride that is not disdainful but beneficial. Credit is due her for much of the success that came to them. Her husband was not a farmer but a successful trader. He employed an overseer, but it was Margaret that made the farm a success. She was recognized as having superior business ability and was an excellent executive. Few men of the time surpassed her. Schofield Forsyth spent a winter in her home while attending school, and his tribute to her is: "You can't say too much of her capability and executive management under conditions that sometimes tried her soul." She remained all her life bigger than anything that could happen to her—a test of great character.

It is of interest to know that the first carriage ever brought into Nineveh township was owned by William Pritchard. It was a premium carriage at the state fair.

When Margaret was fifteen she united with the Regular Baptist Church at Bethel. She was loyal to this faith all her life and a regular attendant at the Bethel church until the family moved to Walker, Missouri.

The handsome new brick and stone house that Margaret and her husband built opposite the old brick one was enjoyed but a few years. Then ill health came to Margaret, the farm was sold and the family moved to Missouri. Here again she enjoyed a beautiful home and pleasant surroundings and better health. Her husband died in 1905, and she followed him two years later at the age of seventy-nine.

Mary Ann Pritchard was born and spent her early life in Johnson County, Indiana. Some years after her marriage she removed with her family to Walker, Missouri. Her husband died there in 1891.

The eldest son, Robert, was an alumnus of Stratten's Business College of Chicago, and an excellent bookkeeper. Clarence Emmett owns a ranch north of the Missouri River in Montana. He is a dealer in large herds of cattle and horses. Norman Everett is a farmer. He lives ten miles northwest of Walker, Missouri, on a farm which he owns. The youngest son, Roscoe Averel, owns a two hundred acre farm near Walker. One hundred and sixty acres of it is a part of his grandparents, William and Margaret Pritchard's farm. It is one of the best farms of Missouri. Roscoe feeds cattle for export, also raises and feeds "baby beeves."

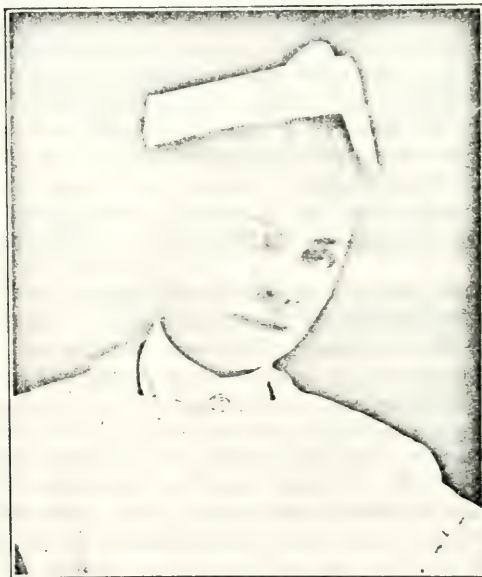
Katharine Hamilton has held for seven years a very lucrative position in the National Stockyards Postoffice in East St. Louis, Illinois. She holds this position under the Civil Service, having passed over seventeen other applicants. In nature she is much like her grandmother, Margaret Pritchard.

These children of Mary Hamilton are interested in the religious life of the communities in which they live. Emmett and his family are Methodists. Roscoe is a Baptist, and Katharine a member of the Christian Church.

Margaret Hamilton was born in Johnson County, five miles south of Franklin. When a child of six years she went with her parents to Missouri, where she grew to young womanhood. She returned at intervals to her home county, and in 1903 entered the Deaconess Hospital at Indianapolis, where she fitted herself for the life of a nurse. In the state examination for nurses she won the highest place given in her profession. She practised in Indianapolis and East St. Louis until June, 1915, when she was chosen as head nurse of a unit of seventy nurses and thirty-two surgeons which went to France from Chicago. The unit took over a line of communication hospitals about forty miles back of the firing line. Margaret died at the French front, October 22, 1915.

From the beginning of the work of the unit the tenderness and efficiency of the American nurse were recognized. Her quiet, skilful and sympathetic care of the men in the face of all the discomforts incident to camp life contributed to the re-

covery of many of them. It was a great shock to her associates of the unit, and the authorities who knew of her work in the hospital, when the news came of Margaret Hamilton's sudden death. She was nursing a British officer with lockjaw, when she contracted meningitis from which she died in thirty-six hours. She was the first American nurse to lose her life while in active service. No finer tribute could have been given a British officer than was paid to this American girl who went to France not only that she might acquire greater proficiency in her profession for the benefit of others on her return, but



Margaret Hamilton

for the greater work she might be able to render humanity in the great war. Margaret was capable and conscientious, and universally loved and respected both by her friends and associates at home, and by the members of the Chicago unit.

The Modern Hospital Magazine of January, 1916, contained a tribute to her written by Major George Gill of the Chicago unit. In speaking of her death, he says: "It was a great shock to us all, sudden and unexpected, and our hearts and minds at once turned instinctively to those who held her dear back home, in the vague hope that something could be done to relieve the shock of the inevitable grief and sadness, es-

pecially to the mother. Aided by the British representatives with whom we are associated we tried to send her body back to America, but under existing conditions it was impossible."

He also tells of the military funeral and describes the location of the grave in the following lines:

The British authorities were very considerate and did everything that could be done at such a time and under such circumstances. Her death was mentioned in Routine orders as occurring "On duty, on active service." She was given a military funeral with full honors. The simple impressiveness of it will never fade from the memory of any of us, and the seriousness of the thoughts evoked will remain indelibly impressed on us all. She was buried in the officers' section of the British military graveyard for this district, where hundreds of officers and men of the British Expeditionary Force are buried; those who sacrificed their all, and gave their lives for their king and country during the present war. The cemetery is a mile from our camp within sight and sound of the sea, forever chanting a requiem for the heroic dead. The graves are on a level spot of ground, surrounded on all sides except toward the sea by great sand dunes, a most peaceful and picturesque spot, ideal for the purpose to which it has been consecrated. On the south the hills are covered with trees and shrubbery; over the dunes to the north are level cultivated fields.

The casket was draped with the American flag, and covered with flowers and wreaths; a huge blanket of chrysanthemums made by the loving hands of her nursing co-workers, together with Old Glory, was buried with her. The casket was borne on a two-wheeled carriage preceded by the chaplain and four trumpeters, accompanied by eight senior officers of the unit acting as pallbearers, and followed by the personnel of the unit, non-commissioned officers and men of the Royal Army Medical Corps, the nursing staff, and then the officers of the Twenty-third General Hospital, which is the official name of the Chicago unit. The cortege included representatives from every hospital in the district, and as the simple burial service was uttered the trumpeters sounded the "Last Post," and as the notes of the familiar call echoed and re-echoed among the hills, with every officer and soldier present standing at "attention," with hand at salute, they were endowed with a newer, deeper and more cherished significance. Many eyes were dimmed with moisture that had been strangers to tears for years. Who will say that there was not one present that did not go away strengthened, fortified, purified?

The Hamilton-Berry chapter of the Service Star Legion of Indianapolis was named in Memory of Margaret Hamilton and May Berry. By strange coincidence the first American woman and the first Indiana woman to give their lives that democracy might live were graduates of the same hospital training school in Indianapolis. Miss Berry contracted pneumonia while on board ship and died in England.

A large American flag of silk was recently presented to the Hamilton-Berry chapter in their memory by the alumnae of the Deaconess Hospital.

Frank M. Pritchard, son of Thomas Pritchard, was drafted into the United States army in July, 1918, at Arlington, Washington. His division was sent to Camp Mills in New York in October, and equipped for overseas but only a part of the division was sent across, due to the armistice. Frank's company was ordered to Newark, New Jersey, for guard duty, where they spent the winter.

Mary E. Robinson Mullendore left behind her more than the ordinary measure of beautiful memories of a life of devotion, sacrifice and unselfish service to others. Being the mother of thirteen children her life was necessarily given to her home and family. She was the type of woman who is happiest when in the home she loves, surrounded with her children, and most contented when absorbed in some household task for their comfort. Who can measure the usefulness of such a life, and Mary Robinson was a woman with a strong Christian character and a faith that never left her.

Eight of her children were born in Johnson County before the family moved to Howard County, Kansas, in 1882.

Erd Mullendore lives on a farm near Cleveland, Oklahoma. He is one of the wealthiest men in that part of the state, having large land interests upon which there are extensive oil wells. He is also interested in several banks, being president of both the Cleveland National and the Osage State Bank. His first experience in owning property was in 1892 at the time the government opened a body of land for settlement in what is now the state of Oklahoma. Any man desiring a claim of this land was required to be ready to start from a given line and race for it. Erd Mullendore and his brother, David, made the race and were each successful in obtaining a valuable piece of land.

His daughter, Bessie, spent a year in the Ward Belmont School for girls in Nashville, Tennessee, and one year in a school for girls at Petersburg, Virginia, and the year 1919-1920 in a school at Mineral Wells, Texas.

A son, Gene Mullendore, is in his third year at the Kemper Military Academy at Boonville, Missouri.

David Mullendore is an enterprising, progressive farmer of Elk County, Kansas. He is a capable business man and of

fine personal character, and one of the prominent men of his community. His son, Harold, was a student in George Washington University, Washington, D. C., during the school year 1917-18. In the fall of 1918 he enlisted in the student army training corps and took instruction at Kansas University at Lawrence. He was sent to the officers' training camp at Rockford, Illinois, and was in training there when the war closed. In October, 1919, he accepted a position as bookkeeper in the First National Bank of Wynona, Oklahoma.

Otto Mullendore was a teacher in the Elk County, Kansas, public schools for five years, and during the summer season attended the State Normal School at Emporia. He was also a student of the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Stillwater, Oklahoma, for two years. He later went into the Cleveland National Bank in Oklahoma as bookkeeper remaining there several years when he was promoted to the position of cashier.

Ray F. Mullendore attended the State Normal School at Emporia, Kansas, also the Emporia Business College. While there he sometimes alternated teaching during the school year with work in the Normal during the summer. He was for a number of years cashier of the First State Bank at Osage, Oklahoma. In 1914 he had a very unpleasant experience with two masked men who entered the bank in daylight while he and his bookkeeper were occupied with their usual work. Without a word of warning the men began firing, missing Mullendore's head but a few inches. They quickly secured all the money they could find and disappeared, but were later captured and sent to the penitentiary. He is vice-president of the Cleveland National Bank in Cleveland, Oklahoma.

Carl Mullendore took a special business course in the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Stillwater, Oklahoma. He was then employed by the Cleveland National Bank at Cleveland, Oklahoma, as bookkeeper. After two years service he was promoted to the position of cashier which place he held until he went into the National Bank of Commerce at Hominy, Oklahoma. While holding this position he was called in May, 1918, into the United States service at Fort Riley, Kansas, where he was assigned to the casual department, M. O. T. C. He was later transferred to motor supply train 429, at Detroit, Michigan, and assigned to the medical detachment. He was stationed there at the time of discharge, after which he re-

turned to his former position as cashier in the Bank of Commerce at Hominy, Oklahoma. He is also president of the First National Bank at Wynona, Oklahoma.

William Clinton Mullendore was born near Howard, Kansas, and graduated from the high school there in 1909. In September, 1910, he entered the University of Michigan, where he spent four years. After his graduation he began the study of law in the university, and graduated from that department in 1916. During his entire course he was an active member of the various organizations of university life. He was president of the University Y. M. C. A., said to be the largest student association in the world. In June, 1917, he went to Washington, D. C., and began work with Herbert Hoover as an assistant to his personal council. When the food administration was created he was appointed assistant council of the United States food administration. He served in that capacity until the spring of 1918, when he enlisted in the aviation service as a candidate for a commission as a pilot in the flying branch. He was called to camp in June, and sent to Camp Dick, Dallas, Texas. His status was that of a flying cadet, air service, U. S. army. In July he went to the School of Military Aeronautics, Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he was in training until September, when he was transferred to the School of Aeronautics at Cornell University, Ithaca, New York. He finished there in October, and after a furlough of ten days returned to Camp Dix, which was the aviation concentration camp. While awaiting assignment to the flying field in November, 1918, all orders for further training were cancelled and he was in a few days discharged from the service. He was called back to Washington by the food administrator before receiving his discharge. He returned there and was assigned the task of writing the history and final report as well as the annual report of the United States food administration. He has also been acting since April, 1918, as council for the food administration, in charge of the law department. William Clinton went to Europe in January, 1920, on relief mission for American Relief Administration European Children's fund, under direction of Herbert Hoover.

Nancy Jane, the sister of Mary Eucebia Robinson, died six years after her marriage to Adolphus Smith, leaving two small children. She was a devoted young wife and mother, and a

joy to her friends. Her daughter, a child of five years, went into the home of her aunt, Sarah Ergenbright Tucker, where she was tenderly cared for until her father's second marriage. Some of the happiest days of her girlhood are of days spent in the home of her great aunt, Eusebia Forsyth Mitchell, whose wholesome love for children together with her patience and interest in all their amusements, Ollie May has never forgotten. Her home is in Indianapolis, where her husband, Daniel Deupree, has been in the employ of the engineering department of the city for twenty years. The eldest son, Herman, graduated from the Manual Training high school, after which he entered Indiana University at Bloomington. While there he became a member of the Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity.

He was employed on the Indianapolis Star as the first automobile editor, later entering the advertising business with the Russel Seeds Advertising Agency. He is one of the directors of the Marion County State Bank.

He entered the first officers' training camp at Fort Harrison in 1917, receiving a commission as second lieutenant, first Indiana infantry. He was transferred to Camp Shelby, Mississippi, where he was promoted to first lieutenant, and made part of the 38th division. In September, 1918, he was sent to France, and was stationed at LeMans until June, 1919, ten months overseas service.

Sarah C., daughter of Sarah E. Forsyth Robinson and James H. Ergenbright was born in Nineveh township, Johnson County, Indiana and when a child went with her parents to Boone County, Indiana. When her mother died she returned to Johnson County, and in 1871 married John S. Tucker. Their home is in Starke County, Indiana, where they went in 1919.

Their son Welbourne was reared on the farm and at eighteen years entered the drug business, where he remained ten years. He then entered the Ontario Veterinary College at Toronto, Canada, where he graduated in 1900. He later was a student in the Veterinary College of Indianapolis, graduating in 1902. He is recognized as a man of ability in his profession, at times having been in the employ of the state and Government. He is a Mason and a member of the Baptist Church. His daughter Maude after finishing the high school work took a nurse's course in the City Hospital at Indianapolis. In 1918 she volunteered for service as a nurse and went

to Camp Sheridan, Alabama, remaining there nine months, when she returned to Indianapolis, where she is employed in the Methodist Hospital.

Jessie A. Ergenbright was born in Johnson County, one year before her parents removed to Boone County. Here in 1873 she married John Franklin Byrd, a farmer, who died in 1912.

Their daughter, Grace, was a teacher for some time after her graduation from high school. She married Doctor Menafée, a physician at New Ross, Indiana. Their son, Raymond, after completing high school work, spent one year in the Manhattan (Kansas) Agricultural College and one year in the State Normal at Terre Haute, Indiana.

Gertrude Byrd was born at Ladoga, Indiana, and educated in the Ladoga schools.

Florence E. Byrd was born in Montgomery County, Indiana. She was well educated, having attended several prominent schools and completed her work in the University of Wisconsin. She was a teacher in the public schools of Indiana, in the high schools of Greencastle and Indianapolis, and an instructor in DePauw University at Greencastle. She was also an instructor of the State Agricultural College of Kansas. She married Lee S. Gould in 1917, and is now a resident of Bucklin, Kansas.

Jessie Annis Byrd, who married Paul Shackelford, lives in Riverside, California.

When Cassandra Jane Forsyth was seventeen she married George W. Foster. He belonged to the family who for so many years operated one of the best flouring mills (later known as the Furnas Mill) in Johnson County. It was there he made his first money, and he possessed considerable wealth. Two years after their marriage they went to Flora, Illinois, where they lived on a farm until the opening of the Civil War, when Mr. Foster enlisted in the 98th Illinois Volunteers, Company A, and was made First Lieutenant. In November, 1862, he was discharged on account of ill health. He died two years later in November, 1864. He was a delegate to the convention in 1860 that nominated Lincoln for president of the United States.

Their daughters, Alice, Georgia May and Mary Foster, were educated in a Catholic school. In 1866, Cassandra mar-

ried Jowel Smith, and the family removed to Wheatland, Knox County, Indiana. It was here where in 1874 the daughter, Alice Foster, married Colonel William R. Quillen, a Colonel of the Civil War. Their home was on one of the best farms in that part of the state. Col. Quillen died in 1915. Their son, Earl, an industrious and capable young man, has for some years been the manager of the farm.

Carrie Foster Quillen and her husband, Edward Root, live on a farm near Wheatland. Their daughter, Aileen, after finishing the Wheatland high school, spent one year in Franklin College. She is now a teacher in the Wheatland public schools.

Horace Forsyth Foster is a physician and surgeon of Neosho, Missouri. He has been well trained for his work, having taken a post graduate course at the Chicago Polyclinic Institute, besides work in different hospitals. He received his first medical training in the Louisville, Kentucky, Medical School, and followed this by work in the Tulane University at New Orleans. His daughter, Florine Forsyth, is a successful teacher in Oklahoma.

Georgia May Foster Ricks lived for a number of years with her family in Indianapolis, Indiana, where her son, Hildard, held for years a responsible position in both the county clerk and recorder's office.

His sister, Marea Foster Ricks, is a young woman of good education and is also very musical. She was married in 1911. Her home is in Missouri, where her parents and brother removed in 1919.

Eusebia Forsyth, daughter of Robert and Nancy Forsyth, was born in 1840. At the age of sixteen she was married to Abraham Mitchell. Her life with him was one of happiness and prosperity. He was one of the most successful business men in the community where they lived, and one of the most prominent citizens. He died in 1868, leaving her a young widow of twenty-eight. Her sorrow developed in her that innate strength inherited from her mother. To be of service was her joy. Like her mother she was the neighbor's "first aid" in times of sickness. Defying the most stormy weather she could be depended upon at any hour of the night to come with the simple remedies of her mother to help a sick neighbor.

She was particularly hospitable to young people. Her home was a neighborhood meeting place for them. With her to enjoy her possessions most was to share them. Being young herself she understood the young. They were certain to find a warm fire and a warm reception. They could talk in the dialect they wished and on all topics. They often gathered around her clean hearth in the evening and told stories. Frequently they repaired to the kitchen and made molasses candy, popped corn or roasted apples. They could amuse themselves in any way they wished in her home. The disorder did not disturb her. That could be looked after later. There was abundance of hilarity for she liked the life they brought with them. Thus this home became to the children of her neighborhood as they recalled it in after years, when its meaning became more apparent, a most choice and treasured memory.

She was long a member of the Christian Church near her home. To this church she gave a large part of her life service.

The children of Eusebia Forsyth Mitchell have reflected in their homes the grace of their mother. Laura Ellen was a gentle and amiable woman who was devoted to her family.

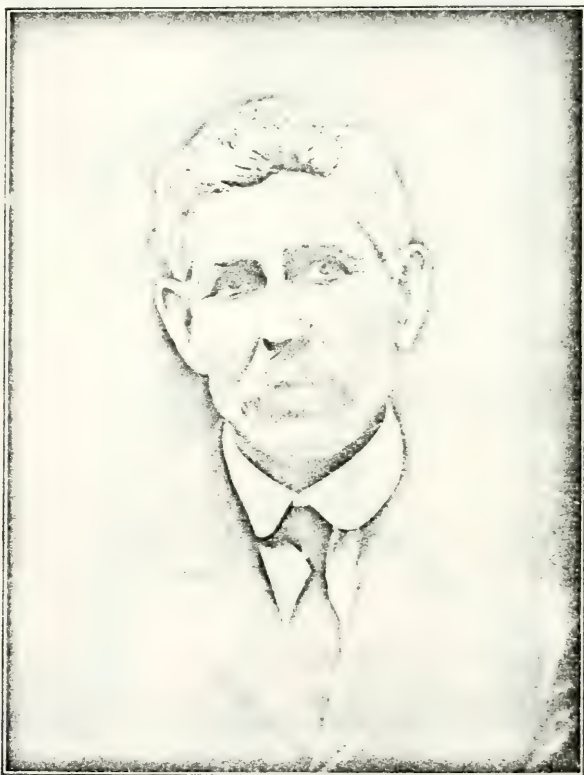
A son, James Compton, was stationed at Camp Taylor during the war, where he served as regimental sergeant-major.

James Martin, the only son of Eusebia Forsyth, was a child of four years when his father died. As he grew older he gradually assumed much of the responsibility of the farm, and lived there until his marriage in 1885. He then moved to a farm near Trafalgar where he still resides. Two years after his marriage his wife died. His own health being impaired he went to Florida for some time. In 1890 he married Etta May Pickerell, and when their youngest child was six years old she died, but James Mitchell did not lose courage, and he would not let his children fail because their mother was taken from them. The success that came to them later shows that where there is a will to do there will always be found a way. His children, the eldest a girl of fourteen, took care of their home, doing the sewing for the family, and in addition drove six miles to school. This they continued to do until they graduated from high school.

The eldest son, Iliff Cameron, served as a private in the

world war, being a member of Company B, 112th supply train, 37th division. He landed in England in July, 1918, and served from August until the close of the war in France and Belgium. Oris L., the younger son, was a cadet in the student army training camp at Franklin College.

Lucy Jane Mitchell's home is in Redlands, Cal. She went there in 1890, five years after her marriage to Calvin Mas-



James Mitchell

singale. Unfortunately she has been compelled to use an invalid's chair for many years. Her bravery and cheerful outlook on life indicates a character of strength and nobility. A son of Dora Mitchell, Calvin Dragoo, served as corporal in the marine corps during the war.

Hallie M. Bailey was the only child of Eucebia Forsyth and her third husband, Andrew Bailey. She went to California with her sister, Lucy Jane, and until her marriage in

1913 she was her sister's companion and loving care-taker. Whatever the sacrifice she was ready to meet it in order that her invalid sister might always be happy and comfortable. Her home is in El Centro, California, which was one of the cities visited by the earthquake of 1915. The Colson home was damaged, without injury to the inmates.



Rebecca Pendleton

The only surviving child of Robert and Nancy Forsyth is Rebecca Pendleton, their youngest. Born in a home where thrift of time was a fixed habit, she, too, could not be contented "to sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam, and feed upon strawberries, sugar and cream." Even as a small child when she arose in the morning it was to meet the varied requirements of her parents' full days. It was a time which challenged both brain and hands and no child could shirk. The spirit of the time was action and energy. Work meant

triumph and success. They exulted in shaping the earth to a glorious end. They were never satisfied. The more land they cleared the more they bought.

The story often told of a time when Rebecca and her sisters had some guests in hog killing time, shows the long day in Robert Forsyth's home. The girls and their guests came down to breakfast about four A. M. just as their father, Robert, was finishing. He glanced at them and then at his wife, and said: "Why didn't you waken the girls to-morrow morning?"

Rebecca Forsyth grew up a typical pioneer's daughter, stalwart, resourceful, efficient, full of activity and enterprise. She was fond of the soil and skilled in its management. A life on the farm was her ambition and her happy and independent life attests the wisdom of her choice. If there was any work on the farm she did not enjoy no one ever heard of it. She understood and liked horses. She enjoyed hearing them neigh over their well-earned feed of corn, and seeing them with their moist necks freed from the harness, dipping their eager nostrils in the barnyard trough.

Today she is progressive in spirit, interested in the people around her and desirous of helping wherever needed. Living is as interesting to her now as in the days of her greater activity. She is the embodiment of energy, industry and frugality; loyal to her friends; a personality strong, serene and self-possessed. She has walked the world with soul awake and found beauty everywhere. Had labor been her portion and sorrow her share, she would still look beyond the obscuring cloud, sure that the light was there.

She was married in 1862. Her husband, A. V. Pendleton, was a man of studious habits. At seventeen he entered the State University at Bloomington graduating in the same class with the late John C. Miller, a prominent Christian minister; Judge Banta, late of Franklin, and John W. Foster, late minister to Russia. He was teaching school in Nineveh, where Rebecca Forsyth was a pupil, when the romance developed which culminated in their marriage. As a wedding present Rebecca's father gave the young couple two hundred and sixty acres of land and two thousand five hundred dollars in money and stock. More than one hundred acres of the land was a part of Robert Forsyth's original purchase from the govern-

ment. The Scotch thrift and love of land that was a part of the Forsyth heritage doubtless actuated them in their program of progress. They were not satisfied with the acreage they had but kept on buying forty more acres at a time till they possessed six hundred.

Rebecca Pendleton's husband stands out in the history of this period of Indiana as one of the men who was deeply interested in the subject of public education. In 1840 only about one child in eight between the ages of five and fifteen was able to read. In 1853 the capital of the state had its first free school but it lasted only two months. Having received educational advantages rare for his day, Mr. Pendleton was anxious that others should have the same opportunity. He was a teacher himself and was one of the few early Hoosier schoolmasters who was trained for the work. He loved the profession and possessed a natural aptitude for teaching. He will ever be remembered as a pioneer in the state's struggle for a system of free schools intelligently administered and adequately supported.

When her husband died Rebecca Pendleton capably assumed alone the management of her large business interests. No detail escaped her eye.

She had inherited to a marked degree the ability of the Forsyths to sleep on any occasion, and to awaken refreshed and vigorous. It has often been related how she would secure the lines over the dashboard of her buggy, and with perfect comfort sleep during the ride from her home to Franklin, a distance of six miles. The horse, apparently understanding conditions, carefully kept to the road, only pulling aside when meeting another vehicle.

A cheerful sustaining optimism has been one of the distinguishing features of Rebecca Pendleton's character. Some years ago when she was about seventy-two years old, she, with all the agility of youth, climbed to the top rail of a fence to secure some fruit. She fell and suffered a fractured bone which forced a long period of quiet. This was the severest punishment for one so active. But she cheerfully laughed over the accident and regardless of evidence to the contrary insisted that she had no pain. She also wasted no time considering how much more judiciously she might have acted.

The Forsyth Association of Indiana today (1920) honors

Rebecca Forsyth Pendleton as the only surviving grandchild of David and Margaret McGibbon Forsyth.

Her daughter, Dora, was educated in the Franklin high school and Butler College, graduating with the class of 1885. She also did post-graduate work in '86. She is well poised, appreciative of the best, modest in tastes, unassuming in manner, and a most gracious and interesting woman, a type of the real patrician. She was married in 1890 to Charles Riley, who was a student in Butler College when she first knew him. He was a capable business man, who had steadily grown from one position to another. For years he was connected with the Baltimore & Ohio railroad company. He was a man of fine character, clean in thought and action, respected and loved by all his friends. Their home was in Baltimore at the time of his death, which occurred very suddenly January, 1914, in Washington, D. C., where he had gone only a few hours before. He was a devoted husband and father. Their daughter, Katharine, graduated at Butler in 1918. She has been in the Long Hospital at Indianapolis for more than a year taking a teachers' training course for nurses. Aileen is a student at Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania.

Annie Katharine Pendleton was educated in the public schools and in Franklin College. Her husband, William Utterback, died in 1893, in California, where they had gone for the benefit of his health. She married James Henderson in 1899, and their home is in Franklin. She is striking in personality, winsome in disposition, a model in personal appearance, and always interested in youth and activity. She is a fine manager and a gracious hostess.

George H. Pendleton is conservative, deliberate, a man of fine control. His brother-in-law once said of him, "George was never in a hurry, and never on time." He graduated from Nineveh high school, the preparatory school of Franklin College in 1888, and received the degree of A. B. at Indiana University in 1891.

The two following years were spent in travel, and he entered the Central College of Physicians and Surgeons, now Indiana University School of Medicine, from which he graduated in 1897. He has engaged in the practice of medicine at Indianapolis since graduation, and was professor of physiology in the Medical College for three years after graduating

and associate professor of therapeutics for the next three years. He was also professor of therapeutics and sanitary science in the Central Dental College from 1902 to 1906, and lecturer at the City Hospital for a number of years. Was consultant in the department of children's diseases on the City Hospital staff and physician to the Marion County Infirmary and penal institutions for several years.



Dr. George Pendleton

He is Past Chancellor of Indianapolis Lodge No. 56, Knights of Pythias, a member of Oriental Lodge of Masons, Past High Priest of Oriental Chapter No. 147, Royal Arch Masons, member of Indianapolis Council, Raper Commandery Knights Templar, Indiana Consistory Scottish Rite, and Murat Temple of the Mystic Shrine. He is High Priest of Sariah Council Princes of Jerusalem of the Scottish Rite.

He received a commission as captain in the Medical Corps

U. S. A., September 20, 1917, and entered the service at Camp Dodge, Iowa, as ward surgeon in the Base Hospital with the 88th Division. In August, 1918, was transferred to Camp Custer, Michigan, and made regimental surgeon of the 41st Field Artillery, 14th Division, until the close of the war. He was honorably discharged February, 1919. The chief duties were medical and surgical supervision of the regiment, and training of the medical detachment for overseas service. The regiment received intensive training, and was scheduled to leave camp November 15, 1918, but remained after the armistice was signed. In indorsing the report of the Regimental Surgeon, Colonel Robert G. Kirkwood of the 41st Field Artillery referred to the work of the medical department as follows:

In forwarding this report on the epidemic of Spanish Influenza, it is desired to call attention to the very unusual situation existing in this regiment during the epidemic. On account of the overcrowded condition of the Base Hospital and the Annex Hospital this regiment took care of the bulk of its own sick and the convalescent patients, together with something over two hundred from other regiments.

The unforeseen, extremely unusual and arduous task of caring for this large number of sick soldiers, (for those called convalescent were treated the same as the sick) was handled by the Medical Detachment, 41st Field Artillery, increased by two medical officers and twelve nurses, assisted by whatever number of soldiers and officers from the regiment as seemed necessary.

All the medical officers did efficient work, but I desire to especially commend the Regimental Surgeon, Capt. George H. Pendleton, M. D., for his tireless energy, extraordinary devotion to duty, and for his efficiency in meeting and handling an unusual crisis. The results he obtained with the very inadequate means at his disposal, were excellent.

I have already recommended the promotion of Captain Pendleton to the grade of Major.

MARIA FORSYTH FEATHERNGILL

In his diary, David Forsyth I, wrote that his daughter, Maria, was born in January, 1799. The record of her marriage in Louisville, Kentucky, relates that "Maria Forsyth, ward and sister of James Forsyth, whose consent is given in person, was married to Thomas Featherngill." Maria did not come to Indiana. Her husband died when her children were babies. Her second marriage was unfortunate, for the husband was very unkind to her children, and if unkind to them he could not have been in sympathy with her. But a

young wife at that time knew no other way only to remain with her husband, even if it meant separation from her children.

Maria's mother, Margaret Forsyth, after seeing the husband punish the youngest child when only about one year old, took it from its cradle and carried it to her own home. She later took Jack, the elder. These children she kept with her, and with the assistance of Nancy Forsyth, cared for them until Nancy came to Indiana, when Margaret said to her, "You can't take these children to that new country, but I will keep them here." When she came to Indiana two years later with her son, David, she brought George, the younger, with her. He was reared by Nancy Forsyth. Jack she left in Kentucky with his father's relatives. It is thought that Maria died while the children were small. The boy, George, was among the early members of the Union Christian Church in Johnson County. Later he went to Iowa, where his brother, Jack, joined him.

William Forsyth, the brother of David, whom he visited in Virginia when on his way to Kentucky, is no doubt the ancestor of many of the Forsyths who are living in the United States today. His nine sons doubtless emigrated into different states and reared families as did also the four daughters. They kept no records and we have no means of knowing where they settled. The family in Texas to whom Ira P. Forsyth belongs is believed to have descended from one of the sons, also the families from whom C. J. Forsyth of Mena, Arkansas, and Thomas Forsyth of Frankfort, Indiana, came.

In Grand-View, Indiana, there are two boys who are supporting a little French boy who with his sister were made orphans by the war with Germany. One of these boys is William Joseph Forsyth, whose father, Joseph Forsyth, is cashier of the Grand-View Bank. Joseph's father was William, and his father came from Kentucky, and his ancestors lived in Virginia, and drifted westward by the Ohio River.

This family is doubtless descended from one of the above sons of William.

Any of these Forsyths may become honorary members of the Forsyth Association of Johnson County, Indiana, also of the association in the parent home, Scotland.

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